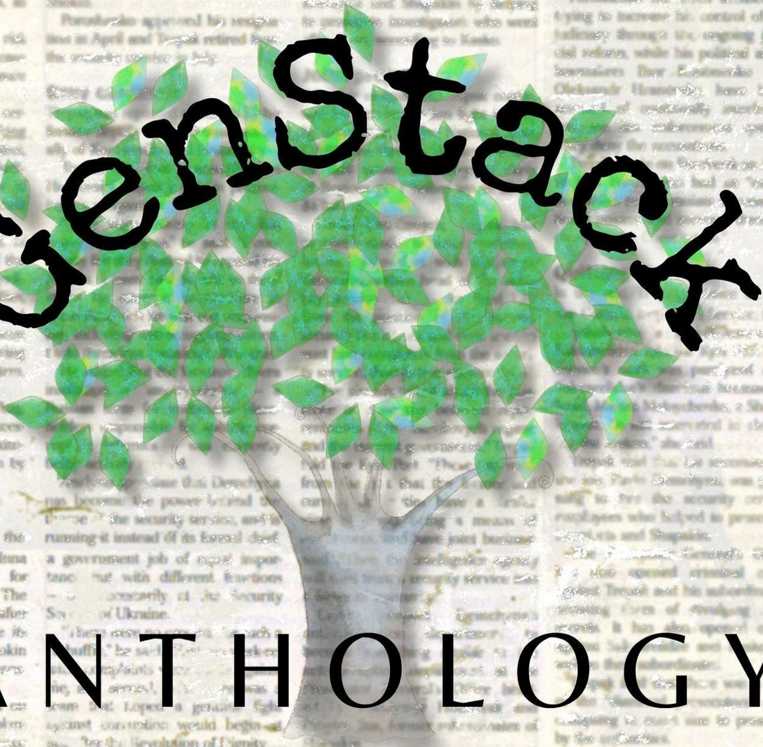
GenStack

ANTHOLOGY

2025



Edited and Curated by Robin Stewart

ROBIN STEWART

GenStack Anthology 2025

A Curated Collection of Family History Articles
included in GenStack in 2025

Genealogy Matters
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For Eleanor, Olivia, and Evelyn.

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Preface

Preface

Genealogy Matters began as a simple idea: to create a place where family history writing, research, and storytelling could be seen, shared, and valued. What started as a Substack publication quickly grew into something more—a gathering space for people who care deeply about preserving the past and making sense of it through words, images, research, and reflection.

Each week, through *GenStack,* I curate genealogy and family history content published across Substack and beyond. Blogs, newsletters, podcasts, videos, and books are gathered in one place so readers can discover voices they may not yet know, follow work that resonates, and support creators who are doing meaningful, often unseen labor. GenStack does not exist to rank or judge this work, but to surface it—to say, "This is worth your time."

The volume and variety of content created by family historians is remarkable. Some writers focus on deeply researched genealogical proof arguments. Others explore memory, place, foodways, migration, or identity. Some tell intimate family stories; others situate ancestors within broader social and historical frameworks. Taken together, these works form a living record of how we remember, question, and understand the past.

This book grew out of that weekly curatorial practice.

As GenStack continued, it became clear that certain pieces deserved to live beyond the moment of publication. The articles collected here stood out not because they followed a single style or theme, but because they reflected care, clarity, and contribution. Each one adds something meaningful to the larger conversation about family history—how it is researched, written, and shared.

This anthology is not meant to be exhaustive. It is a snapshot of a vibrant creative community at work. The authors included here come from different backgrounds and bring different approaches, but they share a commitment to honoring the lives they write about and the readers they write for.

My hope is that this book serves both as a record and an invitation. A record of the thoughtful work being done by family history writers today, and an invitation to read widely, support generously, and perhaps add your own voice to the ongoing story.

— Robin Stewart

Acknowledgments

Acknowledgements

This anthology could not exist without the many people who contribute—directly and indirectly—to the work of preserving family stories.

To the authors featured in this collection: thank you for your generosity, your curiosity, and your willingness to share the lives, memories, and histories that matter to you. Each of you brings something distinct to the family history landscape, and it has been an honor to highlight your work throughout the year. Your commitment to writing, researching, and storytelling strengthens our entire community.

To the broader network of genealogy and family history creators who publish their work each week: your voices shape the conversations we have, the questions we ask, and the stories we choose to preserve. GenStack is built on the belief that family history thrives when we share what we learn, and you prove that true again and again.

To the readers of GenStack and the members of the GenStack Coterie: thank you for showing up with enthusiasm, encouragement, and heartfelt engagement. Your support fuels this project and makes it possible to elevate the work of so many talented creators. You are part of the reason these stories endure.

To the family historians who came before us, some known and many unknown: your persistence in documenting names, places, and experiences gave us the foundation on which we continue to build. The work we do today is a continuation of yours, and I am grateful.

And finally, to my own family—past and present—whose stories first sparked my desire to understand how we become who we are. You are the reason I listen closely, write carefully, and believe deeply in the value of preserving our histories.

Thank you to everyone who played a part, however small or large, in bringing this anthology into being. It is a privilege to share these pages with you.

—Robin Stewart

Author's Note

Author's Note

When we share our stories, we do more than preserve the past. We build bridges across generations, across cultures, and across the many small distances that separate one family's journey from another.

Working on this anthology reminded me just how vibrant and generous the family history community truly is. Week after week, these writers showed up with thoughtfulness and heart. They wrote about the people they loved, the questions that kept them searching, and the discoveries that reshaped how they understood their own histories. They invited us into their worlds, trusting that we would listen.

This book is my way of honoring that trust.

Every piece included here was selected because it carried something essential—insight, courage, curiosity, tenderness. These twenty-two authors have contributed not only to their own family narratives, but to the broader practice of family history. Their work strengthens us. Their voices help all of us learn.

Thank you for welcoming this anthology into your hands and hearts. And thank you to the writers whose work makes this community what it is: a gathering place for stories that deserve to be remembered.

— Robin Stewart

Sarah Ellen “Marney” Ingham Boardman by Bill Moore

Sarah Ellen “Marney” Ingham Boardman

Remembering a Great Teacher, Mentor, and Role Model

by Bill Moore

Originally published on Bill Moore Family History on Feb 25, 2025

Some of my earliest memories are of visiting my great-grandmother in Wichita Falls, Texas. When I was young, we lived in Tulsa, Oklahoma. My father’s parents lived there, too. But my great-grandmother was our nearest maternal relative. She and my mother had always been close, so we visited there as often as time and finances would allow. My visits with her continued when I grew up, until shortly before she passed.

Her name was Sarah Ellen Ingham Boardman. But we called her Marney. I’m not sure who originally gave her that nickname. My mother called her “Mother.” My best guess is that it started with my mother's cousins. At any rate, that is how we knew her.

Visiting Marney was an experience in every sense of the word. We knew we would have adventures with her. We also knew she would put us to work. And we loved every minute of it.

Marney dressed for the beach, circa 1950. Photo collection of the author.

Marney's Home

Wichita Falls, Texas, is not the kind of place most people would consider for a summer vacation. It's miserably hot. Daytime temperatures there would frequently exceed 100 degrees, and nighttime temperatures were not much cooler. But the heat didn't seem to bother Marney. It wasn't unusual to see her tending her garden in a house dress and bonnet or wide-brimmed hat.

Marney had been a developer and home builder in the years after her husband had passed. She platted a small subdivision in Wichita Falls and built every house in the neighborhood. Her house was like most of the others: two bedrooms, one bathroom, and a carport to shade one car. The only thing that hinted that she had developed the neighborhood was that she had the largest lot. Her house was located near the property line on one side. On the other side of the house, she had a large area with apricot, peach, pecan, and black walnut trees. Behind the house, she had a small grassy lawn. She planted a large fruit and vegetable garden at the back of the yard.

But she knew we weren't accustomed to the Wichita Falls heat, so she installed a window-unit air conditioner in one of the windows in her living room. She would turn it on as soon as she saw our car in the driveway. It would take a while for the living room to cool down. The kitchen, where we spent most of our indoor time, and the bedrooms never seemed to cool off.

One story my mother tells is about our family spending a night at Marney's. She had big circulating fans in the bedrooms. They would almost make sleeping tolerable. But when Marney thought everyone was asleep, she would quietly come into the bedroom and turn off the fan. She was frugal to a fault and didn't want to increase her electric bill if it could be avoided.

Visiting Marney with the Family

As I mentioned, Marney would put us to work when we visited. It may have been mowing the lawn, weeding the garden, or watering the trees and her other plants. She never gave us work as punishment, although sometimes we thought it was. She believed work built character. She was a great role model for the benefit of hard work. She would never ask us to do things that she wouldn't do herself. I'm not certain that she came up against a chore she couldn't complete.

But hard work wasn't all we did with Marney. The Wichita River and Lucy Park were a short distance from her house. Sometimes, we would cut through the acreage behind the house to go to the river. We would take fishing gear, although I don't remember actually catching fish. But that was more my brother's thing.

To get to the main part of the park, we would have to cross a swinging bridge. I had a couple of problems with that. First, I was (and remain) terrified of heights. Crossing a largely open, wooden plank bridge was bad enough. But my brother would delight in making the bridge sway or jumping on the slats to make the bridge bounce. It was all I could do to get across. But I wasn't going to miss out on having fun on the other side.

Going someplace with Marney was a learning experience. She had been a teacher before she married. She remained a teacher at heart. She could tell you about every tree, flower, bird, or rock you would see. The depth of her knowledge of physical science was amazing. Even after she was living in a nursing home, she could sit at the window and tell you all about the plants and birds outside.

In the evenings, the adults would sit around a card table in

Marney’s kitchen. They would sometimes play dominos. But more often, the game was canasta or Bolivia. When I was old enough to remember some of the rules, Marney taught me how to play, too. I’m not sure that remembering the rules was all that important. We all thought that Marney made them up as we played. I can still hear her laugh when she won a hand, which was most of the time.

When her fruit trees and garden plants were ripe, Marney would collect the peaches, apricots, and strawberries to make the most delicious preserves I’ve ever tasted. She would also collect the nuts, cracking some and leaving others in the shell. We always went home with boxes full of preserves and nuts to enjoy for months to come.

Thanks for reading Family History with Bill Moore! This post is public so feel free to share it.

Two Teens Visit Marney

When I was 15 years old, I took part in what had become a family “rite of passage” with a prolonged visit to Marney’s. I first went to meet up with my second cousin, Mary Alice. She was a year or so older, so she had her driver’s license. That was to become important at the end of our visit.

As was to be expected, Marney had plans for both of us during our time there. I did a fair amount of work outside, mowing the lawn, pulling weeds, and watering the yard and fruit trees. Mary was getting expert sewing lessons from Marney. She had made her own clothes for many years and loved passing on her knowledge. By the end of our visit, Mary had a nice new outfit. We were ready to have some fun.

We had made friends with a couple of other teens who lived on Falls Drive. There wasn't much for teens to do in the immediate area other than crossing the highway to go to the little shopping center. The main feature of the center was a Piggly-Wiggly store. We made a few trips over there to buy cold drinks and junk food that Marney would never have in her house. We were still kids, after all.

When our new friends invited us to join them at a dance on the other side of town, let's just say Marney was not happy. She was OK with us doing things near the house, but she wasn't about to have two teens under her supervision going someplace where they might get into trouble. We begged and bargained, but Marney wasn't going to change her mind. Finally, Mary used the nuclear option. She called her mom (Marney's elder daughter) while Marney was outside and asked her to intercede. Well, that didn't work.

A few days later, Mary's parents arrived at Marney's house to pick us up. We didn't know then that they had convinced Marney to give up her car. She was 78 years old and had been in a couple of minor fender-benders, so she agreed it was time to turn in her keys. The result was that Mary and I were to take Marney's car and follow her parents to her sister's home about an hour away, largely on country roads.

About halfway there, a huge sow lumbered into the road between Mary's parents' car and ours. Mary screamed and slammed on the brakes. Somehow, we managed to miss the pig. But it took a few minutes before she could resume the trip. Her father had seen it all happening in his rearview mirror. He turned around to come back and check on us. I suspect he had a good laugh after determining that we were okay.

Later Visits

I continued to visit Marney as a young adult. By that time, she had moved to West, Texas (a small town North of Waco). At first, she lived in a garage apartment behind my great-aunt and great-uncle, Lee Ellen and B. F Sulak. (Mary Alice’s parents). They were building a new house on some acreage they owned outside of town. Marney decided that she wanted to build a home out there for herself. I wasn’t there during construction, but I heard plenty of stories about it.

Marney had been a home builder in Wichita Falls, so she knew all about what she wanted done with her new house. It was situated a few hundred yards down the hill from the Sulak’s new house. She wanted a small home, two bedrooms, one bath, and a kitchen/living room combination. She had never really used the living room in her former home in Wichita Falls. Guests naturally congregated around the dining table or card table in the kitchen.

She had a carport attached to the house, even though she no longer drove or owned a car. There was a storage room at the back of the carport to hold her lawnmower and gardening tools. Marney was determined to re-create the gardens and trees she had in Wichita Falls. Of course, the house was located on a rocky hill in Central Texas instead of a flat property with red dirt in the northwest part of the state.

Marney supervised every part of the construction of her new house. A carpenter couldn’t hammer a nail in a board without her keen eye on it. She scared everyone when we found out that she had actually climbed up on the roof to be sure the roofers were installing the shingles properly. Did I mention that she was 80 at this time? She had worked hard her entire life, and she wasn’t stopping yet.

With the house finished, she started work on her gardens.

She dug countless rocks out of the ground to make flat areas for planting. She saved the rocks to build low stone walls around the garden area. It was an amazing thing to see. Unfortunately, one evening after she had been in the house for a few years, she was digging in her garden, fell, and broke a hip. She managed to drag herself to the carport but couldn't get into the house. She laid on the carport until the next morning when my great-uncle came down and found her.

After she had largely recovered from her broken hip, the family decided to place her in a local nursing home, knowing how stubborn she could be about doing things around the house. At first, she thought that it was temporary. After time, she accepted that the nursing home was her new home. She didn't particularly like it. But she adapted.

During this time, both my grandmother and great-aunt passed away. Marney was not one to show a lot of emotion. Her way of dealing with their deaths was to stop talking about them. She also stopped acknowledging anyone related to her children. We could go and visit, she would tell us all about what was going on at the nursing home, what birds she saw outside her window, and sometimes about old friends and distant family. But she never said a word about my grandmother, my great-aunt, or great-uncle who had passed many years earlier.

On what I think was my last visit with her, I had gone alone. We sat and had a good conversation. I was pretty sure she knew who I was, or at least that I was someone who should be visiting with her. But when the announcement was made that bingo would be starting soon in the dining room, she turned to me and said, "You can go now." She allowed me to wheel her down to the dining room, where we said our goodbyes.

Marney at the nursing home during one of our visits. Photo collection of the author.

Conversations

Marney knew what interested each one of us. She would have different conversations with my brothers and me. She would tell us different stories that she knew we would enjoy. Afterward, we would "compare notes" to see what we heard. For example, on one trip she told my brother about traveling by horse and wagon and seeing Native Americans in the distance. (She may have embellished the story a bit. She certainly was old enough to have traveled in a wagon. But the Native American part is questionable.)

She would only tell us what she wanted us to know. At one time or another, we all heard her say, "I will take that story to my grave." And she meant it. As I've worked on our family genealogy, I've learned a lot of things that most families would be proud to discuss. Marney's ancestors were some of the leading figures in Quaker history. Her 2nd great-uncle had been a congressman and then the U.S. Secretary of the Treasury under Andrew Jackson. But it wasn't her way to talk about things like that. She was more concerned about how we lived our lives than where we came from.

Marney was 98 when we lost her in 1989. I thought she was going to make it to 100. But she had been ready to go for a long time. She had outlived all three of her children and two of her grandchildren. She was a great role model to all of us in the generations that followed her.

* * *

About the Author

Bill Moore is a retired technology professional who has spent the past two decades pursuing what he once called "casual genealogy," now transformed into a purposeful effort to preserve and share family stories. Through *Family History with Bill Moore,* he documents the lives of ancestors he knew personally and those known only through memory, research, and inherited stories—ranging from remarkable lives to everyday “salt of the earth” experiences. Bill writes to honor the people who shaped him and to encourage others to preserve their own family histories before they are lost. He continues to research multiple family lines and actively supports local, regional, and national genealogy societies that sustain and strengthen the genealogical community.

A Ghost in Our Roots: How an Ancestor's Loss Lives in Our Bones

A Ghost in Our Roots: How an Ancestor's Loss Lives in Our Bones

In Mahone Bay, N.S., an ancestor called to me and I wasn't the only one who heard.

by Emily Gravelle

> *A chance trip to Mahone Bay, Nova Scotia became a pilgrimage into my own inheritance of love and loss when I discovered my great-great grandmother Lavinia's grave there. In uncovering her brief, unfinished life, I unearthed the echo of generations and found that her story had been waiting for me all along.* Emily Gravelle

Originally Posted in After Lavinia on May 09, 2025

In the summer of 2008, I was planning a road trip through the Maritimes with my then fiancé. Quiet inns, ocean air, a stretch of time to explore the coast. One of our stops was in Mahone Bay, Nova Scotia—a town we chose mostly for its postcard charm.

Before we left, I called my grandmother to tell her about the trip. That's when she surprised me: her mother, Belle Veinot Craig, had been born in Mahone Bay—and Belle's own mother, Lavinia, was buried there. My grandmother was named after her, but the first Lavinia had died young when Belle was just two. A name passed down and a loss left unspoken—until it found me.

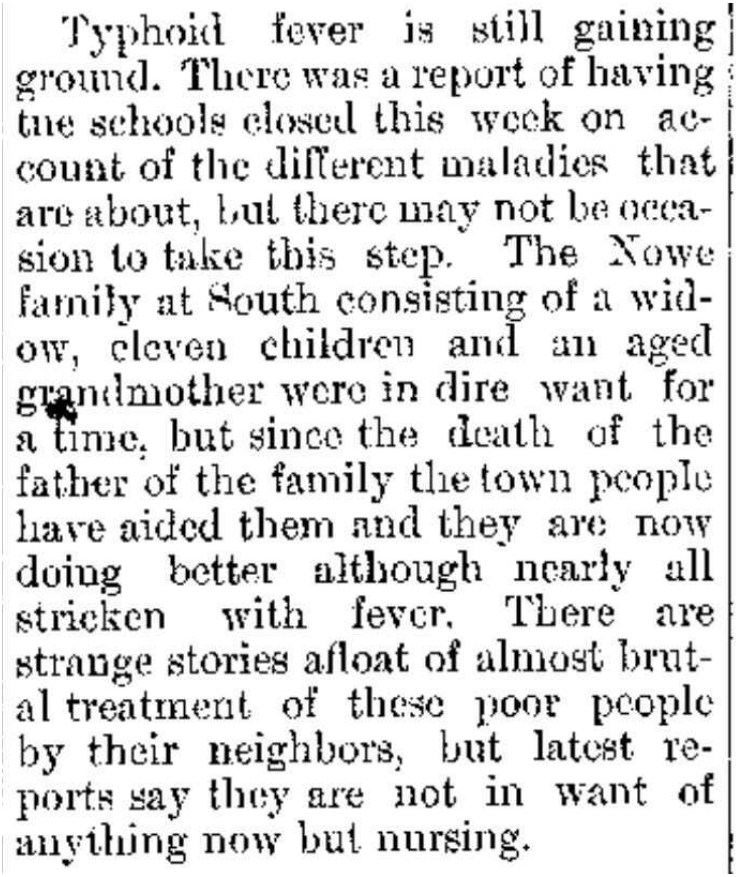
That's how I ended up in Park Cemetery, swarmed by relentless black flies in the mid-July heat. I stood before a weathered gravestone marking the resting place of a woman I never knew, yet whose death felt eerily familiar. I had just turned twenty-eight, nearly the same age Lavinia was when she died in 1909. Though the sun was high, a sudden chill ran through me. A cemetery wasn't on the itinerary, but Lavinia's shadow was waiting. I didn't yet know her story, but something stirred in my bones. It was as if grief could be inherited, and she'd been calling all along.

The first visit to Lavinia Veinot's grave in Mahone Bay's Park Cemeteryh, July 2008

Lavinia's Life and Loss

Lavinia May Nowe was born in 1883 in First South, a quiet fishing settlement in Lunenburg County. Her father, Levi Nowe, made his living as a fisherman like so many men in the region, while her mother, Ada Acker Nowe, kept house and raised their 11 children. Life in First South was rugged but steady, its rhythms set by the tides and the sound of boats returning to shore.

In October of 1899, Lavinia's world was upended. Typhoid fever swept through the region, infecting the entire Nowe household. Within days of each other, Lavinia's father, Levi, and 14-year-old sister, Della, had succumbed to the illness and died. Well-known Lunenburg physician Dr. Thomas DesBrisay, a respected figure in the region, frequently visited the sick family, offering his help without asking for anything in return. Despite his efforts, fear spread through the First South community as rapidly as the disease itself. A *Bridgewater Bulletin* article from that grim week detailed the rumours that neighbours had been cruel to the family during their illness, with whispers of schools closing—an eerily familiar echo of the COVID-19 pandemic that would unfold more than a century later.



Typhoid fever is still gaining ground. There was a report of having the schools closed this week on account of the different maladies that are about, but there may not be occasion to take this step. The Nowe family at South consisting of a widow, eleven children and an aged grandmother were in dire want for a time, but since the death of the father of the family the town people have aided them and they are now doing better although nearly all stricken with fever. There are strange stories afloat of almost brutal treatment of these poor people by their neighbors, but latest reports say they are not in want of anything now but nursing.

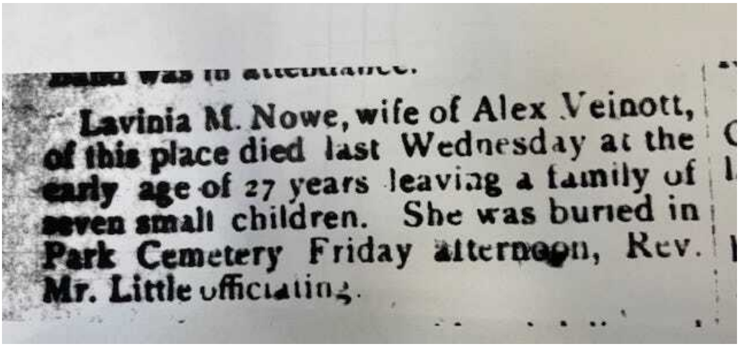
A mention of the Nowe family during the Lunenburg typhoid outbreak Bridgewater Bulletin*, November 1899*

New Beginnings and Endings

With her father gone, Lavinia found herself in a household without income. In 1900, she left First South for nearby Mahone Bay, taking a job as a live-in housekeeper for the Veinot family. The household was headed by Harry Alexander Veinot, who, after his father Matthew's death, had inherited his land and possessions and now supported his aging mother, Abigail Feindel Veinot, and his sister, Maude, who was deaf. Despite the demands of her work, Lavinia and Harry formed a quiet bond, helping each other navigate the complexities of grief and responsibility.

In June of 1901, Harry and Lavinia married, beginning a new chapter together. Their union brought them happiness, and they soon started a family. Over the next few years, Lavinia and Harry welcomed seven children into their Mahone Bay home: Harry St. Clair, Bertram, Bertha, Blanche, Belle, Beulah, and Gordon. Their home was filled with the sounds of children playing, the hum of daily routines and quiet moments shared between parents. Lavinia was the steady anchor at the center of it all, managing the household and nurturing her growing family.

But as they settled into this new life, tragedy struck once again. On November 10, 1909, Lavinia died from complications following childbirth. Her newborn son, Gordon Clarence, passed away just days later. The loss left a deep hole in Harry's life and the hearts of their children, marking the end of Lavinia's journey far too soon.



was in attendance.

Lavinia M. Nowe, wife of Alex Veinott, of this place died last Wednesday at the early age of 27 years leaving a family of seven small children. She was buried in Park Cemetery Friday afternoon, Rev. Mr. Little officiating.

Lavinia May Nowe Veinot obituary, Progress Enterprise *November, 1909*

Discovering Hidden Connections

After that first trip to Mahone Bay, life moved quickly. I got married, had two children, and became swept up in the everyday joys and demands of family life. But Lavinia never left me completely. She lingered in the quiet moments, when I watched my own children grow and felt a pang for the woman who never had that chance. Her story stayed tucked in the back of my mind, waiting.

Then in 2022, the pull became impossible to ignore. I dove headfirst into a genealogy obsession. I no longer sought just names and dates; I wanted to uncover the lives behind them. Lavinia rose to the surface immediately. I was stunned to see how many others had already claimed her with dozens of detailed trees on *Ancestry.com* and several DNA matches descended from Lavinia and Harry Alexander Veinot, all pointing to the same thing: we were not alone in feeling her loss.

Her memory had rippled outward, etched into the curiosity and care of her descendants. Again and again, photos of her grave appeared in my research, shared by others who had made pilgrimages to that same cemetery, drawn by something they couldn't quite name.

The deeper I dug, the more I realized how deeply rooted I was. My lineage stretched back to the settler families of Lunenburg and Mahone Bay—generations whose lives were shaped by this land, including Lavinia's father, Levi. I had unknowingly passed his name on to my own son, years before I knew he existed in our family tree. And so, in June 2023, my fiancé—now husband—and I returned to Mahone Bay. This time, it wasn't a detour; it was a journey back to where part of me began. A return to Lavinia.

Returning to Lavinia's grave in Park Cemetery, Mahone Bay June, 2023

Finding Her Again

As I stood at her grave for the second time, everything felt different. This time, I truly knew her. I understood her story, her love, her loss, her brief, unfinished life.

"I'm back," I whispered.

She wasn't alone, though. Harry Alexander lay beside her. I knew now that although most of the family moved to Saint John, N.B. shortly after 1921, and Harry spent the rest of his life there, he never remarried. Upon his death in 1966 at the age of 87, his remains were brought back to Mahone Bay to rest beside Lavinia and baby Gordon.

Surrounding them were Veinot relatives: Abigail, Maude, Harry St. Clair, and his wife, Carolyn. I felt I knew them now, too. I was part of this family. I belonged. Unlike the quiet chill I felt in 2008, the cemetery radiated warmth this time. I felt held, as if Lavinia knew I was there and that I would carry her story forward. The haunting I had felt so many years before was finally released.

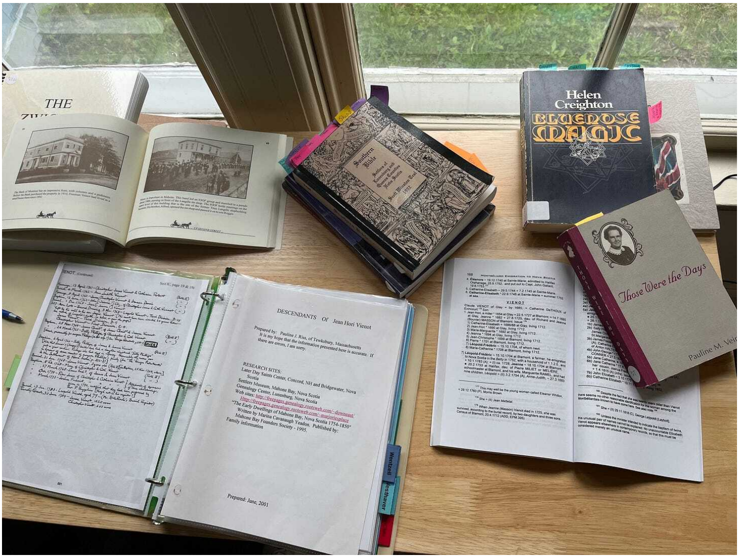
VEINOTTE
IN LOVING MEMORY OF
GRANDMOTHER ABIGAIL
AND DAUGHTER MAUDE

Gravestone of Abigail Feindel Veinot, Harry Alexander Veinot's mother, and his sister Maude, in the neighbouring plot at Mahone Bay's Park Cemetery

Passing the Torch

Just before this trip, a relative had given me a bundle of old letters written by my grandmother. In them, she spoke of her mother Belle (Lavinia's daughter) and her lifelong ache and sorrow at not being able to remember the mother who had been taken from her so young. Reading those words felt as though Belle had passed a torch through time.

For her, and for her siblings who could not remember, I do. I remember Lavinia not only as a name etched in stone but as a mother, a daughter, a woman whose love still echoes in the heart of our family. She has never been forgotten. She lives on in memory, in blood, in story.


Helen Creighton
BLUENOSE MAGIC
Those Were the Days
Pauline M. Vei
DESCENDANTS OF Jean Hori Vienot
Prepared: June, 2001

The quiet work of uncovering the past. Research material at the Mahone Bay Museum, June 2023

Sources: Family letters, *Ancestry.com*, 1891 Census of Canada,1901 Census of Canada, Nova Scotia Archives, South Shore Genealogical Society, Mahone Bay Museum, *Bridgewater Bulletin* (November 1899), *Progress Enterprise* (November 1909)

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About the Author

Emily Gravelle is a family history writer and genealogist whose work explores the hidden stories buried in her Maritime roots. Sparked by her grandmother Lavinia Craig's letters, Emily weaves together genealogy research, DNA discoveries, and archival finds to uncover stories of resilience, secrecy, and survival—from WWII odysseys and tragic epidemics to long-lost relatives revealed through modern science. Through her Substack and her book-in-progress *Finding Elizabeth Craig*, she invites readers to remember the lives that shaped the present and to honor ancestors whose voices were nearly lost to time.

John and Jennie Humphreys by Dylan Gwyn Jones

John and Jennie Humphreys

A brief story of my great grandparents John and Jennie Humphreys and how life would have been like for them in the early 20th century.

by **Dyfan Gwyn Jones**

Originally published in Dyfan Gwyn Jones on August 17, 2025

As my interest in family history grew over the years, the more I would invest in books and manuals to help me on my journey of discovery. Quite often in these books and manuals, the first piece of advice with family history research is to ask senior family members for their memories. Whenever I'd read this advice, I'd always rue the missed chances I had in asking questions to my grandparents when they were alive. There were plenty of little nuggets of stories passed through the generations that in hindsight I wished I'd delved deeper into.

I once read a quote in a novel by an author called J.T. Geissinger that referred to hindsight as: -

> *Funny thing, isn't it, hindsight? It's memory, but with new understanding tacked on, so that the past means something different than it did before.*

And I've tried to use this quote in dealing with my own missed opportunities to gather information about stories and events from previous generations before they pass away. I use these pieces of information to delve deeper and further my understanding of what communities and life was like in the past, and how their influence can forge our family history.

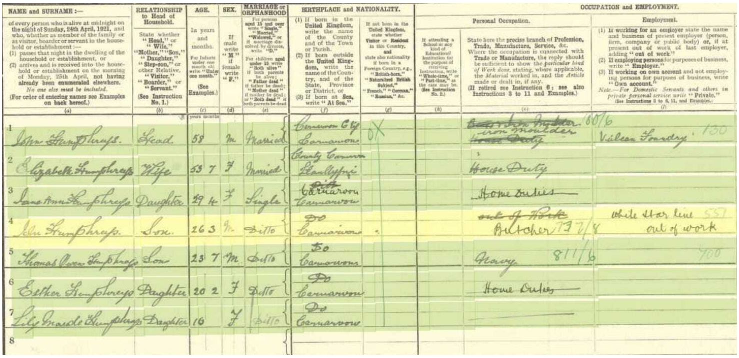
But back to John and Jennie Humphreys. They are my maternal great grandparents, John was born on the 31st of March 1895, in the town of Caernarfon in Northwest Wales. My great grandmother was born Jane Parry (but known as Jennie) on the 3rd of September 1896 in the village of Llanberis, just 7 miles from Caernarfon where John was born.

My great grandfather - John Humphreys.

By the time of the 1911 census, both John and Jennie had already started their working lives, however it's unclear whether they knew each other at this point due to not living in the same village. John was working in a furniture store in Caernarfon, whilst Jennie was a servant to a family in Bangor which is roughly 10 miles away from Caernarfon.

My great grandmother, Jennie Humphreys, with her daughter (and my grandmother), Betty.

By the 1921 census, John has his trade noted as butcher but is currently out of work from the White Star Line. The White Star Line are quite famously the British shipping line who owned The Titanic. My mother has often told me that her grandfather had a damaged leg that he received during the First World War but wasn't sure how exactly it happened. From speaking to her first cousin, he also wasn't sure how his grandfather had damaged his leg as John didn't talk much about the action he saw in the First World War. We all as a family naturally believed it would be from seeing action in the trenches.



	NAME and SURNAME :—	RELATIONSHIP to Head of Household.	AGE.		SEX.	MARRIAGE or ORPHANHOOD	BIRTHPLACE and NATIONALITY.			OCCUPATION and EMPLOYMENT. Personal Occupation.	Employment.
	of every person who is alive at midnight on the night of Sunday, 24th April, 1921, and who, whether as member of the family or as visitor, boarder or servant in the household or establishment :— (1) passes that night in the dwelling of the household or establishment, or (2) arrives and is received into the household or establishment on the morning of Monday, 25th April, not having already been enumerated elsewhere. *No one else must be included.* (For order of entering names see Examples on back hereof.)	State whether "Head," or "Wife," "Mother," "Son," "Daughter," "Step-son," or other Relative, "Visitor," "Boarder," or "Servant." (See Instruction No. 1.)	In years and months. For Infants under one month old write "Under one month." (See Examples.)		If male write "M" if female write "F."	For persons aged 15 and over write "Single," "Married," "Widowed," or if marriage dissolved by divorce, write "D." For children aged under 15 write "Both alive" if both parents be alive; "Father dead" if father be dead; "Mother dead" if mother be dead; or "Both dead" if both parents be dead	(1) If born in the United Kingdom, write the name of the County and of the Town or Parish. (2) If born outside the United Kingdom, write the name of the Country, and of the State, Province or District, or (3) If born at Sea, write "At Sea."	If not born in the United Kingdom, state whether Visitor or Resident in this Country, and state also nationality if born in a Foreign Country, e.g., "British-born," "Naturalised British Subject," "French," "German," "Russian," &c.	If attending a School or any kind of Educational Institution for the purpose of receiving Instruction, write "Whole-time," or "Part-time," as the case may be. (See Instruction No. 2.)	State here the precise branch of Profession, Trade, Manufacture, Service, &c. Where the occupation is connected with Trade or Manufacture, the reply should be sufficient to show the *particular kind of Work done*, stating, where applicable, the *Material* worked in, and the *Article* made or dealt in, if any. (If retired see Instruction 6; see also Instructions 3 to 11 and Examples.)	(1) If working for an employer state the name and business of present employer (person, firm, company or public body) or, if at present out of work, of last employer, adding "out of work." (2) If employing persons for purposes of business, write "Employer." (3) If working on own account and not employing persons for purposes of business, write "Own account." *Note.—For Domestic Servants and others in private personal service write* "Private." (See Instructions 3 to 8, 11, and Examples.)
	(a)	(b)	(c) years	months	(d)	(e)	(f)	(g)	(h)	(i)	(j)
1	John Humphreys.	Head	58		M	Married	Carnarvon City Carnarvon	OX		~~[illegible] Iron Moulder~~ 80/6 iron moulder ~~House Duty~~	Vulcan Foundry. 130
2	Elizabeth Humphreys	Wife	53	7	F	Married	County Carnarvon Llanllyfni			House Duty	
3	Jane Ann Humphreys	Daughter	29	4	F	Single	~~Ditto~~ Carnarvon Carnarvon			Home Duties	
4	John Humphreys.	Son.	26	3	M	Ditto	Do Carnarvon			~~out of Work~~ Butcher 737/8	White Star line 557 out of work
5	Thomas Owen Humphreys	Son	23	7	M	Ditto	Do Carnarvon			Navy 811/6	700
6	Esther Humphreys	Daughter	20	2	F	Ditto	Do Carnarvon			Home Duties	
7	Lily Maude Humphreys	Daughter	16		F	Ditto	Do Carnarvon				
8											

The 1921 census noting John's employers as The White Star Line.

Further digging led to the discovery that John had been awarded a medal as a merchant sailor during the war, this would indicate that the injury must've happened during his duties on the merchant ships during the war. A bit of further detective work found that seven White Star Line ships were requisitioned as part of the war effort, most as hospital ships. Unfortunately, many merchant ships were sunk as the war raged, this led to my theory that my great grandfather's injury may have happened during an incident on one of the White Star Line's ships. As I worked through the crew lists of White Star Line ships that were attacked or damaged in the war – I found the name J. Humphreys listed as a crew member on *The Britannic*. With no other J. Humphreys listed on any other White Star Line ship during that period, I deduced that this J. Humphreys must be my great grandfather. Having trawled the web for more details of what happened to *The Britannic*, I came across the following website which gives a detailed timeline description of its sinking and the horrific scenes that those on board would've faced.

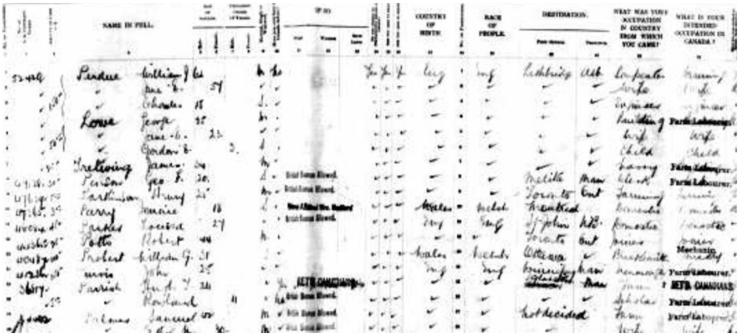
Sinking - Hospital Ship HMHS Britannic

It is unimaginable for anyone to fully understand the traumatic experience it would've been for those on board and I'm just so thankful that my great grandfather was able to survive the horrific event, albeit badly and permanently injured from what happened. According to stories shared by my mother, my great grandfather was such a quiet gentleman whom she remembers going to see at his and Jennie's home in Llanberis. He'd often be sat in his chair with his bad leg resting. My mother remembers asking him if she could brush his hair whilst he sat in his chair, and he would happily sit whilst my mother played the hairdresser. My mother's first cousin also recalls the warmth that John had as a grandfather, and the humour he had. The people of Caernarfon are famously known for their warmth and humour, and if you are a true Caernarfon habitant, you are known as a 'Cofi'. John was certainly a true 'Cofi' according to those who remember him.

John had certainly lived quite a life between the 1911 census and the 1921 census, but what of Jennie? In 1911 Jennie was a servant to a family in Bangor, Northwest Wales, but what happened to her in the next 10 years? With research I found that her life had also been quite a journey in the decade that had passed. My mother remembers being told that her grandmother had been to Canada as a servant at some point, but had to back come home to Wales as she was expecting a child.

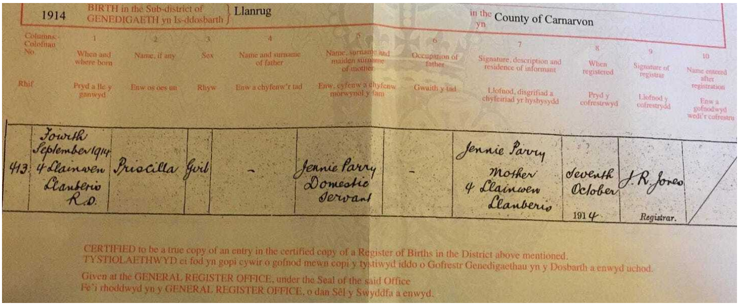
As a very young child, I remember going to visit my Auntie Priscilla in Llanberis. Most photos my mother has of me with Auntie Priscilla shows me in floods of tears for some reason, even though she doted on pushing my pram as a baby and was always so kind and welcoming to us whenever we visited! She had always been referred to as Auntie Pris, even by my grandmother. Due to naivety on my behalf, and with Auntie Pris looking so much older than my grandmother, I had just naturally assumed that Auntie Pris was my grandmother's auntie too, when in fact they were half-sisters! It was Priscilla that my great grandmother was expecting when she returned from Canada.

It has been difficult to find any information on Jennie's time in Canada, but I did manage to find a passenger list for the *SS Tunisian* arriving at Halifax, Nova Scotia, on the 31st of March 1912. On that list was the name Jennie Parry who was heading to Montreal as a domestic servant. It includes a stamp on the passenger list near Jennie's that says, 'Bonus allowed Mrs Radford'. This I believe indicates that a commission was paid by a Mrs Radford to enable Jennie to purchase a ticket to travel as an immigrant to Canada. I believe that this Mrs Radford could be a Mrs Jane Radford who is often reported in *The Montreal Gazette* in 1912 as campaigning for the wellbeing of immigrant girls moving to Canada to serve in domestic duties.



The passenger list for the SS Tunisian that includes my great grandmother, Jennie Parry.

That is the last piece of information I have regarding Jennie Parry in Canada, and the next bit of information I have for her is back here in Wales when she gives birth to her daughter Priscilla on the 4th of September 1914. The birth certificate for Priscilla has the box for the father's name left empty. The chances of ever knowing who her father was are very slim. By the census of 1921, Jennie is working as a domestic servant to a family in Caernarfon whilst Priscilla is living with her grandmother in Llanberis.



1914 BIRTH in the Sub-district of / GENEDIGAETH yn Is-ddosbarth Llanrug in the / yn County of Carnarvon

Columns:- Colofnau No. Rhif	1 When and where born Pryd a lle y ganwyd	2 Name, if any Enw os oes un	3 Sex Rhyw	4 Name and surname of father Enw a chyfenw'r tad	5 Name, surname and maiden surname of mother Enw, cyfenw a chyfenw morwynol y fam	6 Occupation of father Gwaith y tad	7 Signature, description and residence of informant Llofnod, disgrifiad a chyfeiriad yr hysbysydd	8 When registered Pryd y cofrestrwyd	9 Signature of registrar Llofnod y cofrestrydd	10 Name entered after registration Enw a gofnodwyd wedi'r cofrestru
413.	Fourth September 1914 4 Llainwen Llanberis R.D.	Priscilla	Girl	-	Jennie Parry Domestic Servant	-	Jennie Parry Mother 4 Llainwen Llanberis	Seventh October 1914	J. R. Jones Registrar.	

CERTIFIED to be a true copy of an entry in the certified copy of a Register of Births in the District above mentioned.
TYSTIOLAETHWYD ei fod yn gopi cywir o gofnod mewn copi y tystiwyd iddo o Gofrestr Genedigaethau yn y Dosbarth a enwyd uchod.
Given at the GENERAL REGISTER OFFICE, under the Seal of the said Office
Fe'i rhoddwyd yn y GENERAL REGISTER OFFICE, o dan Sêl y Swyddfa a enwyd.

Priscilla's birth certificate with the father's name left empty.

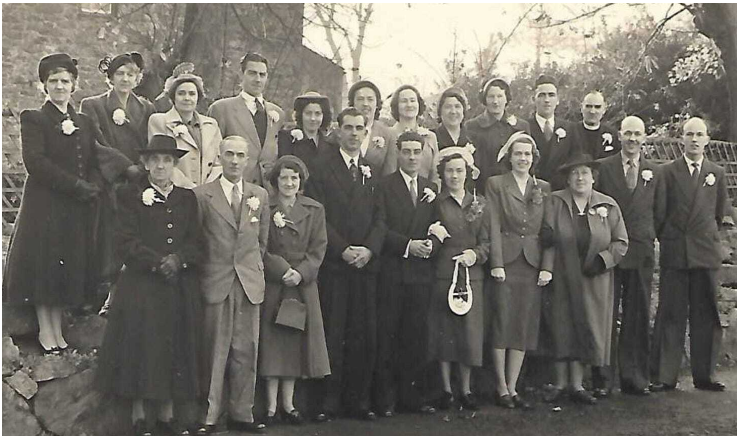
At some point in this period, John and Jennie's paths would've crossed. In 1922, they got married and settled in Jennie's home village of Llanberis. They celebrated the birth of their first son, Eric in 1922. My grandmother, Elizabeth (known as Betty), followed in 1924, then came her sisters Jennie May in 1926 and Gwyneth in 1929. The youngest child, John Raymond was born in 1933. By the time of John Raymond's birth, Priscilla would've been almost 20 years older than her youngest half-sibling. Although treated as a daughter by John, Priscilla remained a Parry and never took the Humphreys name.

From speaking to my mother's cousin, the family lived in poverty with my great grandfather John struggling to earn a living due to his crippling injury. The slate quarry was the main source of employment in Llanberis, but John could not work there due to his bad leg. However difficult life was for John and Jennie with money, the children were brought up in a loving home and appreciated what they had. My grandmother often told tales of the adventures she would have paddling in the local brooks and climbing in the woods with her older brother Eric

– this shows that wealth is never a necessity to be happy. The family worked hard to support each other growing up with Eric going to work in the slate quarry as soon as he was old enough. The hard graft and sacrifices ensured that the youngest child, John Raymond, had the opportunity to go to college and train to be a teacher.

I never got the chance to meet my great grandfather John, who sadly passed away when my mother was still a child in 1965. I was lucky enough to be born when my great grandmother Jennie was still alive, but she passed away when I was just one year of age in 1982 – therefore I have no memory of her. However, I got to spend a lot of time with my grandmother and her siblings as I grew up. My grandmother and many of her siblings had a wonderfully distinctive smiley set of eyes which have also been passed on to my mother and some of her cousins. The photographs of my smiling grandmother and her family form so much of my cherished memories of her, and will stay with me forever.

I spoke at the start of this piece about the hindsight of not asking questions when my grandmother was still alive, but maybe it's best that some of the hardships of the past were left that way, rather than being brought up as difficult memories. I'm sure John wouldn't have wanted to recall the events on board the Britannic, and I'm sure Jenny wouldn't want to talk about the difficulties of having a child out of wedlock in an age when it was still taboo.

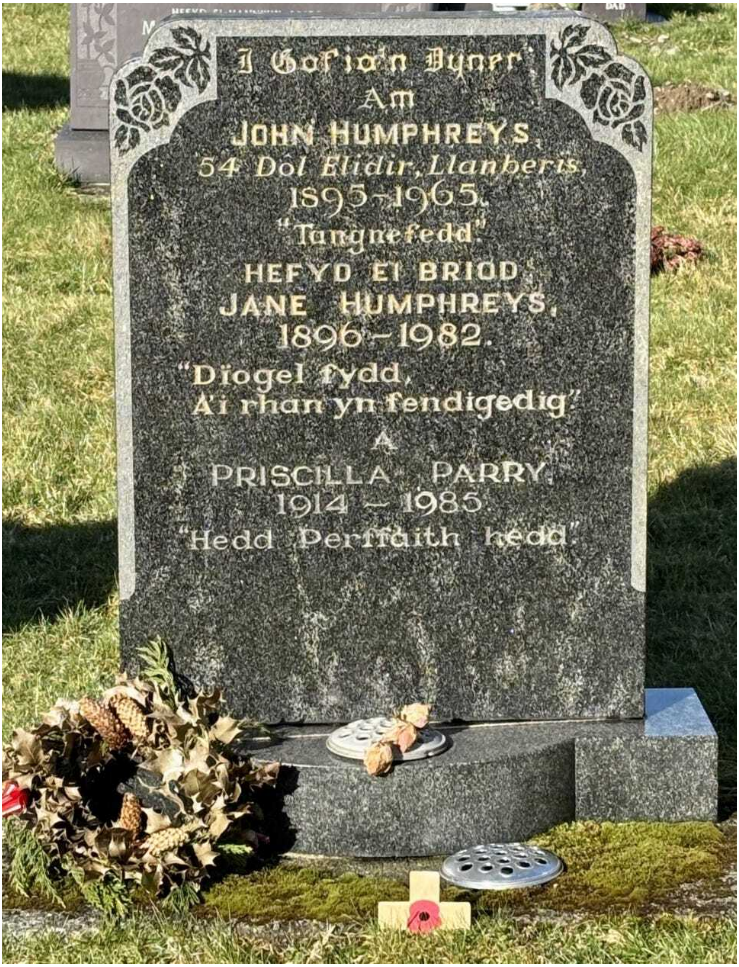


The wedding photo for my grandparents. My great grandmother Jennie is third from the right in the front row. My great grandfather is not in the photo, we believe his leg must've been in too much pain for him to attend.

In the Welsh language, the term for being related to someone is '*perthyn*', but it can also mean belonging to, this gives it much deeper meaning in Welsh – a sense of belonging. Recently I visited the picturesque cemetery of Saint Peris Church which is nestled between the mighty slopes of the Eryri mountains. There I paid my respects at John and Jennie's grave where Auntie Pris is also buried in the same plot. I truly felt a sense of '*perthyn*' whilst stood by the grave.

St Peris church near Llanberis.

They say you can't choose your family, and families often have many ups and downs. But as families, there will always be events in life that brings us closer. The descendants of John and Jennie will always remember and pay respects to the difficult times that they went through, that ultimately forged the family we are today.


I Gofio'n Dyner
Am
JOHN HUMPHREYS,
54 Dôl Elidir, Llanberis,
1895–1965.
"Tangnefedd"
HEFYD EI BRIOD
JANE HUMPHREYS,
1896–1982.
"Diogel fydd,
A'i rhan yn fendigedig"
A
PRISCILLA PARRY
1914–1985.
"Hedd Perffaith hedd"

John and Jennie's headstone, which also includes my Auntie Priscilla.

* * *

About the Author

Dyfan Gwyn Jones, writer of the Substack publication that bears his name, is an enthusiastic family history researcher who shares the unfolding journeys of discovery found within his own family tree. Through curiosity and dedication, he invites readers into the meaningful process of uncovering the past, one story at a time.

Finding Seath Mor Sgorfhiaclach by David Shaw

Finding Seath Mor Sgorfhiaclach

AKA Buck Tooth Shaw
by **David Shaw**

Originally Published in Serengenity on October 25, 2025

Aviemore

All truly great adventures begin in a tavern.

The American Revolution began at the Green Dragon on Union Street, Boston. The Irish Rebellion of 1798 was planned at Dublin's Brazen Head pub (allegedly). And of course who can forget that the inspiration for both Lord of the Rings and The Chronicles of Narnia began at the Eagle and Child Pub at Oxford?

Mine began at The Balavoulin, formerly MacKenzie's Highland Inn, Aviemore, Scotland. Click the link and sit down for a plate of tatties and neeps.

The Balavoulin

The man next to me at the bar stared into his dram of Famous Grouse[1] deciding something in his mind. “Aye, I can tak ye there in the mornin’, laddie. Ye’ll need a guide, or ye’ll no’ find it, nae chance.”

I had sat down at the bar next to a man whose name I do not remember. After a polite discussion, the conversation turned to the occult. “Do Ya know of Bucktooth Shaw.”

I was giddy. My son Adam and I had chosen our seats quite randomly only a few moments earlier and we now had a guide. We are going to the grave of the ancient progenitor of the Shaw line, Seath Mor Sgorfhiaclach. Like many Gaelic words some of the consonants are silent, others invisible, and the exact combination I cannot fathom.

SHAYTH MOR SKOR-fee-KLAK. The literal translation is Shaw great buck tooth or ***Great Buck Tooth Shaw***.

All genealogists know you must have a plan and mine was simple. Go to the right town. Find a place with lots of intoxicated people and announce myself.

“I’m Dave Shaw and this is my son Adam. We are from America and what can you tell me about Shaw’s around here?”

I hoped the family name still carried some clout. Or at least good enough that people didn’t spit on the ground when they heard it. I mean… there were stories.

My new friend was friendly at a level that appears after three or four drams of whisky. “Aye, laddie, evry person in Aviemore’s a Shaw by birth or by weddin’, ken?”

Earlier I had used a world phone directory to locate the one town in the world with the most residents named Shaw — Aviemore.

Finding Bucktooth

The next morning, I rang the phone number given to me to locate our impromptu guide. I was looking forward to seeing the grave of Seath Mor Sgorfhiaclach AKA Bucktooth Shaw.

No answer. Given the generous amount of bottom shelf scotch consumed the night before, I cannot say I was shocked. We were on our own then.

Adam was anxious to leave Aviemore and head to the Isle of Skye. I convinced him we should at least try to find Bucktooth Shaw on our own. After all, it was only two miles out of town. How hard could it be?

We would go in the general direction and just ask strangers for direction.

After a mile or so, I spotted a gardener working along the road. We pulled alongside.

"Can you direct us to the burial site of Buck Tooth Shaw?"

The gardener looked us over, did a quick mental calculation and reflected a look that communicated "Ya daft eejit" or translated back to southern Illinois vernacular "You're kind of a dumbass." Smug in the knowledge I was learning Gaelic I prodded him further.

"Drive a mile, aye, keep an eye for a turn tae the left but dinnae tak it, then watch for a wee road off tae the right a bit further on." "But ye'll nae fine it."

We thanked him, and thirty minutes later realized that our local advisors were indeed correct. We were hopelessly confused and could not find it. But I do not admit defeat easily. It is a hallmark of male Shaw's. ***Fide Et Fortitudine!***[2]

Google Map to the rescue

The Find A Grave app didn't work, so I used Google Maps instead. After changing to aerial view and enlarging to maximum, I could just make out tiny marks a quarter mile off the road — a cemetery.

After backtracking, we spotted a heavily rutted dirt road that dropped precipitously off the paved one into an open field. We were so close now! I hesitated for a moment weighing the variables of our cheap Chinese rental car and the unknown particulars of my auto insurance.

There was also the possibility of criminal trespass, being unsure of the propriety of driving on field roads over the rural landscape. The Grant family had wrested the Rothiemurchus estate from Clan Shaw in the mid 1500s. The land I was about to set foot on had once belonged to my ancestors. So, naturally I felt a swelling urge to reclaim it, if only for a time.

Grouse, alarmed by our invasion, took off in a flurry, then glided away. To the right I could see the Doune house, built by a Shaw, home of the Grants but today mostly an ongoing historic preservation project.

Then, there it was!

Entrance to the Old Doune Churchyard. Photo by author.

Seath Mor Sgorfhiaclach AKA Farquhar Shaw AKA Buck Tooth Shaw

Seath Mor Sgorfhiaclach, also known as "The Great Shaw," was a **14th-century clan chief of the Clan Shaw**, renowned as the "Victor in the Combat at Perth in 1396" and the only survivor of the Battle of the Clans.3 He is believed to have died in 1405 and is buried in the kirkyard of St Tuchaldus (the Old Doune Churchyard) within the Rothiemurchus Estate in the Scottish Highlands. His grave is marked by a tribute stone and topped with five cylindrical granite stones, often described as "cheese shaped," which are said to represent the survivors of the battle. These stones are known as the "cursed homing stones," and local folklore warns that anyone who tampered with them would suffer serious illness or death.

The Old Doune Churchyard. Photo by author, 2019.

A good account of the ghostly incidents can be found on FindAGrave.com. Here is the link:

Ghostly incidents of Bucktooth Shaw

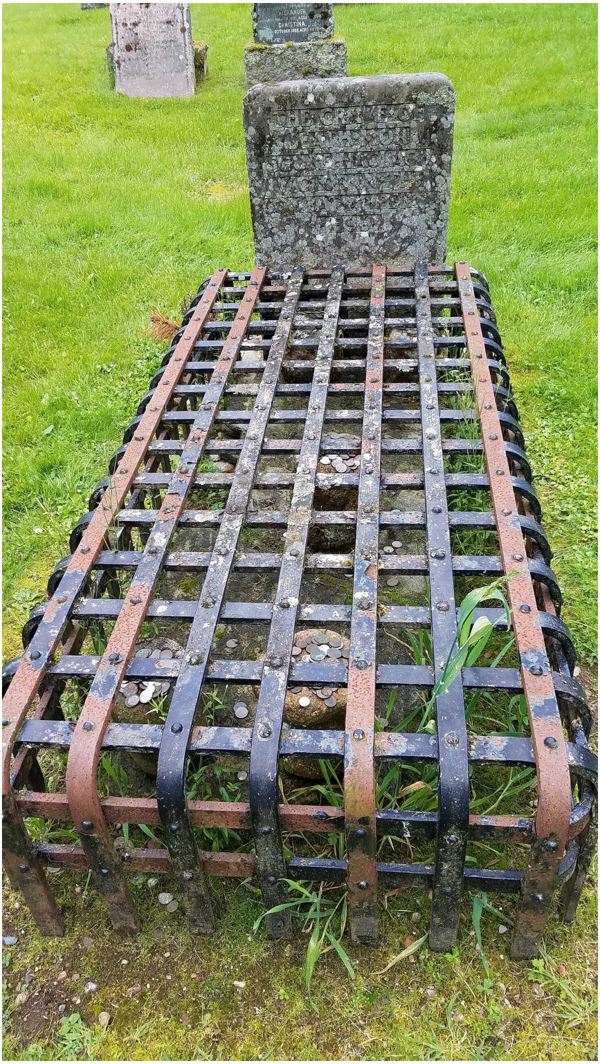
The 1396 Battle of the Clans (or Battle of the North Inch) involved two opposing clan federations choosing their best 30 men on each side, meeting at a designated place and time, then hacking each other to death with swords and axes protected only by targes.[4] One legend has it that Bucktooth Shaw was the sole survivor. Historical records however reflect eleven survivors of his Clan Chattan survived to win the day.

The local version told in Aviemore relates that the night before, Shaw coaxed a bonnie lass into his bed following a night of drinking. He woke up late, arrived at the fight at its completion and therefore survived the Battle of the Clans. The earlier version is the one generally accepted by historians but who knows?

An overview of the battle itself with an extensive bibliography can be found at Wikipedia. Click below to read a detailed account. Best to bring your own targes, laddie:

Battle of the North Inch

There are numerous references in historical documents in the five hundred years following the event itself in 1396. There is no dispute that this battle occurred but there are differing details in the accounts. In more modern times, Walter Scott based his 1828 novel, The Fair Maid of Perth on the event, and just a few years ago a romance novel series also references Seath Mor.[5]



The grave marker shown is a replacement made for the original 15th century stone. Epitaph reads "THE GRAVE OF SEATH MOR SGORFHIACLACH VICTOR IN THE COMBAT AT PERTH 1396" Photo by author, August 2019.

Mort Safe or Ecto Containment Grid?

For reasons of legend as well as the fog shrouded location, the grave of Seath Mor has attained more than modest notoriety. Hundreds of photos and accounts abound on the internet. And of course there are endless ridiculous opinions on social media. All of this was largely unknown to me until after returning home.

Many assume the iron cage over Shaw's grave is a mort safe to deter grave robbing. This is not strictly true. The iron cage was made by local man Jimmy Gordon in the 1980s. There is a long history of ne'er-do-wells throwing the homing stones into the nearby River Spey[6] soon followed by their deaths. The local constabulary, weary of such incidents, took the prudent course of prevention by separating the spirit world from our earthly plane.

Coda

The urge to return to ones origins may be the most deeply rooted of instincts. It abounds in the natural world. Arctic Terns fly 25,000 miles annually to return to their ancient nesting grounds. Salmon swim to their unique stream of origin and elephants return home to die.

Humans also visit their ancestral homes, but as genealogists know, this is tricky. Is it Ireland or Scotland or Germany - or ultimately Africa? The uniquely dispersed origins of Americans seems to drive us ever more to find our source; our place, our home. And God help you find your Viking village, as it may only be a craggy rock under water.

For a time this primordial urge is satisfied. I have broken bread with my people and paid respect to the distant Clan Chief with pocket change left on his tomb. It is time to go home.

* * *

About the Author

David Shaw is the writer behind *Serengenity*, where he explores local history through cemeteries as powerful keepers of story. Trained as an archaeologist, David spent thirty years as a stockbroker and financial advisor, carrying his analytical and investigative skills into historical research and storytelling. His work blends economics, anthropology, and history to uncover lives and events often overlooked, transforming gravestones into entry points for richly layered narratives. Many of his stories grow out of his ongoing work with the Union Cemetery Project in Randolph County, Illinois, where he helps conserve historic markers, document them for public access, and interpret the histories they hold. Through *Serengenity*, David invites readers into a kind of historical detective work that is both deeply researched and compellingly told.

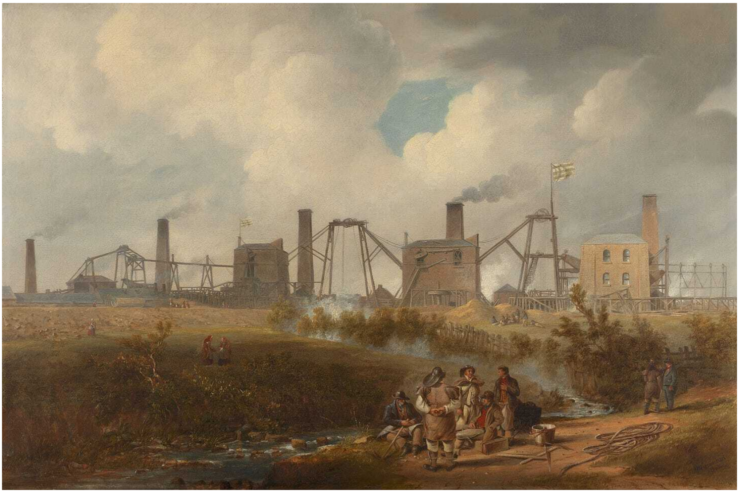
‘Like a mole groping in the dark’ by Alison Baxter

‘Like a mole groping in the dark’

Coal miners of Northumberland and Durham

by **Alison Baxter**

Originally published in Writing Family History on April 21, 2025

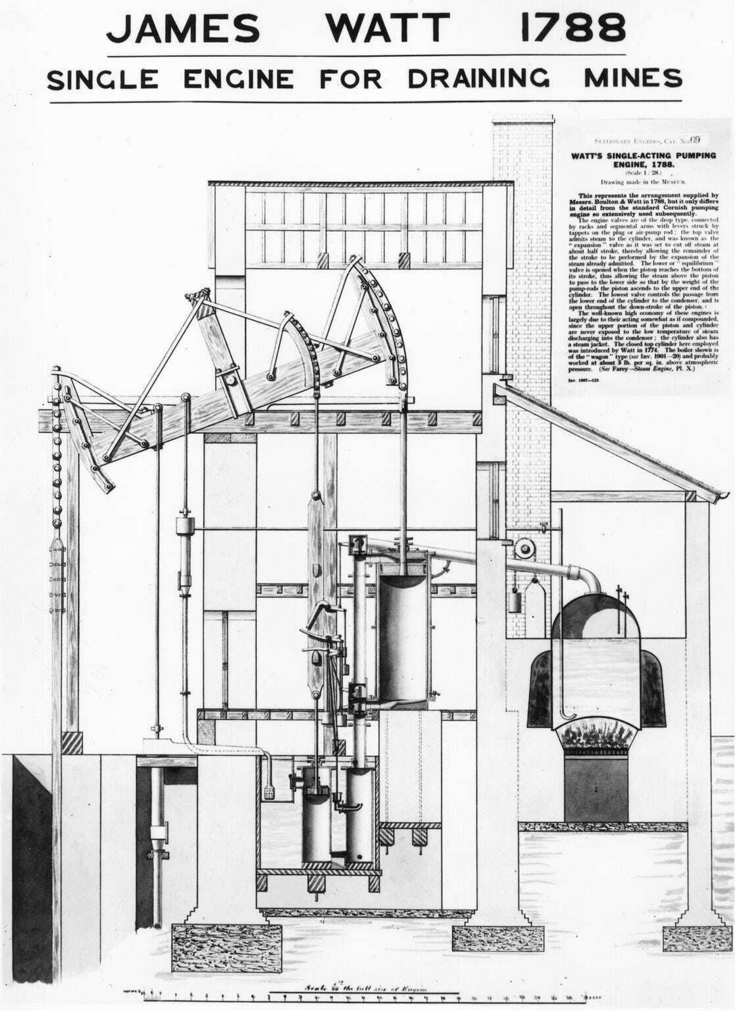


A View of Murton Colliery near Seaham, County Durham. Date: 1843. John Wilson Carmichael, Yale Center for British Art.

Hello, everyone. I hope that like me you've enjoyed some sunshine over the Easter weekend. Today it started to rain, so I've been putting the finishing touches to this first post in a new series about my coal miner ancestors. I have a cousin on my mother's side who wants to know why I never write about her family. The simple answer is that I've inherited much less information about them. The more complex and sensitive reason is that I was never close to my mother, something that I now regret, so I don't have the same motivation. But perhaps one way of dealing with the regret is to start writing.

Coal has been in the news recently, as the UK government took urgent measures to ensure that a shipment from Australia reached the British Steel plant in Scunthorpe in time to keep the furnaces burning. We British, of course, no longer mine our own coal, although it's still there - in western Durham it's said that people can dig it up in their back gardens if they want to. The phasing out of fossil fuels is good for the planet but a sad end to a proud tradition that generations of my family were associated with.

I first became fascinated by Britain's Industrial Revolution when I researched the engineering heritage of my father's Cornish grandmother, who came from Hayle, a town that was home to the biggest iron foundry in the world. But my interest in the revolution brought about by steam power didn't extend to the coal that was needed to produce steam. I realise now that it should have done. George Orwell, in *The Road to Wigan Pier,* called coal the basis of British civilisation. The miner, he wrote, was 'a sort of caryatid upon whose shoulders nearly everything that is not grimy is supported'. It was a symbiotic relationship: steam drove the engines that drained water from the mines, and coal was essential to make steam. Throughout the nineteenth century, the number of mines increased as engines transformed manufacturing and transport. Looms and spinning wheels disappeared from cottages and were reinvented as dangerous, noisy machines in factories, while the white sails of the great clipper ships became a rare sight as churning screws and black smoking funnels took their place.


JAMES WATT 1788
SINGLE ENGINE FOR DRAINING MINES
Scale 1/12 the full size of Engine

Stationary Engines, Cat. No. 69

WATT'S SINGLE-ACTING PUMPING ENGINE, 1788.

(Scale 1 : 28.)

Drawing made in the Museum.

This represents the arrangement supplied by Messrs. Boulton & Watt in 1788, but it only differs in detail from the standard Cornish pumping engine so extensively used subsequently.

The engine valves are of the drop type, connected by racks and segmental arms with levers struck by tappets on the plug or air-pump rod; the top valve admits steam to the cylinder, and was known as the "expansion" valve as it was set to cut off steam at about half stroke, thereby allowing the remainder of the stroke to be performed by the expansion of the steam already admitted. The lower or "equilibrium" valve is opened when the piston reaches the bottom of its stroke, thus allowing the steam above the piston to pass to the lower side so that by the weight of the pump-rods the piston ascends to the upper end of the cylinder. The lowest valve controls the passage from the lower end of the cylinder to the condenser, and is open throughout the down-stroke of the piston.

The well-known high economy of these engines is largely due to their acting somewhat as if compounded, since the upper portion of the piston and cylinder are never exposed to the low temperature of steam discharging into the condenser; the cylinder also has a steam jacket. The closed top cylinder here employed was introduced by Watt in 1774. The boiler shown is of the "wagon" type (*see* Inv. 1901—20) and probably worked at about 5 lb. per sq. in. above atmospheric pressure. (*See* Farey—*Steam Engine*, Pl. X.)

Inv. 1897—123

Science Museum Group. Drawing of James Watt's Pumping Engine 1788.

A map of the coalfields of the north east shows a forest of black pins, each one marking a spot where someone decided it was worth sinking a shaft to see what they could extract.

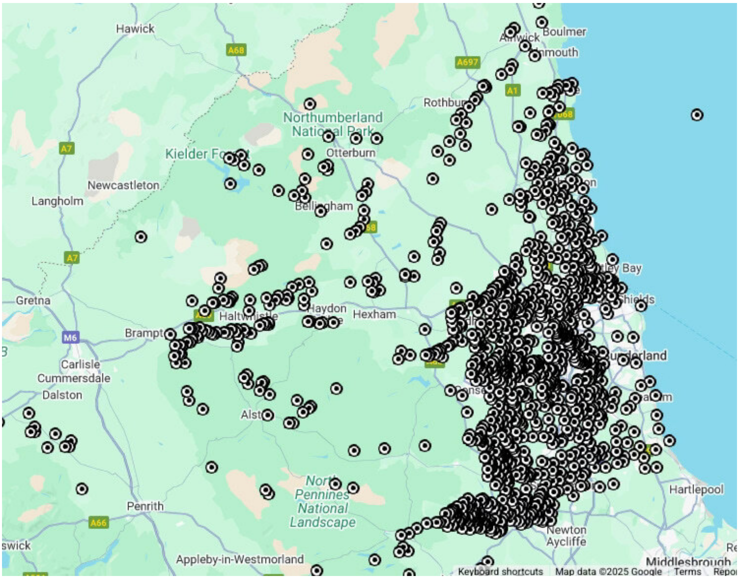
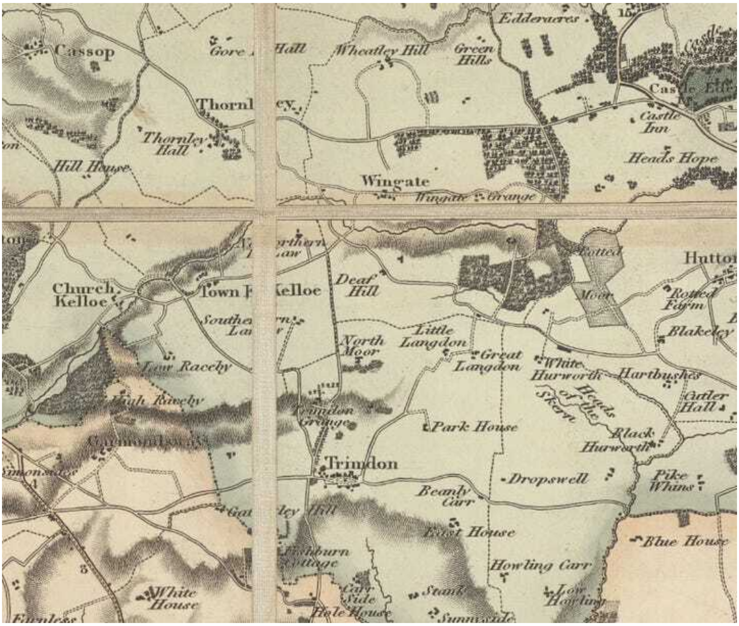

Hawick
Alnwick
Boulmer
Amble
Rothbury
Northumberland National Park
Otterburn
Kielder Forest
Newcastleton
Langholm
Bellingham
Gretna
Haltwhistle
Haydon Bridge
Hexham
Brampton
Carlisle
Cummersdale
Dalston
Alston
Sunderland
Hartlepool
North Pennines National Landscape
Penrith
Newton Aycliffe
Middlesbrough
Appleby-in-Westmorland
Keyboard shortcuts
Map data ©2025 Google
Terms

Image from the website of the Northern Mine Research Society

Of my four great-grandfathers, three were called George. I've written in my books about the two on my father's side: George Smythe was a gardener's boy from Aberdeenshire, who rose up in the world to become a respected hotel keeper, farmer, and county councillor; George Baxter was a fatherless cordwainer's apprentice who ended up as a master tailor with a valuable property portfolio in west London. Both of them as children experienced extreme hardship, but their own sons and daughters grew up in middle class comfort. I've never before written about George Makepeace, father of my mother's mother Ethel Makepeace, who lived and died a coal miner.

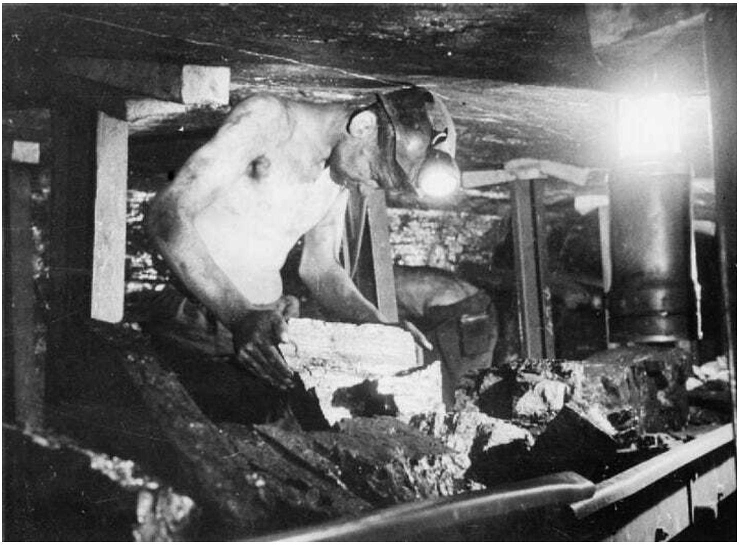
A further consequence of the boom in coal production was the mass movement of people. Coal had been mined in the north east since at least the sixteenth century, and in 1800 there were about 13,000 miners in Northumberland and Durham. By the end of the century this number had grown tenfold to around 135,000, and the total population of County Durham had increased from 150,000 to 1.88 million. By 1911, almost one in three of the working population were miners and the north east was producing 21% of Britain's coal. Workers and their families arrived from Ireland, and from the other mining areas of England, as far afield as Cornwall and Devon.[1] They also travelled within the north east.

George Valentine Makepeace was born in Trimdon, County Durham, in 1862, the eighth child of William and Martha Makepeace. Tracing the family back, I discovered that three generations previously, the first William Makepeace had lived in Hexham, a small market town in rural Northumberland close to Hadrian's Wall. His son, another William, moved forty miles south to the mining area of Houghton le Spring. The move from farm to pit was one made by many men, as new mines opened up to exploit the rich coal seam that lay beneath the agricultural land of Northumberland and Durham. The profits, of course, went to the landowners in royalties. Gradually the fields were covered with houses where families like my ancestors lived. I love old maps and I've spent many happy hours playing with the ones available online at the National Library of Scotland, exploring how the landscape has changed over time. Here are a couple of examples covering the Trimdon area.


Cassop
Thornley
Thornley Hall
Hill House
Wheatley Hill
Green Hills
Edderacres
Castle Inn
Heads Hope
Wingate
Wingate Grange
Church Kelloe
Town Kelloe
Kelloe
Deaf Hill
Southern Law
Low Raceby
High Raceby
North Moor
Little Langdon
Great Langdon
White Hurworth
Hartbushes
Heads of the Skern
Cutler Hall
Rotted Farm
Blakeley
Hutton
Trimdon Grange
Park House
Black Hurworth
Trimdon
Dropswell
Pike Whins
Beanly Carr
East House
Blue House
Howling Carr
Low Howling
White House
Carr Side
Hole House
Stand
Summerside

Trimdon in 1820 (left) and 1896 (right)

Although in the census of 1841, the second William Makepeace was working as an agricultural labourer, he was 73 years old so I imagine he had been a miner but had been obliged to give up because of his age. In that same census his son Joseph, George Valentine’s grandfather, was a screensman, employed to sort and clean the coal. A picturesque phrase describes the miner as being ‘like a mole groping in the dark, burrowing in darkness’[2], and it was somehow fitting to discover that two of Joseph's brothers were mole catchers. I am somewhat susceptible to claustrophobia and I find it almost impossible to read the descriptions of miners crawling for miles along tunnels just a couple of feet high, to reach the coalface where they knelt or lay for hours hewing the coal, pausing only for a swig of cold tea and a mouthful of bread and dripping, stripped to their underwear and streaming with sweat because of the heat, urinating and defecating where they lay, surrounded by rats and other vermin. These two images are at least a hundred years apart but even with mechanisation not much had changed in the working environment.



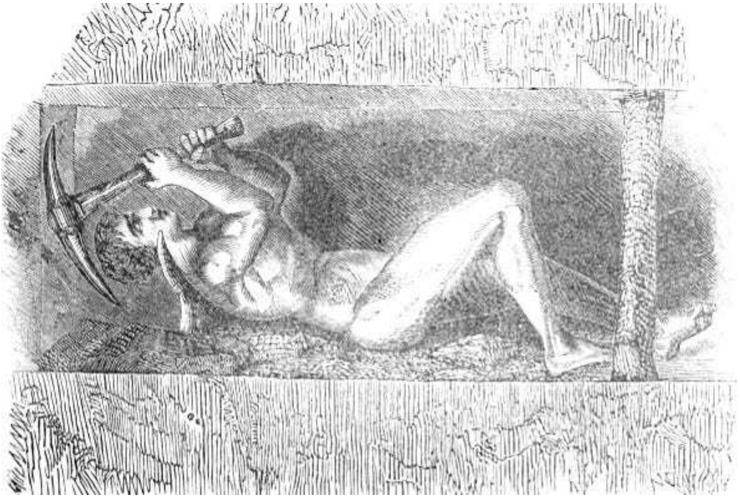
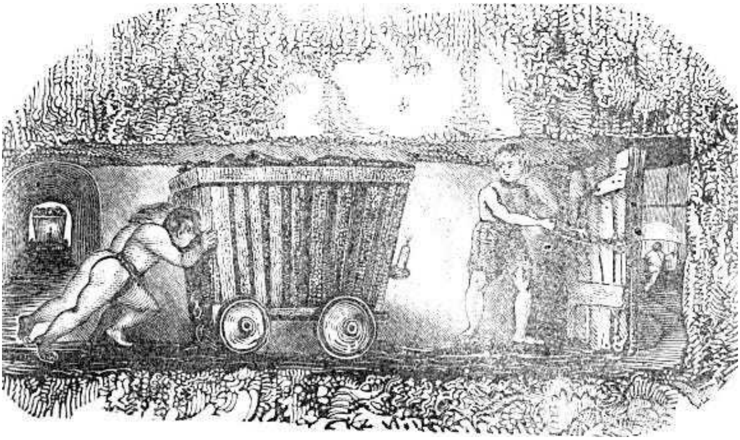


Illustration from Cobden, White Slaves of England 1854 (left) and photograph 1942, Ministry of Information Photo Division Photographer, Public domain, via Wikimedia

Commons (right)

But on the whole pay was good compared with other manual labour and despite (or perhaps because of) the danger, pitmen saw themselves as a cut above the rest of the working class. Joseph’s son, William Makepeace number three, was George Valentine’s father. Following him through the ten yearly censuses, I learn that he was a coal miner in 1861 but by 1871 he had become a coal weighman. This meant that he was responsible for checking that the amount each man had extracted was correctly weighed at the surface so that he could be paid appropriately. This was a post for which you were chosen by your fellow miners so he must have earned the trust of the men around him. George had six older brothers, five of whom went down the mine, probably by the time they were ten years old. The days of five year old children sitting for long hours alone in the dark, opening and closing the wooden doors to control the flow of air, had ended thanks to the Mines Act of 1842, which prohibited the employment underground of children under the age of ten (raised to twelve in 1860). In 1861, fourteen year old William and twelve year old Ralph were both listed in the census as pony drivers. This was often the first job a boy was given, managing the horses that pulled the tubs of coal from the coal face. There were up to 200,000 of these animals stabled underground and rarely hauled out, with great difficulty, for a brief holiday in the fields. It was said that the ponies were better cared for than the boys, but there were no proper regulations against abuse till the 1870s.



child trapper from Cobden (left) and a pony with driver for M.W.R.The Graphic, Public domain, via Wikimedia Commons (right)

A

The 1842 Act also banned women and girls from the mines, although they could work at surface jobs such as sorting the coal, and George’s sister Elizabeth found work as a servant. Of the brothers, Joseph, William, and Thomas continued working as miners and so did Ralph, who emigrated to Illinois. There were few alternatives to following your father down the pit, but it was not impossible to find other work. John became an insurance agent and Robert left the pit to work in a shop, ending up as a successful building contractor. The army, then as now, offered adventurous lads a way to leave home and George’s younger brother Wilson joined the Grenadier Guards. Family legend has it that he was one of Queen Victoria’s bodyguard.

Family photo said to be of Wilson Makepeace

Mines were often small, local, and not long lived, so miners were nomadic, moving around to follow the work and the associated peril.

Accidents killed 85,000 British miners in the years 1853-1953. It is likely that the Makepeace family had left Trimdon by the time of the famous disaster, one of the hundreds that occurred with terrifying frequency. In the case of Trimdon Grange, a mine employing 700 workers, it was an explosion, thought to be caused by firedamp (an inflammable gas, mostly methane) being ignited by shot firing, that killed 74 men and boys, the youngest just twelve years old, on 16th February 1882.

I know that by 1887 the Makepeaces had moved north to Marsden, a village on a clifftop below South Shields that owed its existence to the Whitburn colliery, which opened in 1874. 700 people lived in 135 isolated and windswept houses, two up two down or smaller, spread along nine streets. Perhaps understandably many miners preferred to live in South Shields and travel to work on the Marsden Rattler. This was the nickname for the train that ran on the Marsden railway, built by the colliery to carry coal and limestone from the nearby quarries that it also owned. The miners travelled in three shabby, second-hand carriages that had been stripped back to provide nothing but basic wooden seating and bumped and rattled along in a most uncomfortable way. There is more information and images on the Disused Stations website.

Other mining families moved into the misleadingly named Marsden Cottage. This was not a cottage at all, but a large country house that had been acquired by the Harton Coal Company and converted to provide accommodation for 67 men, women and children.[3] William and Martha Makepeace were living at Marsden Cottage with their youngest son, James. The next youngest, Wilson, was back home, either on leave from the army or having left permanently, when the two brothers went for a night out in South Shields. They caught the Marsden Rattler to come home at about 2am on 1st October and jumped off as it passed Marsden Cottage, as appeared to be common practice amongst the men who used the train (the official halt for the residents of the Cottage didn't open till a few years a later). Tragically, Wilson stumbled (had he perhaps been drinking?), fell under one of the carriages and was crushed by its wheels. The *Shields Gazette* reported that:

> *He was conveyed to the Ingham Infirmary, where he died shortly after six o'clock. The body was afterwards conveyed by four men to deceased's home, Marsden Cottages. His mother, an old woman 62 years of age, on learning of her son's death, fell down and instantly expired.*

Wilson and his mother Martha were buried together in the graveyard of St Peter's Church, Harton, in what must have been a devastating blow for the family. Mining was a dangerous occupation, but this must have seemed like a senseless accident. And more was to follow. Although William remarried a local widow in 1889, the following month he lost another son. According to the report in the *Shields Gazette*, On 27th

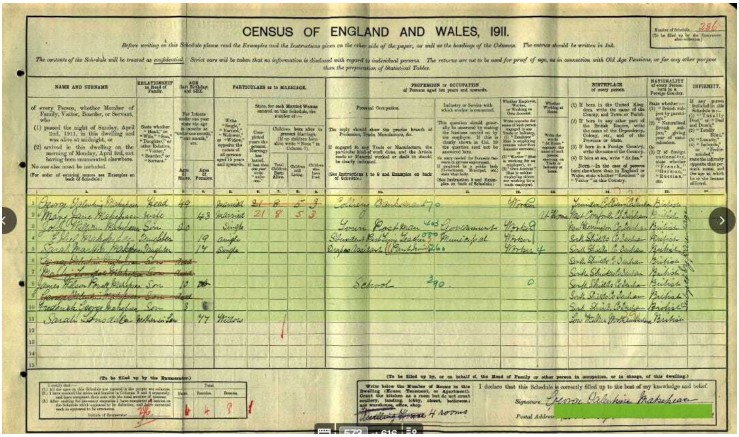
November 1889, James, an assistant weighman, was pushing a truck off the weighing machine when a heavy waggon full of coal rolled into him and crushed his thigh. This could only have happened if someone had let the brake off. There was one witness, a young boy who worked as a letter carrier at the colliery, and he testified that he saw a man get down from the train and release the brake. The only possible culprit was the guard, a man called John Millett. He failed to own up and was censured by the coroner, who told him that although he had no intention of causing the accident, it would have been ‘more manly’ to have confessed the truth.

The coroner had more harsh words to say. James had his leg amputated the following day but it was too late to save him. Three doctors had advised amputation but his friends (a word used at this date to refer to family) had refused to allow it. The coroner said, in an interesting commentary on how doctors were viewed at the time:

> *He wished to bring these facts out, as it was essential that friends should know – however desirous they might be to preserve a limb, and whatever might be the matter of sentiment against an operation being performed – that the doctors were the best judges of what was necessary to be done. It was a great mistake to suppose that members of the medical profession could have delight in cutting and hacking injured people. That was not the fact, although there was a common idea to the contrary, and it was very desirable that the idea should be dissipated.*

James was remembered as ‘well known in connection with temperance concerts and entertainments for charitable objects in South Shields. Did he perhaps give up alcohol after Wilson's death, or is that taking speculation too far? His funeral procession was enormous and included members of the Baring Street Primitive Methodist Choir, of which he was a member.[4] The following July a Grand Concert was given in the Gospel Temperance Hall in aid of a fund for a memorial to his memory, but I'm not aware of any memorial other than his headstone in the churchyard. Headstones were (and are) expensive and the fund may have paid for this one. There is certainly no trace of a stone for his mother or brother. The village of Marsden itself was demolished in the 1960s after coastal erosion meant it was in danger of slipping into the sea and the Marsden Rattler survives only as the name of a pub.

George Valentine had married the month before James died and in 1891 he was living in South Shields, listing his employment as 'colliery banksman', the man in charge of signals and cage loading at the top of the shaft, a job that he held until his retirement. Again, I don't know if he chose to work above ground or if his heath failed, but it seems that in general, surface workers were of lower status than the hefty hewers who toiled at the coalface. George and his wife Mary Jane went on to have seven children, two girls and five boys. The oldest of their daughters was my grandmother Ethel.



CENSUS OF ENGLAND AND WALES, 1911.

Number of Schedule 286

	NAME AND SURNAME	RELATIONSHIP to Head of Family	AGE Males	AGE Females	PARTICULARS as to MARRIAGE	Completed years the present Marriage has lasted	Total Children Born Alive	Children still Living	Children who have Died	Personal Occupation	Industry or Service	Employer, Worker, or Own Account	Working at Home	BIRTHPLACE of every person	NATIONALITY
1	George Valentine Makepeace	Head	49		Married	21	8	5	3	Colliery Banksman 70		Worker		[illegible] Colliery Co Durham	British
2	Mary Jane Makepeace	Wife		43	Married	21	8	5	3				At Home	West Cornforth Co Durham	British
3	John William Makepeace	Son	20		Single					Town Postman 463	Government	Worker		New Herrington Co Durham	British
4	Ethel Makepeace	Daughter		19	Single					Student Pupil Teacher 000	Municipal	Worker		South Shields Co Durham	British
5	Sarah Martha Makepeace	Daughter		17	Single					Drapers Assistant (Part time) 260		Worker		South Shields Co Durham	British
6	~~George Valentine Makepeace~~	~~Son~~	~~dead~~											South Shields Co Durham	British
7	~~Martin [illegible] Makepeace~~	~~Son~~	~~dead~~											South Shields Co Durham	British
8	James Wilson Powell Makepeace	Son	10							School 290		0		South Shields Co Durham	British
9	~~George Valentine Makepeace~~	~~Son~~	~~dead~~											South Shields Co Durham	British
10	Frederick George Makepeace	Son	3											South Shields Co Durham	British
11	Sarah Lonsdale	Mother in Law		77	Widow									Low Walker Northumberland	British

(To be filled up by the Enumerator.) Total: Males 4, Females 4, Persons 8. Initials of Enumerator 286

(To be filled up by, or on behalf of, the Head of Family or other person in occupation, or in charge, of this dwelling.)

Write below the Number of Rooms in this Dwelling (House, Tenement, or Apartment). Count the kitchen as a room but do not count scullery, landing, lobby, closet, bathroom; nor warehouse, office, shop.

~~Dwelling House~~ 4 rooms

I declare that this Schedule is correctly filled up to the best of my knowledge and belief.

Signature George Valentine Makepeace

Postal Address [redacted]

1911 census for George Valentine Makepeace

Life was precarious for children at that date and in those communities and three of their sons died in infancy: Martin aged seven, and two babies both poignantly named George Valentine, born in 1896 and 1903 and dead within a year. I only discovered their existence when I examined the 1911 census and saw their names crossed out and the word ‘dead’ written in. But the children that survived did well for themselves. Ethel was employed as a student teacher in 1911 and her sister Sarah was a draper’s assistant. They were both to marry well. The oldest son John became a postman. He survived the carnage of World War I and lived to be 67. The next boy, James Wilson Makepeace, named for his two dead uncles, became a motor man at the St Hilda colliery, also in South Shields. I think this may be the same as a winding engine man, a skilled job in charge of the winding engine that hauled the coal and men up to the surface. And the youngest boy, Frederick, did the best of them all. He trained as an engineer and travelled the world;. I've found records for him on ships sailing to Yokohama and Port Said.

But the economic slump that followed World War I meant a steep drop in the demand for coal and the British government returned the mines, which it had effectively nationalised during the war, to their previous owners, who decided they had to cut miners' pay. The miners' response was to call a strike, which led to them being locked out: either they had to accept lower wages or be sacked. The crisis known as Black Friday resulted in the 1921 census being postponed, and when it was finally taken in June instead of April, page after page of miners, including George Valentine Makepeace and his son James, recorded themselves as being out of work. The General Strike that followed in 1926 was again triggered by a dispute over miners' pay, and by 1934 a quarter of a million miners had lost their jobs. The industry was in crisis and in !938 the Coal Act was passed, effectively nationalising the mines and paying compensation to the landowners. By that time George Valentine Makepeace had retired and was living in Newcastle with Frederick, who was working as an inspector of armaments ordnance fitter and, I would guess, employed by the giant firm of Vickers Armstrong. The act was due to come into effect in July 1942. Six months later George was dead. After livingthrough the heyday of the coal industry, he had witnessed the beginning of its terminal decline.

There is a wealth of resources available for anyone wanting to research the coal miners of the north east. Online I consulted the Durham Mining Museum, the Northern Mine Research Society, and the Coalmining History Research Centre. I don't know where we'd be without the enthusiastic volunteers who collect and maintain these databases. A useful book to start with is *Tracing your coalmining ancestors* by Brian Elliott and Jeremy Paxman has written an informative and robustly readable account called *Black Gold*. As more general background I enjoyed reading *The Northumbrians* by Dan Jackson.

This post is public so please feel free to share it. I'm off to Northumberland next week and hope to visit Cragside, so look out for a post about Sir William Armstrong, the founder of Vickers Armstrong, and the Elswick works, where my grandfather Wilfred, Ethel's husband, was employed.

1

After the tin mines closed.

2

Doc Davies quoted by Jeremy Paxman in *Black Gold*.

3

1911 census

4

Most miners adhered to Nonconformist religions, especially Primitive Methodism.

* * *

About the Author

Alison Baxter is a historian and writer whose work brings ordinary lives to the center of historical understanding. Her fascination with family history began with her seafaring Cornish ancestors, the Dupens of Hayle, whose global journeys led her to write *A Cornish Cargo* (2020). In 2024, she published *Another Song at Sunset*, exploring her Scottish grandmother's life and friendship with novelist Lewis Grassic Gibbon. Trained as a linguist and former educational publisher, Alison later earned an MA in Biography and Creative Nonfiction from the University of East Anglia and a PhD from Oxford Brookes, researching the boundaries between fiction and nonfiction. A Fellow of the Royal Historical Society, she also writes travel and place-based essays and remains passionate about the belief that every family holds stories worth telling.

Acadian bits and pieces by Ann G. Forcier

Acadian bits and pieces

What about godparents?

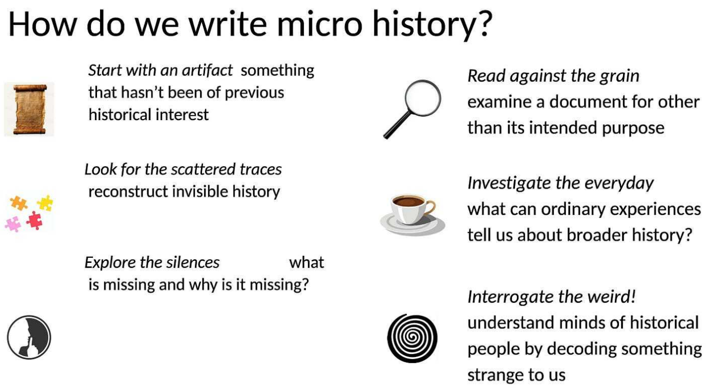
by Ann G. Forcier

Originally published in Acadiann on September 14, 2025

Tell all the truth but tell it slant —
Emily Dickinson, 1868

Telling the truth slant dovetails well with what I think of as *slant research* — learning about someone's life by looking at the bits and pieces that are documented about those with whom a person lived or was related to during the lifetime.

I'm digging slant to my 5th great-grandmother Marie Vigneau by looking a bit more into her Uncle Jacques's life. I've selected two suggestions from historian Lisa Maguire's microhistory writing model: *reading against the grain* and *looking for the scattered traces.*



How do we write micro history?

Start with an artifact something that hasn't been of previous historical interest

Look for the scattered traces reconstruct invisible history

Explore the silences what is missing and why is it missing?

Read against the grain examine a document for other than its intended purpose

Investigate the everyday what can ordinary experiences tell us about broader history?

Interrogate the weird! understand minds of historical people by decoding something strange to us

Chart courtesy of historian Lisa Maguire

The history I'm reading slant is Beamish Murdoch's 1865 A history of Nova Scotia, or, Acadie. In his description of the events of summer 1755 in Beaubassin, he writes what seems to me an off-hand comment about Jacques's family ties:

Jacob Maurice, who is said to be a kinsman of M. Vergor, came in also with some habitants of baie Verte, to make terms. (p. 273)

Jacob Maurice is Jacques Vigneau's name in English. The *terms* were for the surrender from the French to the British of Fort Gasperaux, which fell after Fort Beauséjour.

The *came in also* follows the remark that Joseph Brossart *called Beausoleil, came in under a safe conduct to propose a peace with the*

Indians, praying pardon for himself. No mention was made of Brossart's kinships. Something about Jacques's ties to Vergor mattered, even as Murdoch wrote about the surrender.

Who was Vergor and how were he and the Vigneaus kin?

Vergor was *the French commandant of Beauséjour* when he surrenderd the fort to British Lieutenant-General Robert Monckton on June 4. Vergor's full name was *Louis Du Pont Duchambon de Vergor.*

According to some historians writing in English, Vergor was a human being of questionable morals and incompetent leadership.

Well, not every family member is going to shine.

Take the cultural pledge

Murdoch noted that Vergor had a lot of relatives in Acadie (pp. 234-5). Given the many ways in which families were intertwined in 1755 Beaubassin, that conclusion didn't require much deduction.

Still, how in particular were Jacques Vigneau (b. 1702, Port Royal, NS) and Vergor (b.1713, Sérignac, Saintonge, France) kinsmen? What was their *cousinage*?

Murdoch says Vergor's parents were Acadian Jeanne Muis d'Entremont du Poubumcou (say that three times fast) and Frenchman Louis du Pont du Chambon (m. 1709 Port Royal).

Jacques's parents were Canadian Maurice Vigneau and Acadian Marguerite Comeau (m. about 1701 in Port Royal).

After several forays into their genealogies, I can find a slant kinship between Jacques and Joseph Brossart through Jacques's first wife Marguerite Arsenau. Marguerite and Brossart were second cousins; their maternal grandmothers were sisters

(Anne and Madeleine Blanchard). But Murdoch didn't comment that Jacques and Joseph were kinsmen.

Did Vergor and Jacques have closer family ties?

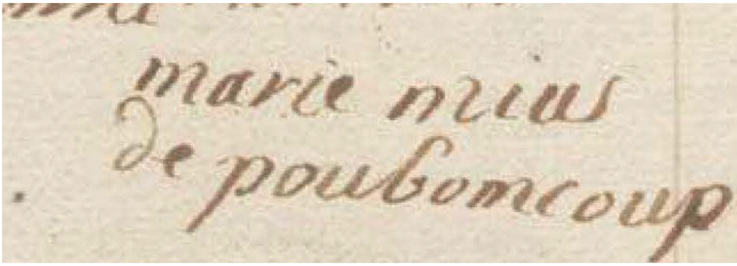
I can't find a *cousinage* between the Vigneaus/Comeaus and the Mius/ d'Entremont families. The closest tie seems through godparents.

Jacques's godmother was Demoiselle Marie de Pouboumcou.* His godfather was Sieur Jacques Pontif, surgeon major of Fort Royal.

They sound like local elite, this demoiselle and this sieur.

Jacques Vigneau baptism from Parish registers of St-Jean-Baptiste de Port-Royal, Acadie. Provincial Archives of Nova Scotia, Canada.

It's possible the Marie de Poubomcou who was Jacques's godmother was Vergor's maternal aunt, his mother's older sister Marie (b 1684, m. January 1705 in Port Royal). Though I'm no handwriting expert, the signature on Marie Mius D'Entremont's marriage certificate looks similar to the signature on Jacques's baptismal certificate, especially the "d" and the "r":


marie mius
de poubomcoup

from François Dupont du Vivier and Marie Mius de Pobomkou marriage 12 January 1705

Jacques's godfather Sieur Pontif is actually Jacques David, who was born in Château-Richer, Canada, Nouvelle France. Pontif was "*the garrison surgeon, responsible for shaving the soldiers and looking after their medical needs. Pontif built three houses on his large property. One house, equipped with a billiard table, seems to have operated as a public billiard hall and tavern. Another served as a garrison hospital until one was constructed on the glacis of the new fort*" (Dunn, p. 58).

Not that I wouldn't want a godfather who ran a tavern and billiard hall, with a nearby hospital, or a godmother whose family was a political and social force, but why didn't Jacques's parents pull in at least one of the Comeau relatives for him?

In 1702, Marguerite Comeau had two brothers and three sisters who were at least 16. When Jacques's brother (Marie Vigneau's father) Jean Baptiste was born 14 years later, they'd picked Jean Comeau and Marguerite Pitre, wife of Abraham Comeau as *parrain* (godfather) and *marrain* (godmother).

Did godparents mean something different for first-born Jacques? Did becoming a godparent in 1702 Port Royal, Nova

Scotia, make unrelated families kin?

Out of my wheelhouse and unable to resist the pull of the genealogical rabbit hole, I decided to "Ask a historian."

My go-to is Patrick Lacroix, Director of the Acadian Archives. Dr. Lacroix sent three references. "The articles insist on the importance of 'godparenthood' in establishing social ties where a blood relation was non-existent. *But...* the one from *Acadiensis* highlights the intensity of blood relations in a 'large' community like Port-Royal."

Early 1700s, Port Royal was not the hub of endogamy it would become by the deportation years. About half the spouses, mostly the husbands, were born outside of Acadie:

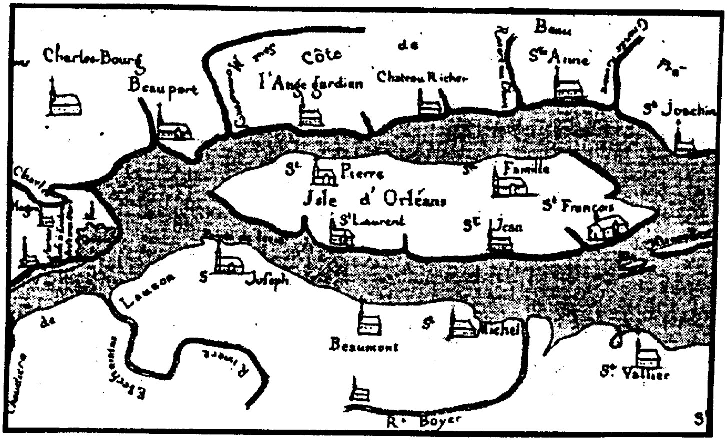
"The parish register of St. Jean Baptiste shows that in almost every second marriage in Port Royal between 1702 and 1714 one of the partners, usually the husband, had been born outside the settlement. Although some of these came from neighbouring Acadian villages, and some from Canada or Cape Breton, the majority immigrated from France." (Hynes, p. 4)

Still, in 1702, there were blood relatives available to Jacques's parents, so something more than family ties went into Maurice's and Marguerite's selection.

Maurice, a sailor-carpenter, was a recent emigré from Île d'Orléans, having arrived in Port Royal from Canada just two years before Jacques's birth. He was a master carpenter helping to restore the fort at Port Royal. Pontif was surgeon major for the garrison. Marie de Pouboumcoup's** father was a co-seigneur of Port Royal. They likely knew each other from those roles as carpenter, doctor-barber, and landlord's daughter.

Given what Dunn said about some of the not-Acadian husbands coming from Canada, maybe Maurice Vigneau and Jacques David had a closer cultural affinity with each other than with the French from France or Acadia.

In Canada, Maurice was born in Sainte-Famille, Île d'Orléans, which was across the river from Château-Richer where Pontif was born four years before him.


Charles-Bourg
Beauport
Côte
de
l'Ange Gardien
Chateau Richer
Ste Anne
St Joachim
St Pierre
Isle d'Orléans
Ste Famille
St François
St Laurent
St Jean
St Joseph
Lauzon
de
Beaumont
St Michel
St Vallier
R. Boyer

Localisation de Château-Richer et des paroisses avoisinantes

https://marinboucher.blogspot.com/2006/05/chteau-richer-1650.html

Maybe their shared Canadian mainland roots, and their not-from-Acadia status brought them together as well as their time at the fort and in town.

Maybe Jacques's parents were establishing social ties with the Mius d'Entremont family.

Maybe the French Catholic mindset about the seriousness with which one took godparenthood was alive and well:

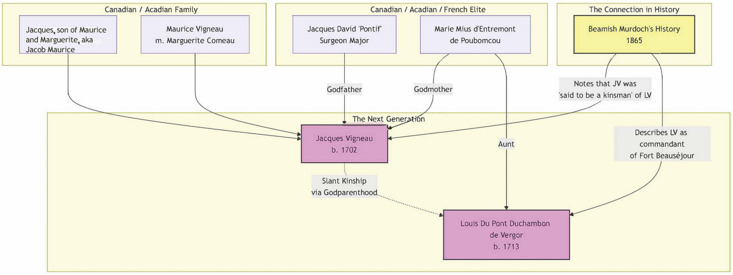
"…godparents became relations of both their godchildren and their

godchildren's parents, by means of spiritual kinship." (p. 486, Alfani et al).

If this is so, then the kinsmen relationship between Jacques Vigneau and Vergor was forged through a spiritual link that expanded the definition of family. His baptism may have allied Vigneau and Comeau with Mius d'Entremont and Pontif.

Reminds me of the bonds that form with sister-friends, adopted children and their parents, and step-parents and step-children.

Between Jacques's baptism in 1702 Port Royal and the Grand Dérangement of 1755 when he was deported from Baie Verte, a lot of life happened. But life events and the upheavals of war didn't erase family ties. Bonds were significant enough for Murdoch to note in 1865 that Jacques was *said to be a kinsman* of Vergor.

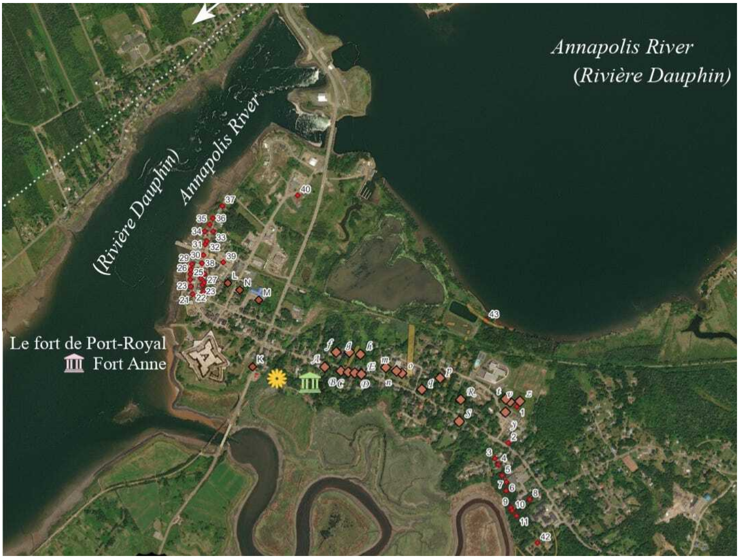

Canadian / Acadian Family
Jacques, son of Maurice and Marguerite, aka Jacob Maurice
Maurice Vigneau m. Marguerite Comeau
Canadian / Acadian / French Elite
Jacques David 'Pontif' Surgeon Major
Marie Mius d'Entremont de Poubomcou
The Connection in History
Beamish Murdoch's History 1865
Godfather
Godmother
Notes that JV was 'said to be a kinsman' of LV
The Next Generation
Jacques Vigneau b. 1702
Aunt
Describes LV as commandant of Fort Beauséjour
Slant Kinship via Godparenthood
Louis Du Pont Duchambon de Vergor b. 1713

Modified from a chart sent by my brother John

Something fun — Walking tour of Annapolis Royal 1710

The Annapolis Heritage Society created a map of homes in 1710 Port Royal. The Vigneaus are at #29 and the Pontifs at #23. Jacques's maternal aunt Madeleine Comeau is at #25. His mother's cousin Anne Comeau is at #35.

I imagine an 8-year-old Jacques on his own walking tour of family homes.


Annapolis River
(Rivière Dauphin)
(Rivière Dauphin)
Annapolis River
Le fort de Port-Royal
Fort Anne
A
40
37
35
36
34
33
31
32
29
30
39
26
38
25
27
23
23
21
22
L
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43
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t
v
x
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4
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7
8
9
10
11
42

Source: Acadian Walking Tour Map produced by Annapolis Heritage Society https://annapolisheritagesociety.com

Acadian Memorial List

Note

* Poubomcoup is the place Mi'kmaq considered a place where in winter you can go fishing for eels in the port by digging holes in the ice. Today it's Pubnico.

** Marie (de Pobomcoup) Mius D'Entremont may have a tale worth telling. The Acadian WikiTree entry for her says *The marriage created somewhat of a scandal within the French Colonial military as it was performed in secrecy by Felix Pain, the garrison chaplain, against the wishes of the acting Governor.* About three months after her wedding, she gave birth to her first-born.

Thank yous -

because *looking for the scattered traces to reconstruct the invisible history* takes a village

Sally Buffington who, after she read my first Acadian Bits and Pieces, shared the Emily Dickson poem about telling the truth slant.

Ralph Geer for finding out that Sieur Jacques Pontif is Jacques David on WikiTree

Lois C. Jenkins, Researcher, Annapolis Heritage Society for finding Pontif in Brenda Dunn's book on the history of Port Royal

Dr. Patrick Lacroix, historian, Director of the Acadian Archives at the University of Maine Fort Kent for answering any and all questions Acadian — and even some that are not

Lisa Maguire, historian and Substacker, for ways in which to use microhistory tools in family storytelling

The volunteers who make the Acadian WikiTree such an invaluable resource.

Resources

- Alfani, Guido, Agnese Vitali and Vincent Gourdon. 2012. *Social Customs and Demographic Change: The Case of Godparenthood in Catholic Europe.* **Journal for the Scientific Study of Religion**, SEPTEMBER, Vol. 51, No. 3, pp. 482-504; https://www.jstor.org/stable/41681807
- Berteau, Camille, Vincent Gourdon and Isabelle Robin-Romero. 2012. *Godparenthood: driving local solidarity in Northern France in the Early Modern Era. The example of Aubervilliers families in the sixteenth–eighteenth centuries,* **The History of the Family**, 17:4, 452-467, DOI: 10.1080/1081602X.2012.752758
- Dunn, Brenda. 2004 *A history of Port Royal/Annapolis Royal, 1605-1800.* Halifax, N.S. : Nimbus Publishing.
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- Murdoch, Beamish. 1865. *A history of Nova-Scotia, or, Acadie*. Halifax NS: J Barnes. https://archive.org/details/ahistorynovasco01murdgoog p. 273
- Walking tour of Annapolis Royal

* * *

About the Author

Ann G. Forcier is a writer, poet, and former freelance journalist whose work centers on Acadian history, memory, and resilience. After twenty-five years in journalism, she turned to historical fiction, focusing especially on 17th- and 18th-century Acadian lives shaped by displacement and survival. A registered poetry therapist (PTR), Ann brings a deep sensitivity to the emotional legacy of the Grand Dérangement of 1755, an ethnic cleansing that scattered Acadians across the Canadian Maritimes, northern New England, Louisiana, and beyond. Through *Acadiann*, she creates a gathering place for descendants and fellow travelers to share stories, recover silenced histories, and reconnect with an ancestral space that lives on through discovery, remembrance, and community.

Who Do I think I am by Paul Chiddicks

Who Do I think I am

Can You Really Know Who You Are Without Knowing Where You Came From?

by **Paul Chiddicks**

Originally published in The Chiddicks Family Tree on July 5, 2025.

It's a simple question and one that many family historians, and likely quite a few psychologists, have pondered. Why are some of us so deeply passionate, even driven, to uncover the past and trace our origins?

If you're reading this, I'm guessing you have at least some interest in family history. But what is it that pushes us, me and you, to keep digging, researching, and discovering? What fuels this pursuit to understand not just where we came from, but *who* we truly are?

We all arrive at family history from different starting points. No two stories are the same. Our backstories are as unique as our DNA. So what is it that keeps us going, even when we hit those infamous "brick walls"? Is it simple curiosity, a hobby that became an obsession, or something deeper? Maybe we're each searching for that one missing puzzle piece in our own personal story.

I'm no psychologist, and there are certainly experts who can explain the human psyche far better than I can. But I do know why *I* keep researching my family's past and I wonder, have you stopped to ask yourself what drives *you*?

There's rarely just one reason. You might be driven by a mix of curiosity, love, grief, pride, or longing. But at the core, perhaps we're not just learning about our ancestors, we're learning about *ourselves*. By understanding their lives, their challenges, their choices, maybe we begin to make sense of our own.

Of course, documents and records only tell part of the story. They provide facts, dates, names, but they can't capture the full emotional and human truth. Likewise, DNA testing can offer valuable insights into our ethnic origins, but it can't tell us what makes us *us*. For that, we have to dig deeper.

Our identities are shaped by a blend of nature and nurture. We inherit traits, habits, and sometimes even talents through our genes. But just as important is what we learn from our surroundings, our families, and our life experiences. Only by understanding both our biological inheritance and our personal environment can we begin to form a clearer picture of who we are.

Some might say this is a lifelong journey, a continuous process of discovery from cradle to grave. And maybe that's true. But understanding our own story, really knowing where we came from, can help us make sense of who we are today.

Our past doesn't have to define our future, but understanding it gives us power. When we make sense of the past, we gain insight into our present. Tracing your family's roots can connect you to the people who came before, people who lived, dreamed, struggled, overcame. Their stories become part of your story.

As we get older, the importance of family becomes clearer, not just the close-knit group we grew up with, but the extended network of great-aunts, second cousins, and ancestors we may never have met. These relatives, even in their absence, still have something to teach us. They remind us that we are part of a bigger tapestry, a legacy.

Researching your family tree can do more than connect names and dates. It can bring generations together, open up conversations that might have been lost, and even reunite distant relatives. It has the power to inspire the next generation of storytellers, historians, and seekers.

When someone asks me why I research my family tree, I often list a variety of reasons. But if I'm being honest, it comes down to something very simple:

It gives me a sense of identity.

My ancestors are long gone, but they helped shape who I am. Their lives, their choices, their struggles—all live on in me. I carry their legacy, just as those who come after me will carry mine.

> "A people without the knowledge of their past history, origin and culture is like a tree without roots."
> *—Marcus Garvey*

We don't choose the family we're born into. But by understanding them, where they came from and what they endured, we gain a deeper understanding of ourselves. Not just of the past, but of the path ahead.

So I ask you:

What drives *you* to research your family history?
I'd love to hear your story.
Chiddicks Family Tree
The Old Palace School Bombing

* * *

About the Author

Paul Chiddicks is a family history writer and longtime genealogist whose passion for ancestry began more than thirty-five years ago with a search to better understand the father he lost at a young age. Now retired and living in Cheshire, England, Paul writes about genealogy as an ongoing journey of discovery, reflection, and occasional mystery, with a particular interest in military history and the impact of the First World War on ordinary families. He is well known for his regular "Dear Paul" column in *Family Tree Magazine*, where he explores family history questions and curiosities, and for his active engagement in the genealogy community through societies, volunteering, and social media. Through his blog, Paul shares stories, insights, and encouragement, inviting readers to explore the lives that shaped their own pasts.

Why I Did A Genealogy “Do Over” by Erin Hoover

Why I Did A Genealogy “Do Over”

Giving My Family Tree a Second Chance (and Myself, Too)

by **Erin Hoover**

Originally published in Stories in the Records on August 18, 2025

When you were in school, did your history teacher give you a family tree assignment? It was (and maybe still is) a pretty common assignment, and rightly so. It gives kids a connection to history beyond names and dates.

I think I was in seventh or eighth grade when I got my family tree assignment. Fortunately, I have an aunt who has done a lot of research, and she graciously agreed to help me create a tree for the Ball side of my family. This was all pre-internet. We wrote pedigree charts, she gave me photocopies of photographs, and I really enjoyed our time working together. I think that was the first spark of my love of history.

Over the years, I kept coming back to my family tree. I searched for someone online, downloaded a GEDCOM, and added it to my tree.

I'll admit it, I was a collector.

I've mentioned previously that after my grandmother passed away in 2024, my interest in researching my family was reignited. My problem was that I had a ton of names and dates, but very little documentation to back them up.

Enter the Genealogy Do-Over

I had started doing some research and joined a couple of genealogy Facebook groups when someone recommended the e-book "The Genealogy Do-Over" by Thomas MacEntee[1].

I realized this was exactly what I needed! Genealogy had changed so much since I wrote my first pedigree sheets in 1980-something, I needed a "do over."

A do-over isn't necessarily starting from scratch, but double-checking what I did have and figuring out where my holes were.

I worked through the book over several weeks, and I learned about research logs, creating citations using Evidence Explained, organizing my resources and my documentation, and so much more. I created a solid foundation to build on, and I was ready to move forward.

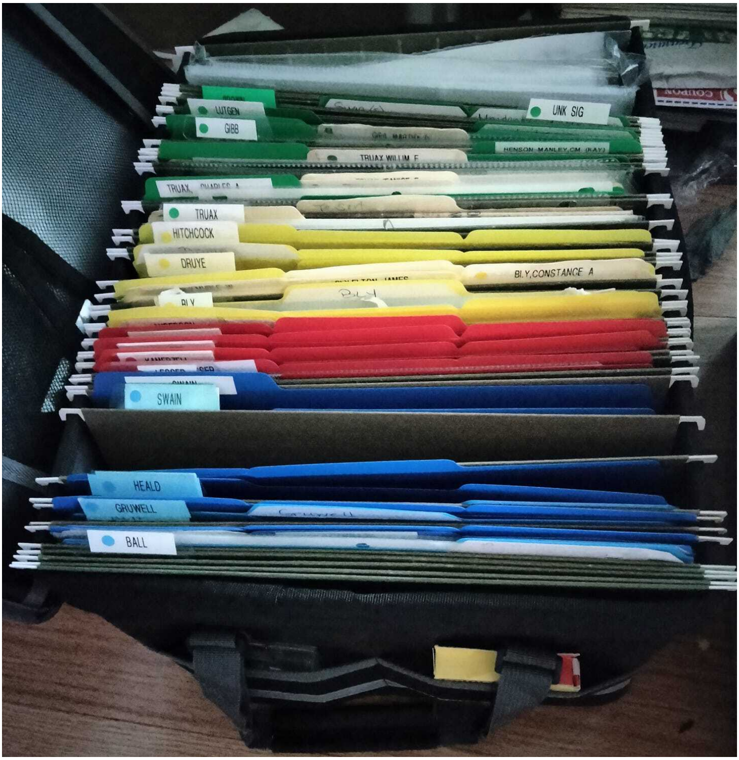
My Do-Over Process

I was already using software that I liked and knew how to use, so I stuck with that.

My next big move was to reorganize my files so I could not only know where everything was, but to make sure all of it was cited in my tree.

I started researching methods of organizing files. The method

I settled on was the FamilyRoots Organizer Color Coding System[2]. It made sense to my brain, and I was able to adapt it to my needs.


LUTGEN
GIBB
UNK SIG
TRUAX WILLIAM F
HENSON MANLEY,CM (KAY)
TRUAX
HITCHCOCK
DRUYE
BLY,CONSTANCE A
SWAIN
HEALD
GRUWELL
BALL

I was also able to match the colors to my surnames in my software and in OneNote. Then I organized my digital files the same way. I only wish I could easily color-code my computer folders to match.

I then organized the physical photos and documents I had haphazardly sorted in my previous system, scanning them if I didn't already have a digital copy.

The next step was a naming convention for my digital files. I had a couple of false starts with this one, but eventually settled on a general format of Surname-Firstname-Middle_Year-Month-Day_DocumentType_State-County-City. It has enough flexibility for me to use it for just about every document type I've encountered so far.

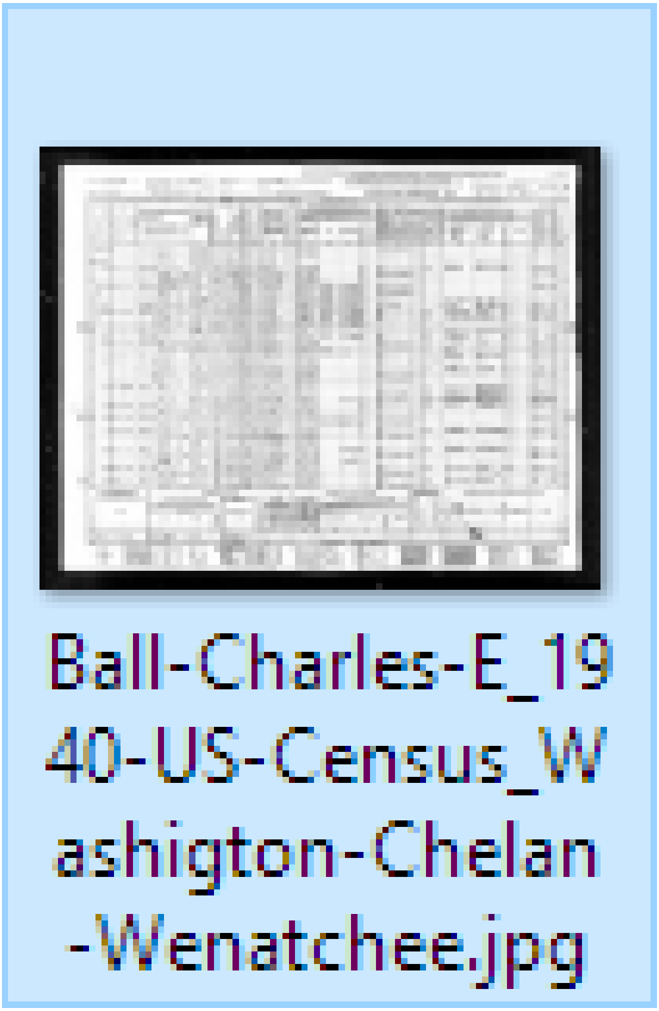
For letters, I use the sender's name followed by the recipient's name, and instead of location, I add a theme/keyword.

Once I committed to a naming system, the next step was to systematically go through all my digital records and ensure the information and citations were recorded in my tree. I was nervous about what I would find, but I was pleasantly surprised; only about 6 records weren't recorded. What a relief!

Now I knew the who, what, where, and when of my documents at a glance and knew it was attached to my tree.

Next Steps

This week, I started my "next step" of going through each person, starting with myself, and making sure every bit of data has a source and a photo/document if possible. For example, I had the 1940 census listed as a source for my grandfather, but I didn't have a copy of it in my files. I was able to go back and download a copy of the census page and ensure I had it cited properly.



Ball-Charles-E_1940-US-Census_Washigton-Chelan-Wenatchee.jpg

My software allows me to add tags to individuals, so once I've thoroughly reviewed all the source documentation for a person, I add a “Verified” tag to them. My goal is to get 3 generations “verified” before moving on.

I also want to better manage my research with logs so I can document where I’ve looked and what I did or didn’t find. Plus, I want to learn more about adding metadata to digital files for keywords, repositories, or other data that might be useful but doesn’t need to be in the file name.

Shiny Object Syndrome

I suffer from SOS. I try to stay focused on my family history work, but I’ve learned to allow myself some leeway. The genealogy community on Substack has given me so many great ideas that I occasionally go down a rabbit hole, like researching a great uncle to confirm or refute a family story or sorting through old letters. Switching it up a bit is a good way to keep from getting stuck in a rut.

Are you considering a genealogy do-over? Don’t let perfection hold you back. You’re simply trying to create a family tree you can trust. If you’ve done one, what was the hardest part? If you haven’t, would you?

Thanks for reading Stories in the Records! This post is public, so feel free to share it.

[1] https://genealogybargains.com/genealogy-do-over-start-here/

[2] http://www.genrootsorganizer.com/

* * *

About the Author

Erin Hoover is a family historian, crafter, and modern homesteader who has been exploring her genealogy for more than thirty years. What began as a middle school family tree project grew into a lasting passion when she realized that behind every name and document lay a story waiting to be told. Through *Stories in the Records*, Erin brings letters, census schedules, newspapers, and other everyday records to life with context and reflection, connecting individual lives to the wider sweep of history. Her writing blends careful research with curiosity and insight, inviting readers to look beyond the documents and discover the human stories they contain.

Sanctuary: The Same Church, a Century Apart

Sanctuary: The Same Church, a Century Apart

The quiet church where I once sat at lunch turned out to be my grandfather's baptismal church — a century earlier.

by **Lauren Maguire**

Originally published in The Heirloom Detective: Lulu Mackenzie of the Archives on October 6, 2025

This is a story about finding peace in the same church where my grandfather was baptized as a newborn foundling — and how a chance discovery on Lexington Avenue changed the way I see motherhood, history, and grace.

The Photo on the Mantle

I grew up knowing very little of my grandfather, Joseph. He died before I was born. There were a handful of photographs of him around our house, and at family gatherings, I'd overhear little snippets here and there. My mother loved her father deeply — she keeps a small photo of him in her nightstand even now, fifty years after his death. But in the few stories I'd heard about him, there was always sadness.

In the photo I know best, Joseph is about three years old. He's still a baby — no longer an infant, but not yet a "big boy." There's a softness to him. I imagine that just out of frame, his round, dimpled hands rest on his lap, and his feet dangle and swing. What I can see in this photo, clearly and unmistakably, are his kind, hopeful eyes.

I never thought much about him beyond that old picture on the mantle until many years later, partly because the only grandparent I truly knew was my "Nanny." Still, I knew her only through the eyes of a little girl. My memories of her are sparse, though specific.

I remember eating chocolate layer cake at her table and being scolded by my parents for scraping my fork against my plate so as not to miss even a morsel of frosting. Nanny shushed them, as was her prerogative as my grandmother. She gave bone-crushing hugs, and her 'pocketbook', as she called her purse, always had Lifesavers tucked inside. In her Bronx accent, she pronounced my name — 'Hullloww Lawwwrun?' — as more of a question than a greeting.

It wasn't until much later, long after she'd passed, that it occurred to me that Nanny had once been a young, beautiful, vibrant, complicated, and (seriously) unconventional woman.

> People are people, whether they lived a century ago or today.

Our ancestors lived whole lives — full of ambition, grief, and joy — even if the record we inherit is thin.

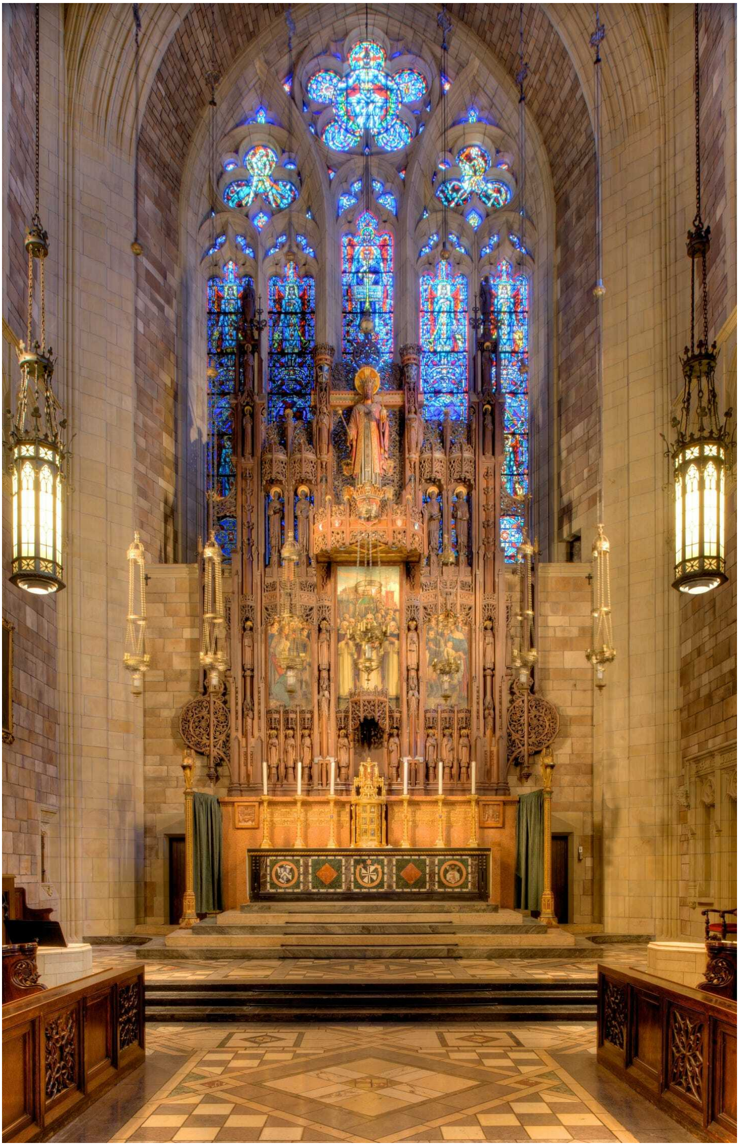
A Pregnant Pause

It wasn't until I was expecting my first child that the silence of the past pressed close. I realized how little I knew about the people who had come before me. It was as if my family had sprung up like Aphrodite from the sea a mere two generations ago.

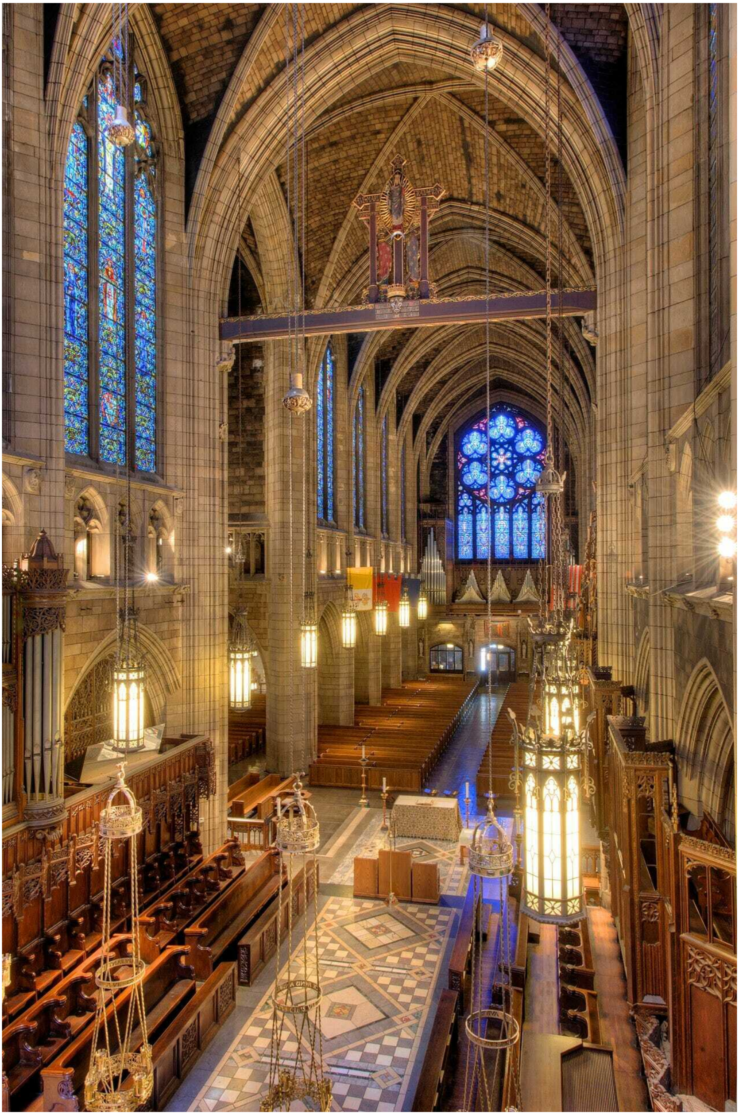
I became driven to learn more about the lives that had made my own life possible, as well as that of the baby I was carrying.

At the time, I lived in Manhattan and was working at Bloomberg. Every day, I stared at six oversized screens until my nervous system protested.

Lunch was usually a hurried walk, followed by a salad and a quick return to my desk. But when I needed real peace, I would walk a few blocks north to stretch my legs. Eventually, I made a habit of stopping at a church on Lexington Avenue.



Where I sat to rest and breathe in the silence.



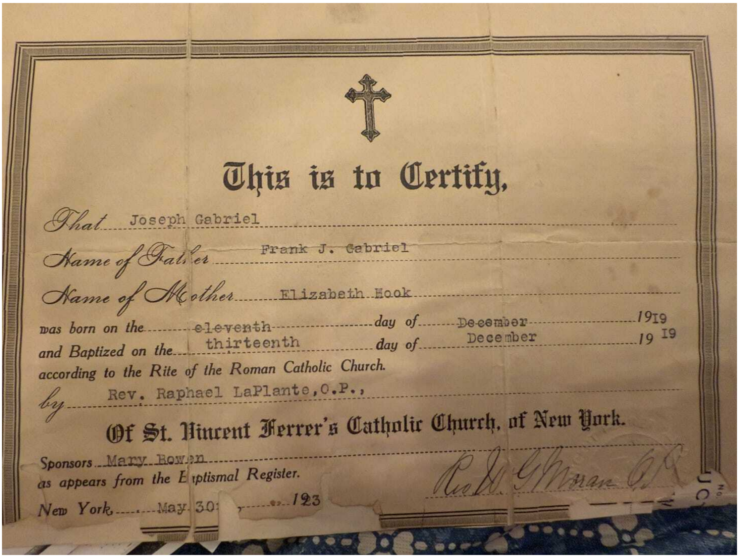
I never noticed the church's name, but I knew how it felt inside. Beautiful and gothic, imposing but not unfriendly. I loved the flowers tumbling through its wrought-iron fence, and the way sunlight blazed through the stained glass inside. I sat in its silence, grateful for the peace and a moment's sanctuary in the middle of my fast, bright, beautiful, hectic life.

The Breakthrough

It was around this time that I first began researching Joseph. He had been an adult when he learned he was adopted — a revelation that stunned him, the shock of which our family still feels generations later.

Armed with the bits of information my mother knew — Joseph's birthday, his birth mother's name, and that he'd been left at the **New York Foundling Hospital** — I contacted them, asking for any information they could share.

Weeks later, a packet of brittle papers arrived, revealing that my grandfather had been born **Joseph O'Brien** on December 11, 1919, and baptized two days later at St. Vincent Ferrer Church.



This is to Certify,

That Joseph Gabriel

Name of Father Frank J. Gabriel

Name of Mother Elizabeth Hook

was born on the eleventh day of December 1919

and Baptized on the thirteenth day of December 1919

according to the Rite of the Roman Catholic Church.

by Rev. Raphael LaPlante, O.P.,

Of St. Vincent Ferrer's Catholic Church, of New York.

Sponsors Mary Bowen

as appears from the Baptismal Register.

New York, May 30, 1923

The baptismal certificate, amended in 1923 to change Joseph's last name to Gabriel and include the names of his adoptive parents, set me on a path to the past.

The Revelation

When I looked up the church, it was the address that caught my attention: 869 Lexington Avenue. So close to Bloomberg. Could this have been *my* church?

A quick online search showed the same riotous garden spilling through the gates, the same Gothic stone I used to admire on hurried walks uptown to 66th and Lexington. For years, I had slipped inside to rest, never knowing it was the very place where my grandfather had been baptized at two days old.

The revelation hit me like déjà vu in reverse.

St. Vincent Ferrer's Church, Then and Now

When the **Church of St. Vincent Ferrer** opened its doors in the spring of 1918, it was hailed as the crowning jewel of modern Gothic architecture in New York City, a luminous new home for a growing parish. The old church on Lexington Avenue had become too small for its congregation. So a grander vision rose in its place: a soaring stone masterpiece designed by architect **Bertram Grosvenor Goodhue**, where light and sound would marry in perfect harmony.

On April 29, 1918, *The Sun* described "the beautiful new Church of St. Vincent Ferrer," calling the edifice "magnificent," and marveling at its vast stained-glass windows and staggering cost of $1.5 million — equivalent to more than $20 million today.

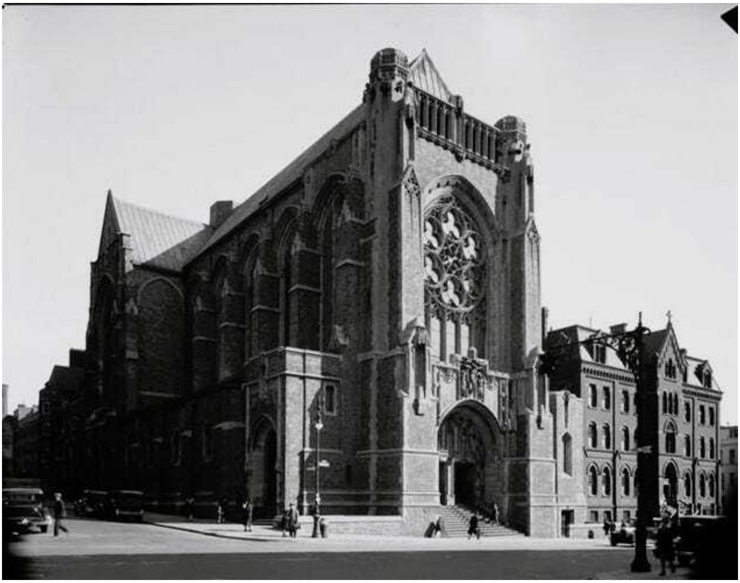
The dedication itself was spectacular. **Cardinal John Murphy Farley** — himself once an orphan — presided over the ceremony with the Archbishop. Music filled the new church: a forty-five-piece orchestra from the New York Symphony, a men's choir, sixty-five boys vested in white, and Metropolitan Opera soloists **Giovanni Martinelli** and **Mario Laurenti** reverberated in reverence beneath the freshly vaulted stone.

Goodhue's masterpiece was praised as the finest modern Gothic in the city.

Guastavino acoustic tiling allowed the pastor's voice to project effortlessly, and each stained-glass window was placed opposite its complementary color so sunlight would set it ablaze. **Lee Lawrie**, the sculptor later celebrated for *Wisdom* at Rockefeller Center, adorned the exterior granite and limestone façade with saints, seraphs, and sacred emblems.

So it's no wonder I always felt both at peace and overcome with awe every time I stepped inside the church — it had been designed for that very effect.

The same place where I had sat countless times was the same space Margaret O'Brien would have seen from her window across the street at St. Ann's Hospital as she recovered from childbirth in December 1919. When my grandfather was born and baptized, that brand-new church would still have been gleaming from its dedication.



The new St. Vincent Ferrer, dedicated May 5, 1918, by Cardinal Farley, was called "the finest modern Gothic in New York."

Baptism, But Where?

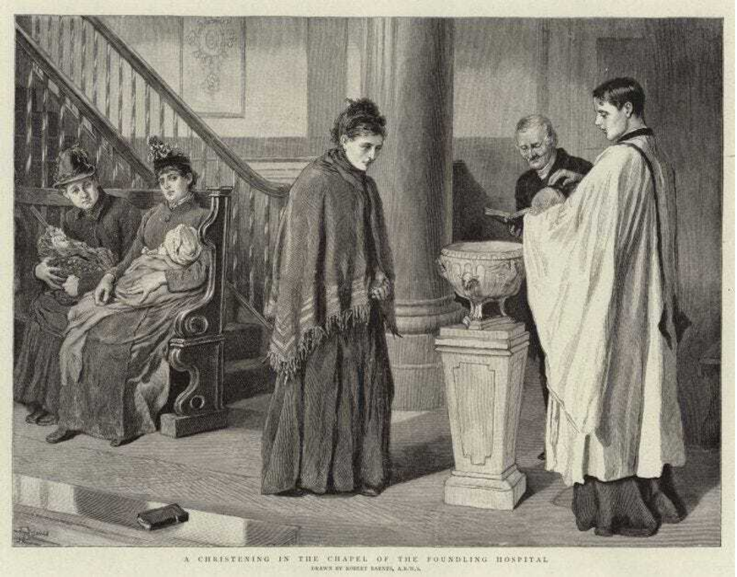
Recently, I wrote to the parish asking for a new copy of Joseph's baptismal certificate. Karen, the parish administrator, kindly replied, explaining that the church had no record of Joseph's baptism. The records would be held at the New York Foundling

Hospital; the **New York Historical Society** now holds its archives.

She explained that priests were often "called away" from St. Vincent Ferrer to perform baptisms in the Foundling Hospital chapel across the street.

That phrasing stopped me. *Called away.*

Was Joseph baptized in the ornate nave where I had sat, or in a humbler hospital chapel? Was his mother there? Did she choose his name, or was it selected by one of the Sisters of Charity?


A CHRISTENING IN THE CHAPEL OF THE FOUNDLING HOSPITAL
DRAWN BY ROBERT BARNES, A.R.W.S.

Engraving by Robert Barnes, A Christening in the Chapel of the Foundling Hospital, *Illustrated London News, 1872.*

Baptisms Compared

Robert Barnes' 1872 engraving, though published in London nearly fifty years before Joseph's birth, likely depicts almost exactly what unfolded at the New York Foundling Hospital.

I can easily imagine my great-grandmother as the woman in the foreground — stunned, exhausted, resigned.

Her shoulders are hunched, her head slightly bowed. She's likely praying not for herself, but for the child she is about to relinquish. Did her whispered plea — that he be kept safe, that he be loved, that he be given a life she cannot provide — rise with the incense?

Off to the left, two other women clutch their babies, awaiting the same fate, their faces lined with grief and resolve. It is a scene of solemn tenderness; a sacred ritual, yes, but also one of sacrifice: less a baptism and more a benediction of farewell. When I look at this image, I see both ceremony and surrender, and I can't help but imagine Margaret among them.

It's beautiful and devastating all at once — devotion without celebration, motherhood witnessed only by God. Looking back at photos of my own son's baptism, a day of joy for our family, the difference is stark.

A day of joy.

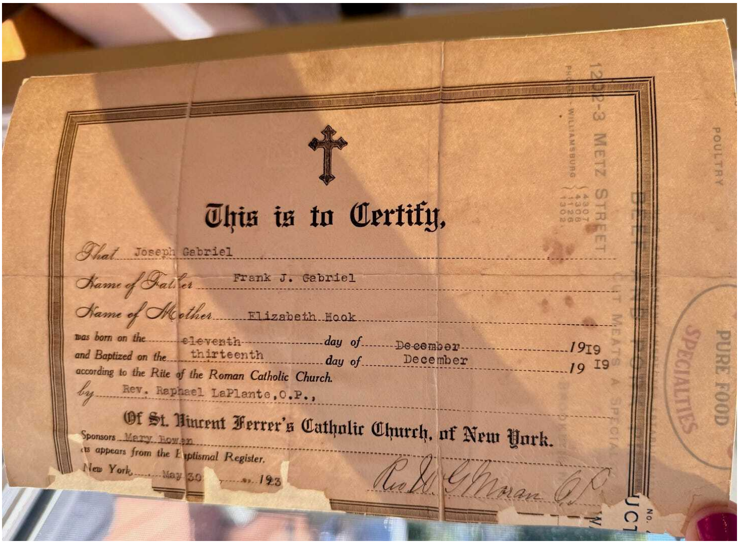
My wiggly, round-cheeked baby refused to wear shoes, and by the time of his baptism, he'd outgrown the heirloom family gown entirely. So he was stuffed instead into a tiny suit and sailor socks. The day was warm and full of color. When he was lifted over the font, there were at least three sets of hands supporting him. He was surrounded by a family that welcomed him eagerly into the world with gladness and joy. His christening was a day of laughter and celebration.

Joseph's baptism would have been very different.

His was solemn, necessary, institutional. A nurse or Sister may have held him; perhaps Margaret was there, but maybe she was not. No family photos, no laughter on the church steps. Just a fragile certificate, and silence.

Sacred and Ordinary

Joseph's baptismal certificate itself tells a story.



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Sponsors Mary Bowen

as appears from the Baptismal Register.

New York, May 30 19 23

Rev W. G. Moran O.P.

When held up to the light, you can see that the fragile document was glued to the back of a butcher's advertisement; the words are still faintly visible beneath the parchment.

> “1202–3 Metz Street. Pure Food Specialties. Poultry. Beef and Pork. Cut Meats a Specialty.”

The sacred and the ordinary, layered together. The first sacrament of his life was preserved on the humble paper of everyday life.

Turning Curiosity Into a Calling

Generations after Joseph had been born, the intimacy of caring for my own infant — knowing every cry, giving up sleep, my body, and sometimes my sanity, and doing it gladly — made me ache for the grandfather I’d never known.

Who had held Joseph? Who had soothed him? Who loved him enough to know him? My sadness became determination: to know him by learning more about his life. I ached, too, for Margaret O’Brien, the nineteen-year-old who bore him — and for the sadness and pain she must have felt for the baby she never knew.

History is so much more than schoolbooks. It lives in quiet places — in flowers spilling through a fence, in a church’s acoustics carrying a choir’s song, in a butcher’s ads that preserved fragile, sacred records and held family secrets.

> Once I began pulling at the thread, I never wanted to stop.

The things I’ve learned, the people I’ve met, and the conversations I’ve had are what I’ll continue to share here at ***Lulu***

***Mackenzie of the Archives*.**

What Comes Next

This discovery was only the beginning. In future posts, I'll take you inside the New York Foundling Hospital — into the lives of the Sisters of Charity, the mothers who left notes pinned to their babies' blankets, and the newborns whose lives began in that quiet chapel. I'll also trace my search for Margaret O'Brien and what I've learned along the way.

It's a story that has changed the way I see motherhood, history, and grace.

Selected Sources and Suggested Reading

- "*Dominicans Will Dedicate Church.*" *The Sun* (New York Herald), Monday, April 29, 1918, p. 11.
- *Bertram Goodhue and the Church of St. Vincent Ferrer in New York City*, March 2, 2023, Liturgical Arts Journal.
- "*Bertram Goodhue's 1914-18 Church of St. Vincent Ferrer - 869 Lexington Av.*" (sic), Daytonian in Manhattan.
- "*History of the Parish*," Parish of St. Vincent Ferrer and St. Catherine of Siena.

Still Curious?

I'm Lauren Maguire, and this story is part of my Substack series, **The Heirloom Detective**, where I explore how family history, forgotten archives, and chance discoveries reveal the humanity behind the records.

For those who love architecture and history, it's worth your time to read more about these three masters of craft:

- **Bertram Grosvenor Goodhue** — The architect of St. Vincent Ferrer, St. Thomas Fifth Avenue, and the Cadet Chapel at West Point. Learn more about him in Richard Oliver's biography, *Bertram Grosvenor Goodhue*, available on Amazon or at your local library.
- **Lee O. Lawrie** — The sculptor behind St. Vincent Ferrer's façade and Rockefeller Center's "*Wisdom*." His life's work is lovingly chronicled at LeeLawrie.com.
- **Rafael Guastavino** — The engineer who perfected the tile vaulting that gives St. Vincent Ferrer its ethereal acoustics. Hear more about Guastavino tiles in "*Palaces for the People: Guastavino and the Art of Structural Tile*" on *The Leonard Lopate Show.*

* * *

About the Author

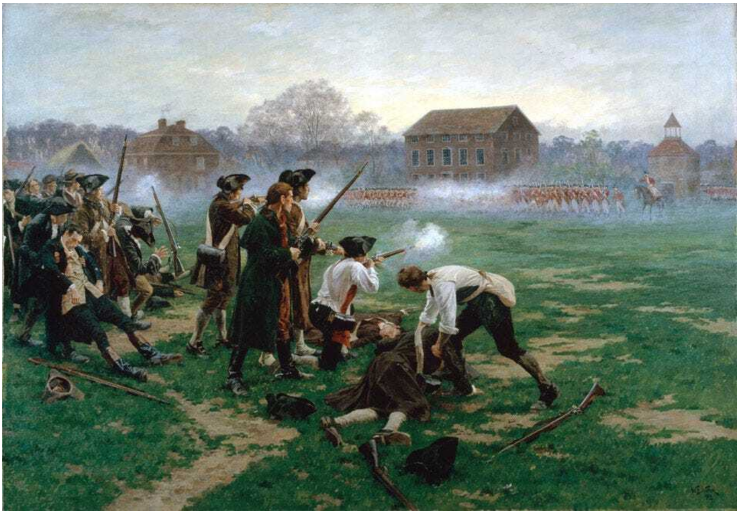
Lauren Maguire is the creator of *The Heirloom Detective: Lulu Mackenzie of the Archives*, a Substack newsletter that explores genealogy as both investigation and storytelling. Through deeply researched family histories, archival sleuthing, and reflective essays, Lauren uncovers lost, forgotten, and sometimes deliberately hidden stories—adoption secrets, love affairs, wartime sacrifice, citizenship puzzles, and the quiet poetry found in paper trails. Writing under the guiding presence of Lulu Mackenzie, she treats documents as living witnesses and invites readers to consider how identity, inheritance, and memory shape who we are. Her work speaks to anyone who believes a record can read like a ghost story—and that the past is never truly past.

The Lexington Alarm by Anne Young

The Lexington Alarm

My Dana relatives respond to the Lexington Alarm of 19 April 1775
by Anne Young

Originally published in Anne's Family History on August 22, 2025



The Battle of Lexington, 19 April 1775*, Oil on canvas by William Barns Wollen, 1910. National Army Museum, London. Retrieved through Wikimedia Commons.*

On the night of 18 April 1775 British troops under General Thomas Gage marched to Lexington and Concord in Massachusetts to seize colonial military supplies. On 19 April Paul Revere, William Dawes, and others rode through the colonies spreading the alarm. Across New England local patriots and Minutemen were mobilized quickly.

By nightfall about **4,000 Massachusetts militiamen** had taken the field, harassing the British column as it retreated toward Boston. Within a week, **15,000 to 20,000 men** from Massachusetts, Connecticut, New Hampshire, and Rhode Island surrounded Boston and began a siege.

The alarm demonstrated the effectiveness of the colonial militia system and showed that resistance to Britain extended far beyond Boston, uniting the New England countryside in armed action.

Minutemen and militia

In Massachusetts, all able-bodied men aged 16 to 60 were enrolled in local militia companies, organized by town and regiment. Minutemen trained more frequently and were ready to mobilize quickly.

In the previous years, as the possibility of a war with the British became apparent, the militia trained several times a week.

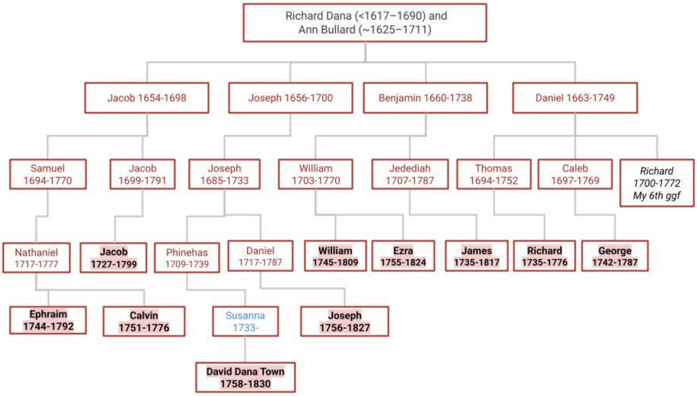
The Lexington Minuteman. *Photograph by user Daderot CC BY-SA 3.0 retrieved from Wikimedia Commons*

Participants from the Dana family

My eighth great grandfather Richard Dana (~1617-1690) arrived in the Colony of Massachusetts Bay sometime before1640. About 1648 he married a fellow immigrant, Ann Bullard. They had eleven children and many great and great grandchildren.

At the time of the American Revolution the Dana family had been living for several generations in the area of New

England. At least ten of Richard's descendants responded to the Lexington Alarm, the urgent messages sent after the skirmishes with the British at Lexington and Concord.


Richard Dana (<1617–1690) and Ann Bullard (~1625–1711)
Jacob 1654-1698
Joseph 1656-1700
Benjamin 1660-1738
Daniel 1663-1749
Samuel 1694-1770
Jacob 1699-1791
Joseph 1685-1733
William 1703-1770
Jedediah 1707-1787
Thomas 1694-1752
Caleb 1697-1769
Richard 1700-1772 My 6th ggf
Nathaniel 1717-1777
Jacob 1727-1799
Phinehas 1709-1739
Daniel 1717-1787
William 1745-1809
Ezra 1755-1824
James 1735-1817
Richard 1735-1776
George 1742-1787
Ephraim 1744-1792
Calvin 1751-1776
Susanna 1733-
Joseph 1756-1827
David Dana Town 1758-1830

Abbreviated tree showing Dana descendants who responded to the Lexington Alarm

In the *The Dana Family in America* by Elizabeth Ellery Dana and Henry Wadsworth Longfellow Dana (Cambridge, Mass., 1956) the following men were identified as having responded to the Lexington Alarm :

Dana Family Participants in the Lexington Alarm, April 19, 1775

Jacob Dana 1727-1799

- **Company / Regiment:** Marched from Ashford, Connecticut
- **Role on April 19:** Served 26 days after the Alarm
- **Later Service:** —

William Dana 1745-1809

- **Company / Regiment:** Capt. Timothy Bigelow's Co., Col. Artemas Ward's Regt.
- **Role on April 19:** Sergeant, marched to Cambridge
- **Later Service:** Commissioned lieutenant in artillery; served in Siege of Boston; campaigns through 1776

Ezra Dana 1755-1824

- **Company / Regiment:** Capt. Jeremiah Wiswall's Co. (Newton)
- **Role on April 19:** Enrolled April 19
- **Later Service:** Served in Continental Artillery; battles of Brandywine, Germantown, Monmouth

James Dana 1735-1817

- **Company / Regiment:** 2nd Co., 3rd Conn. Regt. (Col. Israel Putnam)
- **Role on April 19:** First lieutenant, marched to Boston
- **Later Service:** Fought at Bunker Hill, Trenton, Princeton; served at Valley Forge; promoted to major by 1782

Richard Dana 1735-1776

- **Company / Regiment:** Capt. Phineas Cook's Co., Col. Bond's Regt.
- **Role on April 19:** Private, at Lexington
- **Later Service:** Died of smallpox in camp at Cambridge, July 1776

George Dana 1742-1787

- **Company / Regiment:** Capt. Jonathan Gates's Co., Col. John Whitcomb's Regt.
- **Role on April 19:** Sergeant, marched on Alarm
- **Later Service:** 11 days' service; mustered out May 1

Ephraim Dana 1744-1792

- **Company / Regiment:** Capt. Joseph Morse's Co., Col. Bullard's Regt.
- **Role on April 19:** Sergeant, served one week
- **Later Service:** Later first lieutenant, Capt. Hezekiah Broad's Co., 5th Middlesex Regt.

Calvin Dana 1751-1776

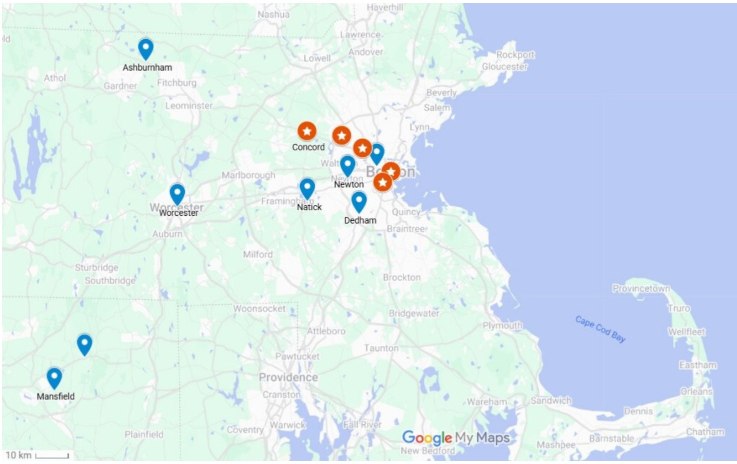
- **Company / Regiment:** Capt. Aaron Fuller's Co.
- **Role on April 19:** Private, marched on Alarm
- **Later Service:** Also served in Capt. Joseph Lewis's Co.; died 1776

Joseph Dana 1756-1827

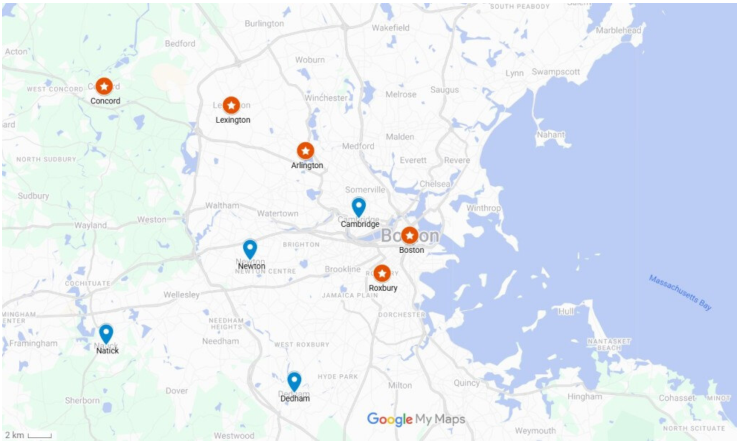
- **Company / Regiment:** Capt. Thomas White's Brookline Co.
- **Role on April 19:** Private, fought near Arlington against Lord Percy's troops
- **Later Service:** —

David Dana Town 1758-1830

- **Company / Regiment:** Capt. John Town's Co. (Roxbury)
- **Role on April 19:** Private, 6 days' service after Alarm
- **Later Service:** Later enlisted in Col. Learned's Regt.; long service through 1775


Ashburnham
Concord
Newton
Natick
Dedham
Worcester
Mansfield
Boston
Nashua
Haverhill
Lawrence
Andover
Lowell
Rockport
Gloucester
Athol
Gardner
Fitchburg
Leominster
Beverly
Salem
Lynn
Waltham
Marlborough
Framingham
Quincy
Braintree
Auburn
Milford
Sturbridge
Southbridge
Brockton
Woonsocket
Bridgewater
Provincetown
Truro
Plymouth
Cape Cod Bay
Wellfleet
Attleboro
Taunton
Pawtucket
Providence
Cranston
Eastham
Orleans
Wareham
Sandwich
Dennis
Warwick
Coventry
Fall River
Plainfield
New Bedford
Mashpee
Barnstable
Chatham
Google My Maps
10 km

Map showing places associated with members of the Dana family who responded to the Lexington Alarm


Concord
Lexington
Arlington
Cambridge
Boston
Roxbury
Newton
Natick
Dedham
Google My Maps
2 km

Map zoomed in to Boston, Concord and Lexington

The regional mobilization prompted by the Lexington Alarm brought thousands of men into action within hours. Among them were at least ten descendants of Richard Dana. With this rapid response, the militia from across Massachusetts and neighboring colonies, forced the British military forces to retreat from from Concord and Lexington. Within days the British found themselves under siege in Boston.

* * *

About the Author

Anne Young is an Australian family history writer whose ancestors and cousins span every continent, including Antarctica. Since 2012, she has been sharing her research on *Anne's Family History*, guided by the conviction that a person's life cannot be captured by names and dates alone. With forebears from the United Kingdom and Europe, Anne writes to bring context, character, and lived experience to her ancestors' stories, showing how individual lives connect across places, generations, and cultures.

I Never Expected My FAN Club To Begin With A Car Ride And A Convent Scene by Nancy G. Carver

I Never Expected My FAN Club To Begin With A Car Ride And A Convent Scene

I Felt the Magic of Friends, Associates, and Neighbors in a Crowded Auditorium

by **Nancy G. Carver**

Originally published in Legacy Carvers on January 3, 2025.

Let's Start at the Very Beginning

Starting fresh with family stories for 2025 feels kind of like flipping through radio stations on a road trip: you stop on something random, and suddenly, there it is—a memory worth exploring. For me, it starts with a story I can't shake—a crisp, cold winter night in Portland when a red Rambler, a convent, and Julie Andrews all came together in a way that taught me something about connection.

We're piling into the red Rambler, all five of us.

To 8-year-old me, it's the coolest car in the world. My favorite spot is in the way back, but tonight I'm stuck in a seat. "You're in your nice clothes," Mom reminds me. Then she looks at Dad. "Turn left."

Dad nods, and we pull out of the driveway, up 172nd, towards Foster Road.

Red Rambler Station wagon (exact model and year unknown) with Bill, Shirley, and Nancy Carver with house in the background. Boring, OR (now Happy Valley). August 1964.

Mom's the navigator, and Dad's the driver. That's how it's always been. Mom never learned, and Grandpa doesn't drive anymore, not since he stopped remembering how to get home from the grocery store.

It's my favorite kind of winter weather: crisp, cold, and clear.

The sky feels clean and sharp, the way it does sometimes in Portland when the mud puddles freeze over. We're all dressed up—itchy tights for me, a suit jacket for Dad, and my little brother in his best shoes, the ones he usually wears to church.

A Special Night

This is no ordinary Saturday night. We're not going to the school gym, where they usually hold the lyceum programs for our church.

This time, they rented the big auditorium at Benson High School. It feels fancy, with its rows of fixed seats, and each row is higher than the one in front. It's nothing like those folding chairs at the high school gym.

Benson High School, 1920, Public domain, via Wikimedia Commons

Even the lighting feels different here: softer, yet brighter, all at the same time.

Families from church are pouring in, all smiles and whispers. I can feel the hum of excitement. It's like camp meeting, but indoors and in the middle of winter.

The lights dim, and the room falls silent.

The screen comes to life with a shot of mountains so big they seem to spill out into the auditorium. Then Julie Andrews appears, spinning and singing, and I'm completely drawn in by the soaring music, the beautiful clothes, the funny moments that make everyone laugh. Even my little brother is watching quietly.

He never sits still!

That Shared Moment

The part that I like the best comes near the end, when the nuns at the convent stop the soldiers from chasing after the Von Trapp family. One nun pulls out a car part and says, “Mother, forgive us. We have sinned.”

The whole auditorium bursts into laughter, and it feels like we’re all a part of the same giant thing, bigger than just me. Even Grandpa chuckles.

I lean over to whisper to Mom. “Why did Rolfe get so mean?”

She whispers back, “I’ll explain later.”

Sound of Music Gazebo, where Rolfe and Leisl run to get out of the rain, Bede735, CC BY-SA 4.0 <https://creativecommons.org/licenses/by-sa/4.0>, via Wikimedia Commons

I mean, Rolfe was so nice when he was 17 going on 18, but here at the end he isn't even singing! I don't understand it all, but I don't need to. The music, the story, and the feeling of being in this room with all these people is enough.

By the time the movie ends, I'm completely exhausted. My tights itch more than ever, and my feet ache in the patent leather shoes, but I don't care. I feel full of music, of laughter, of something I can't quite name. We shuffle out of the auditorium with the rest of the crowd, and everyone is talking about the songs, the Von Trapp family, and that funny scene with the nuns.

It's like we all stepped out of the same big dream together.

The ride home is quiet. I lean against the door, too tired to stay upright. The hum of the car lulls me halfway to sleep. My little brother is already out, his head on Mom's shoulder. The car feels warm and safe, even though the night outside is sharp and cold.

The Songs That Stick in Your Ears

I don't remember falling asleep that night, but I woke up still tired, with songs from the movie still playing in my head.

That next week, we drove the bus driver crazy, singing "Do, a deer" over and over again, from 172nd, up over Scouter's Mountain, and all the way through Happy Valley. Finally, he would holler, "No. More. Singing!"

We would keep humming anyway. We couldn't help ourselves! It was like a communal earworm. You know those songs that seem to get stuck in your ears?

Nearly 60 years later, I think about that night and how it was a beginning for me. Maybe it started when the nuns held up the car parts. The laughter spread through the auditorium, a contagious rumble that connected us all.

Your FAN Club

I was still just a kid, completely tied to my family, but that night I began to recognize my FAN club —my Friends, Associates, and Neighbors—and to note how significant our shared experiences could be.

I think when it comes to family stories and beginnings, the very best place to start is with yourself, and with your fan club. From there, the stories expand. They connect to your parents, and their fan clubs, and stretch back to grandparents, great-grandparents, and eventually to that inevitable brick wall where the paper trail ends.

If you want to try writing some of your own family stories, there's a fantastic challenge called _52 Ancestors in 52 Weeks. Just search for it online, and you'll find prompts and an entire community of people all tackling the same thing. Kind of like that night in the auditorium—when the laughter rippled out and brought us all together—it's a chance to connect with others while piecing together your own story. But, you know, without the itchy tights or achy shoes.

For further reading:

Friends, Associates and Neighbors – International Institute of Genealogical Studies - https://blog.genealogicalstudies.com/2019/02/friends-associates-and-neighbors/

Back to School: A Historic Overview of Benson Polytechnic HS | Peter Meijer Architect, PC - https://pmapdx.com/blog-pmafindings/2397/back-to-school-a-historic-overview-of-benson-polytechnic-hs

52 Ancestors in 52 Weeks | Amy Johnson Crow - https://www.amyjohnsoncrow.com/52-ancestors-in-52-weeks/

The Sound of Music (1965) - IMDb - https://www.imdb.com/title/tt0059742/

Rambler (automobile) - Wikipedia - https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Rambler_(automobile)

About the Author

Nancy Carver is the voice behind *Legacy Carvers*, a newsletter where family history, storytelling, and technology intersect. By day, she manages a team of software developers; by night, she pursues ancestors and the stories they left behind. What began as a way to share discoveries with family and friends has grown into a thoughtful space for anyone interested in legacy—what we inherit, what we pass on, and what surprises us when we look closely at the past. Nancy writes about family, memory, music, and the joy of helping children connect with history, while also experimenting with technology to explore new ways of researching and preserving stories. At the heart of her work is a simple conviction: the stories we tell become part of the legacy we leave.

“Pop Green’s letters to Aunt Almeda” by Helene McClanahan

“Pop Green’s letters to Aunt Almeda”

... Tim Green’s letters to his sister-in-law (1921-25) after his wife’s death

by **Helene McClanahan**

Originally published in Helene | Letters from Labelle on August 23, 2025.

In 1951, Almeda Cook Isley sent my grandmother Helen an unusual gift for her eleven year-old twin daughters. The ‘gift’ fit nicely in a legal size envelope and consisted of several letters that had been written by their deceased grandfather almost three decades before. The letters were special because they were among the few items remaining from the twins father’s side of the family. Nearly all of their Green family relatives had passed away before they turned two.

Mattie Cook Green, the twins’ paternal grandmother, had died in 1918 of the Spanish Flu. Their grandfather, Tim Green, had died in 1937. And tragically, their father, Doug Green, had died in 1941, when the twins were only 13 months old. There were no Greens left to pass down any family stories to the twins. But their great-aunt Almeda had a few letters that she had kept. So in 1951, Almeda gathered them up and sent the small "gift" to my grandmother Helen to share with her daughters. Helen wrote "*Pop Green's letters to Aunt Almeda*" on the envelope and tucked them away for safe-keeping.

This is how I discovered the letters when I recently visited with my Aunt Jennifer in Oklahoma; as five letters neatly tucked in the same envelope my grandmother had scribbled on 75 years ago. A treasure of small insights that now deserve their own chapter…. read on.

The years after Mattie's death were hard ones for Tim and his two sons. Douglas had been only thirteen years old when his mother died. Robert had just turned nine. Mattie had been pregnant when she had caught the Spanish Flu and succumbed to the illness in less than a week. She died on December 11, 1918, exactly two weeks before Christmas. Holidays were always a reminder of her passing for the family. But it was also the busiest time for the Postal Service, so that helped to distract Tim, who was also not good with family correspondence. But Almeda always sent a Christmas card and a newsy letter, so Tim felt obligated to respond. Most years, it took him several weeks to get around to it. One year, it was March before he replied.

From 1921 to 1925, Almeda kept the few letters she received. How wonderful it was of her to forward these to Helen Green (my grandmother) more than twenty-five years later. Here are the contents of the five letters:

Mrs. C. C. Isely
1601 Fourth Avenue
Dodge City, Kansas
Mrs. Helen Green
812 D Maple Lane
ST. LOUIS, MO.
REGISTER OR INSURE VALUABLE MAIL
SAINT LOUIS, MO.
THIS SIDE OF CARD IS FOR ADDRESS
CHRISTMAS SEAL
Mrs. C. C. Isely
1571 First Street,
Dodge City
Kans.

Photo of the letters saved by Almeda Cook Isley and mailed to Helen Hinkson Green in 1951 for her twin daughters to treasure in the future.

Postmark: Jan 31, 1921

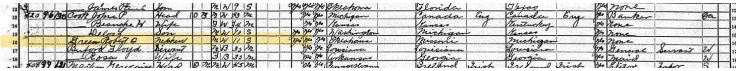
Dear Almeda and family,

Your letter received, and we appreciate hearing from you very much. My work has been unusually heavy for the past year and especially during the holidays. We handled the largest mail here in the history of the St. Louis P.O. I never worked harder in my 17 years of service than I did during the holidays. No doubt you were very busy too if you prepared Christmas dinner for 14 besides your own family. Yes, I would have enjoyed very much to have been with you, and to have gone rabbit hunting with Charles. It has been years since I shot a rabbit, and I suppose the rabbits wouldn't have been in much danger from me being along. I used to kill lots of them in Kansas when I was a boy. Your children are certainly doing fine in school. It is remarkable how fast children develop and grow into young manhood and womanhood. Douglas is entering on his second year in high school here passing without having to take any of the final examinations. He ranks among the highest in his room. He stands about 5'7" tall and weighs 133 pounds. He is studying to become a doctor and has laid out his course of study for that purpose. He takes a great deal of interest in his gym work at school and boxing at Boy Scout meetings. No, Robert couldn't come home, as it is too far to come alone and my work being so heavy I couldn't give him much of my time. He is doing fine in his studies and music so John wrote me. I do miss him so. Yes it was a very sad Christmas for me. Douglas and I are still keeping house. You would have been surprised to have seen the Christmas dinner that he cooked himself. He had meat, mashed potatoes, macaroni and cheese, cranberry sauce, celery, pudding, and he bought a two layer cake and made frosting and put over it. He is very handy about the house. We do all of our own work except the laundry.

Bro. Frank[1] is still unable to do any work. His left hand and arm are entirely helpless. He went to the hospital and was operated on for a fractured skull which he received in a rail road wreck six years ago when he was a railway mail clerk, and the Drs.

> claimed that it has brought on the stroke of paralysis. The operation has helped him some, and he is now taking treatments from one of the best chiropractic doctors in the city, and he claims he can restore his arm and hand to their normal state in time. I must close as it is church time.
>
> Love to all, your bro., Tim C. Green

Tim's mention that his youngest son Robert, hadn't been able to travel home for the holidays, coupled with the fact that he received updates from "John," makes me believe that Robert went to live with Mattie's oldest brother, John Percival Cook. My quick search of the 1920 census confirms this suspicion. It lists Robert living with the John Cook family.



13	Cook John P	Head	M	W	43	M	Michigan	Canada	Canada	Banker
14	Blanche H	Wife	F	W	34	M	Kansas	Kansas	Kentucky	None
15	Delos L	Son	M	W	10	S	Washington	Michigan	Kansas	None
16	Green Robert O	Nephew	M	W	11	S	Oklahoma	Missouri	Michigan	None
17	Buford Lloyd	Servant	M	B	35	M	Louisiana	Louisiana	Louisiana	General Servant
18	Rosa	Wife	F	B	33	M	Arkansas	Georgia	Georgia	Maid

The 1920 Census shows Robert's living with his Uncle John Cook and family.

The 1920 census shows Robert Green living with his Uncle John and Aunt Blanche Cook in Oklahoma. It seems that after Mattie's death, it was decided that it would be best for Robert, who was only nine, to live with relatives for awhile.

John P. Cook was the oldest of the five Cook siblings and became a successful banker and newspaper owner in Oklamugee, OK. His son, Delos Lawton Cook, was about the same age as

Robert, so the arrangement of taking care of Robert in the early years after Mattie's death may have worked out well. But, by the time of Tim's next update to Almeda in 1922, it appears that Robert had moved back home. This update was simple and short on the back of a blank postcard.

> *Postmark: Dec. 26, 1922*
>
> St. Louis, MO 12/25/22
>
> Dear folks, Rec'd Almeda Xmas greetings. I am very tired this evening after putting in 10 hours 16 min. today. Went to work at 5 AM today and Saturday. Put in 12 hours Saturday. Mail heaviest in history of Post Office. Douglas and Robert went out to Webster Groves to their uncle Ben's for Xmas dinner. They just got home and left for the picture show. We are all well. Boys are both in high school. Douglas will enter his last year this coming January. Douglas is 5'11" tall and weighs 155 pounds. Robert is small for his age 5 foot weighs 96 pounds. Received letters from John and May. Wishing you a happy and prosperous new year, Bro. Tim.

Tim's oldest brother Benjamin lived in Webster Groves and worked for the Post Office as well. Benjamin was a railway mail clerk, just like his brother-in-law Frank, who was mentioned in the first letter. It seems that the Post Office provided gainful employment for several members of the Green family. Not only were Tim, Ben and Frank employed by the Post Office, but so was Tim's youngest brother Robert.

Tim followed up his brief postcard from December 1922 with a more lengthy letter a month later.

Postmarked Jan. 31, 1923

1/31/23

Dear Almeda and family,

No doubt you wonder why I have not written you. It is the same old story too busy. I was so worn out after the holidays, loss of sleep and heavy mails during the holidays took all the pep out of me.

We received the photos in good condition. They are nice indeed. Mattie would be delighted with them if she were living. Douglas and Robert think they are splendid.

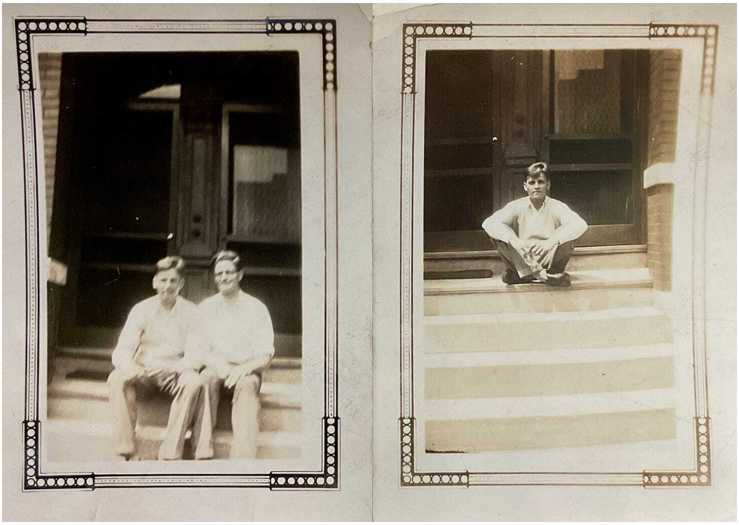
I am home and have been for a week. I received a pretty hard fall last Tuesday a week ago yesterday. We had a slow drizzling rain Tuesday morning and it was cold enough to form a coat of ice over everything and made it very dangerous to get around. On my afternoon trip I had delivered about three blocks, when leaving a residence I slipped on the top step and came down on ice covered steps on my left side, resulting in two lower ribs fractured and bruised my left kidney pretty bad. While I haven't been confined to my bed I am staying at home under the doctors orders. I am all bandaged up on my left side. I will probably be off for another week as I have 30 days sick leave coming to me.

Douglas and Robert have been home for two weeks, except two days. They didn't have to take any final examinations. The McKinley (high school) is so crowded this year. The faculty had to arrange a new program in order to accommodate the new pupils. The boys went back to school this morning. I was glad I was home to be with them, as they took the heavy work off of me.

Douglas has been playing basketball on a team from our church. They played a team of the congregational church last Monday evening. They lost 16 to 18. Robert is a member of the Boy Scouts of our church. He is growing pretty fast this winter. I have been wanting to have some Kodak pictures taken of the boys and myself, but it seems I can't or haven't done it so far.

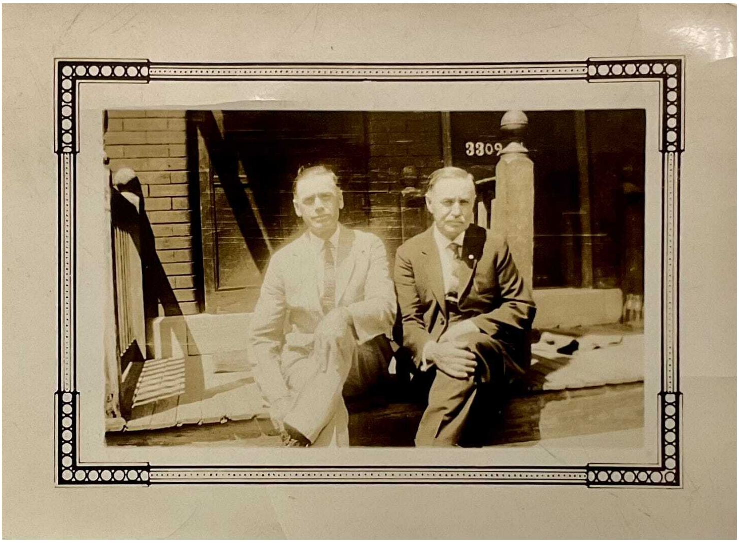
May also sent some Kodak pictures of her children. They are mighty nice. It doesn't seem possible May can have children as large as they are. How time flies. We received cards also from Bertha. I must close as I have several more letters to write.

With love to all, your Bro. Tim C. Green

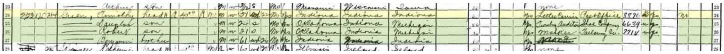


Kodak photos of the young Green men on the steps of their apartment at 3307 St. Vincent Ave, St. Louis, MO. Left: Robert and Douglas (in glasses), Right: Robert. Circa 1922-23

Sometime in 1923, Tim moved the family to a new apartment directly next door to the current building the family was living in. I'm not sure what precipitated the move from 3307 St. Vincent Ave to 3311 St. Vincent Ave, but I suspect it may have been for increased space needs. Sometime in the 1920s, it seems Tim's oldest brother Benjamin moved in with him. The census from 1930 indicates that he was also a resident at St. Vincent Ave. According to the census, the rent for the apartment was $40/month (2025 = $770/month). The photo below appears to have been taken on the front steps of 3311 St. Vincent Ave. I believe that is "Uncle Ben" sitting to the right of Tim.



Tim Green (left) and his older brother Benjamin sitting on the front steps of 3311 St. Vincent Ave, St. Louis, MO. Photo circa 1924-25



The 1930 census shows Benjamin Green living with Tim and the two boys.

In addition to recording home ownership vs. monthly rent, the 1930 Census also recorded occupation. In 1930, Douglas had graduated from Washington University and was working as a traveling auditor for the International Shoe Company. He was still living at home, as was Robert. Robert was two years out of high school, having graduated in 1928. He was working as a “marker” for a tailoring company.

It’s not surprising that both brothers were in some way employed in the garment industry. In the 1930s, St. Louis was second only to New York in the manufacturing of fine garments, clothing, and shoes. The hub of St. Louis’s garment activity occurred on Washington Ave, which was locally known as “Shoe street”. Doug would go on to become a manager with the International Shoe Co. (see The grandfather (& father) we never knew).

2 CAR TRAIN
UNION STATION
80
DRESSES

The ‘garment district’ in St. Louis during the 1920s was bustling with activity. Known as "Shoe St." it was 2nd to New York City is housing garment manufacturing headquarters. Doug Green worked for the International Shoe Co., whose headquarters were around the corner from this photo. Robert was employed as a "marker" in a tailoring company. Photo circa 1915

Postmarked Feb. 25, 1924

Dear Almeda & family,

I have been intending to write to you ever since Xmas. I worked so hard during the Holidays, I was all worn out. So much to look after and so much to do at home. In fact, I was sick for about a week prior to the holidays and had not gotten fully over it before the heavy work came on. I never lost any time but kept on working. It cost too much to live these days to lose any time. I have lost very few days on account of sickness in the 21 years next June since I entered government service. We have a bill up before Congress now and we are all hopeful it will pass increasing our salary substantially, also provides for retirement on pension after 30 years of service.

I am very sorry indeed you have had such misfortune as to undergo an operation and to lose your teeth. No doubt you'll have better health since your teeth are out. Mattie would probably have to have hers taken out if she had lived. She had pyorrhea very bad. You need good health with a family of nine to look after. Sorry indeed to hear Charles is having financial difficulties. I trust things are changing and that everything will work out all OK for you folks.

Douglas finished high school in January and is now

> with the Missouri State life Insurance company. He plans on entering Washington University this fall. He has a very good show to get a scholarship free. The University gives so many free scholarships each year to descendants of Union soldiers. My father served 3 1/2 years. He has all his final papers and is sending them in this evening. He will not know until June 1 if he is awarded one.
>
> Robert was 15 the 14th of December. I got his first long pants suit for Xmas. My baby boys are young men. How proud Mattie would've been of them. Such fine chaps. Douglas has a wonderful base voice. He is leading basso in the chorus of our church. He was in a class play at school before he graduated and sang a bass solo "pale hands". I want him to take voice culture. Robert is taking piano. He has played several times at church and was highly complimented. He sings alto and tenor.
>
> Did May visit John during the Holidays? I have not heard from her. She sent remembrances at Xmas. She always has written. I trust she and family are well. I heard from Bertha. I want to have some Kodak pictures taken this summer and send you some. Yes, I wish I could visit you folks, but will have to wait until my ship comes over.
>
> With love to all, your Bro. Tim C. Green

In this last letter, Tim asks about all four of Mattie's siblings. John was the oldest of the five Cook children. Albertha "Bertha" was second in line, followed by Almeda. May was the youngest of the five She was born after Mattie (who was #4).

The last letter in the envelope forwarded by Almeda to my grandmother was from 1925. By this time, Doug was attending college and Robert was in high school. The three men had been living six years without Mattie, the family matriarch.

> *Postmarked March 9, 1925*
>
> 3311 St. Vincent Ave, St. Louis , MO
>
> 3/8/25
>
> Dear sister Almeda and family,
>
> I am actually ashamed of myself for not writing you long before this. In fact, I have said time and again I must write Almeda this week for sure. But you know how one can overlook your correspondence when one has so much to do and look after.
>
> How time does fly as one grows older. Six years, December 11, have passed since Mattie left us, and it seems but yesterday since she was here. If she were only here now to see her two sons who have grown into young manhood. Two bright, healthy young chaps. Doug stands 5’11” and weighs 165 pounds. He entered Washington University here last September. He is studying to become a teacher of chemistry or zoology. He hasn’t fully decided which study he will specialize in. The courses are very rigid and a large percentage of those entering the university failed to make a passing grade the first semester and they are forced out. Douglas made fair grades and is improving as he becomes more familiar with the methods of teaching in the U.
>
> Robert has grown so much this past year he is 5‘7“ tall and weighs about 120 pounds. He was 16

on December 14.[2] He will make a large man. They have both passed me in height. I am 5 foot 5 1/2 inches and weigh 135 to 140 pounds the year round. Robert is in his third year in high school. He is patrol leader in the Boy Scout Troop #37 from our church. The Boy Scouts held their annual circus at the Colosseum during February. Some 6000 scouts participated in the exercise and performances during the two evenings. I went on Saturday night. The program lasted 8 to 10 PM and was full of camp life scenes, building on starting fires by friction, building towers, bridges, log cabins, etc. Drill teams who put on intricate and fancy drills. Some 1400 boys became Tender Foot Scouts and 508 became First Class Scouts. Robert was one of the 508.

We have had a long winter here, while it hasn't been too cold except for three or four weeks in December, we have had lots of ice to contend with. I got several falls, but fortunately did not get hurt, shaken up considerably. Ice is our worst enemy in my business, climbing high terraces covered with ice and snow.

So sorry you folks have met with so much misfortune. You and Charles undoubtedly have your trials and tribulations with a large family. Children as a rule don't realize what parents have to sacrifice and worry over to make life pleasant for them. I surely would like to see you and your family. We are just about able to make ends meet on my salary. Robert works every Saturday. Douglas has studies on Saturday. He has a promise of a job at $25 per week for the holidays. We carriers had a $300 increase in salary given to us by the Congress and Pres. recently. I must close, wishing you health and prosperity.

Your Bro. Tim

I assume the annual holiday correspondence came to an end between Almeda and Tim sometime after 1925, for there were no more letters in the 1951 ‘gift’. Time has a way of unfortunately distancing many relationships. But I am grateful to Almeda for recognizing the importance in saving Tim’s communication and sharing it with family so many years later.

* * *

There was one additional letter among the family treasurers I recently received from my aunt during my visit with her in July. But instead of being written after Mattie’s death, this letter was penned nearly two decades before and was sent to Mattie’s youngest sister May. It announced the happy occasion of the birth of Tim and Mattie’s first child, Clarence Douglas Green, who was my grandfather.

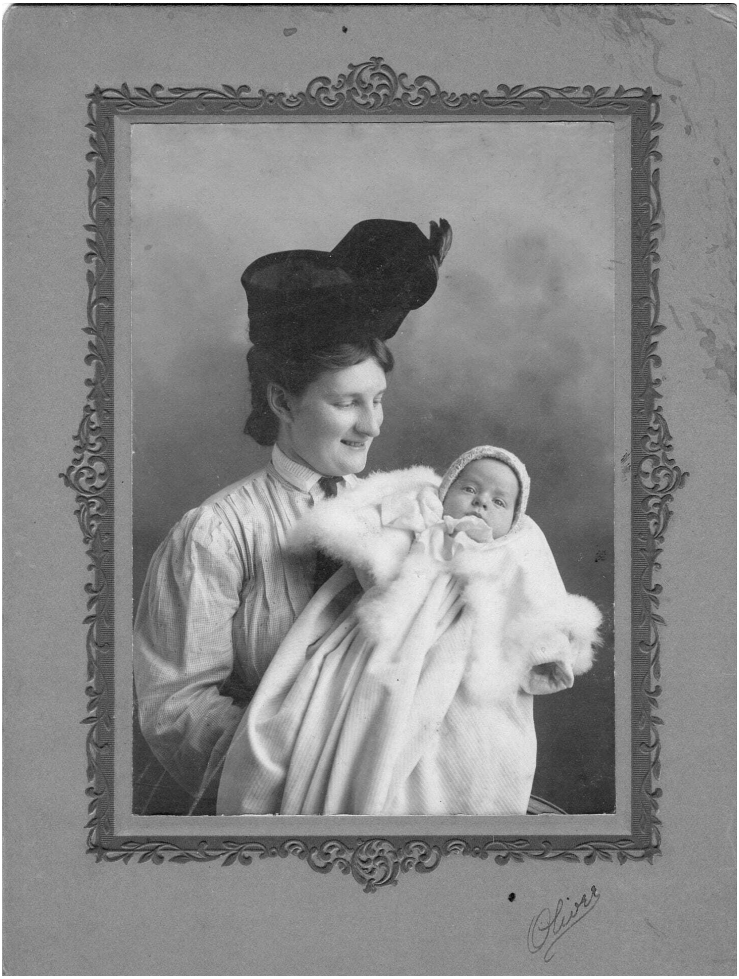
Oct. 1st, 1905

Dear Sister May:

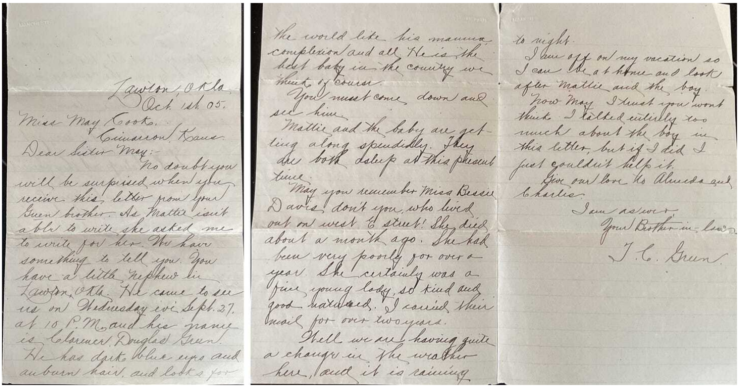
No doubt you will be surprised when you receive this letter from your Green brother. As Mattie isn’t able to write, she asked me to write for her. We have something to tell you. You have a little nephew in Lawton, Oklahoma. He came to see us

> on Wednesday eve September 27 at 10 PM and his name is Clarence Douglas Green. He has dark blue eyes and auburn hair, and looks for the world like his mama, complexion and all. He is the best baby in the country we think of course.
>
> You must come down and see him.
>
> Mattie and the baby are getting along splendidly. They are both asleep at this present time.
>
> May, you remember Miss Bessie Davis don't you, who lived out on W. E St.? She died about a month ago. She had been very poorly for over a year. She certainly was a fine young lady, so kind and good natured. I carry their mail for over two years.
>
> Well, we are having quite a change in the weather here, and it is raining tonight.
>
> I am off on vacation so I can be home and look after Mattie and the boy.
>
> Now May, I trust you won't think I talked entirely too much about the boy in this letter, but if I did, I just couldn't help it.
>
> Give our love to Almeda and Charles.
>
> I am as ever, your brother-in-law, T. C. Green

This photo of Mattie and Douglas as a newborn was most likely shared with May in a follow-up letter. It was taken at the same time as another photo that I shared in an earlier chapter - just with a slightly different pose. (See Green family: The Lawton years)



Mattie Cook Green with newborn Clarence Douglas Green. Nov. 1905



Lawton, Okla.
Oct. 1st. 05.

Miss May Cook.
Cimarron, Kans.

Dear Sister May:-

No doubt you will be surprised when you receive this letter from your Green brother. As Mattie isn't able to write she asked me to write for her. We have something to tell you. You have a little nephew in Lawton, Okla. He came to see us on Wednesday eve Sept. 27. at 10 P.M. and his name is Clarence Douglas Green. He has dark blue eyes and auburn hair, and looks for the world like his mamma complexion and all. He is the best baby in the country we think of course.

You must come down and see him.

Mattie and the baby are getting along splendidly. They are both asleep at this present time.

May you remember Miss Bessie Davis, don't you, who lived out on west E street! She died about a month ago. She had been very poorly for over a year. She certainly was a fine young lady, so kind and good natured. I carried their mail for over two years.

Well we are having quite a change in the weather here, and it is raining to night.

I am off on my vacation so I can be at home and look after Mattie and the boy.

Now May I trust you wont think I talked entirely too much about the boy in this letter, but if I did I just couldn't help it.

Give our love to Almeda and Charlie.

I am as ever,
Your Brother-in-law.
T. C. Green

Tim Green's letter about Douglas's birth, Oct. 1, 1905

It's indeed a treasure to have and read these letters, but even more a joy to share them with other family members. Just this past week I had the opportunity to share them with my youngest daughter Jessica who was visiting. I was pleased to see that she could read much of the writing, despite cursive being rarely used by today's younger generation. Of course, all five letters are now transcribed in this chapter for future reference and reading. But there's nothing like holding a 100+ year old document in your hands. Somethings just aren't the same, no matter how sophisticated the technology. And that's why I also cherish the letters and have tucked them away in my own "safe-keeping" box for future generations. A special note of thanks to my long-deceased, great-aunt Almeda for initially recognizing the letters' significance and saving them.

1

Bro. Frank refers to Frank Blanch, who was Tim's brother-in-law, married to his oldest sister Louisa Catherine " Kate" Green. It appears Frank also worked for the Post Office.

2

Robert Green' s birthday in almost every other source (Ancestry, FindAGrave, etc) has it listed as December 4th. Yet, in two different letters to Almeda (1923 & 1924), Tim indicates the date is actually December 14th. I am unsure which to believe.

* * *

About the Author

Helene McClanahan is a family history researcher and writer whose work is rooted in an extraordinary collection of more than 885 handwritten letters penned weekly by her maternal great-grandmother, May Emma Northcutt Hinkson, between 1961 and 1975. Discovered across two moments of loss and inheritance, these letters form the backbone of Helene's long-form, chapter-style research, which she shares as she reads and analyzes them in chronological order. Her writing documents family stories, historical discoveries, and personal reflections, with occasional explorations into her mother's paternal Green and Cook lines. Writing purely for the love of research and storytelling, Helene offers her work freely, inviting readers who value deep, careful family history to read, reflect, and engage alongside her ongoing journey.

Outremont 1940: The Great Chain of Memory by Lisa Maguire

Outremont 1940: The Great Chain of Memory

What is living memory?

by **Lisa Maguire**

Originally published in ancestory on January 26, 2025

UETTE'S PHARMACY
DU COLLEGE
BROMO SELTZER
Coca-Cola
PHARMACIE
Coca-Cola
Hires
R-J
ROOT BEER
Coca-Cola

rue St. Antoine, 4 November 1938. Photo: Wikimedia Commons

As I write this, a ninety-six year old retired chemical engineer named Harrison Ruffin Tyler is greeting another day in a nursing home near Richmond, Virginia. He is the grandson of President John Tyler (1841-1845). It's astonishing to think that there is someone alive today who is the grandson of a man who knew the Founding Fathers, a grandson of a person who was conceived around the time of the storming of the Bastille.

History's current moves much faster than the steady trickle of our lives. When we tell the stories of our parents and grandparents, it becomes a slow drip. We can make time almost stand still.

My father once shared a memory of the death of his grandfather.

It was November 1940. My father was a little boy. His grandfather Con had worked at the Montreal *Gazette* for over fifty years, first as a printer and compositor, and later as an editor and book reviewer. Con remained at the *Gazette* into his eighties. My father did not particularly like his grandfather, whom he remembered as an overbearing presence in the family, but he always acknowledged that Con was a great newspaper man. Even in retirement, his grandfather followed politics closely. In conversations around the family dinner table he offered informed commentary on world events.

Con Maguire, 1930s

Even in his last days Con was still mentally engaged in the fate of the world. My father said that on his deathbed Con predicted that people would soon believe that the ultimate threat was not Germany but the Soviet Union. (This was not perhaps wild prognostication in 1940). More surprising was that Con was thinking about the next war when the outcome of the present one was still unknown, especially when he knew he would not be around to see its conclusion.

This family story fascinates me because it locates the subject, the teller, and the listener in world history. During Con's last lengthy illness in the flat on Querbes Avenue, German airplanes dropped over a hundred thousand tons of incendiary bombs on Britain, demolishing two million homes and killing more than forty thousand people. When Germany failed to knock out British air superiority, Hitler, like Con, turned his attention to adversaries in the east.

St Paul's Cathedral, London, 29 Dec 1940 Source: Wikimedia Commons

It occurs to me that this prediction could not have been my father's firsthand memory. He was six years old when Con died. He could not possibly have understood what Con meant. It must have been family lore. It is not however a "false" memory. What my father remembers is hearing the family retelling. He remembered when his grandfather died. He knew his grandfather predicted the Cold War, but the meaning of the statement could not have been absorbed in real time. The meaning was attached later as the family story imprinted that moment as a memory.

Con on his deathbed has for me now become part of my memory of my father, who was also fascinated by politics. My father had a memory. Then there is my memory of my father's memory. The first memory is not only relived, it has also taken on more meaning— about the teller and the listener. The story of Con's prediction opens like flower petals.

When my father shared this memory I felt the pleasant shiver of telescoping time. An old man on his deathbed, living through history and predicting history, was already a person of the distant past, but connected to me through his grandson who was telling me about it now.

Coca-Cola
PAUL
Restaurant
MA.0480
Winchester
VENICE
RESTAURANT
7up
Pepsi-Cola
Coca-Cola

rue St Dominque, Montreal 1940s. Photo: Archives de la Ville de Montreal P43-3-2_V03_E0104-005

Con was born in 1854. My father passed away at the age of seventy-seven in 2011. Today, in 2025, I am two degrees of separation from a person who remembered when human beings in the United States could be bought and sold. A person born before the transcontinental railroad, germ theory, or recorded sound. The gaslit world of smallpox, phrenology, and divine right of kings is within living memory.

People say that enslavement, the Gorta Mór, or the Shoah was so long ago so why should we still talk about it? We know the real reason people want to stop the talk of these events—because their stories are still alive. They happened to people who were known by people we know and are still being told.

I shared my father's memory of Con with my son, who is also interested in politics and history. He remembers his grandfather but doesn't remember the Soviet Union or the Cold War, which is as ancient to him as the presidency of John Tyler. I hope one day he tells the story of Con's prediction in the winter of 1940, and says "this was a story my grandfather told" and for that moment he is in their presence, outside history, outside time.

* * *

About the Author

Lisa Maguire is the writer behind *ancestory*, a space where family stories and history meet. Guided by the belief that every family were makers of history, Lisa writes to help readers understand and document their family's place in the past. Her work blends personal family history with broader context, including Montreal lore and the intertwined histories of the Irish and French in Canada. Through *ancestory*, she invites readers to look beyond names and dates and discover how ordinary lives shaped the world we inherit today.

Douglas Street Market by Cynthia Boatright Raleigh

Douglas Street Market

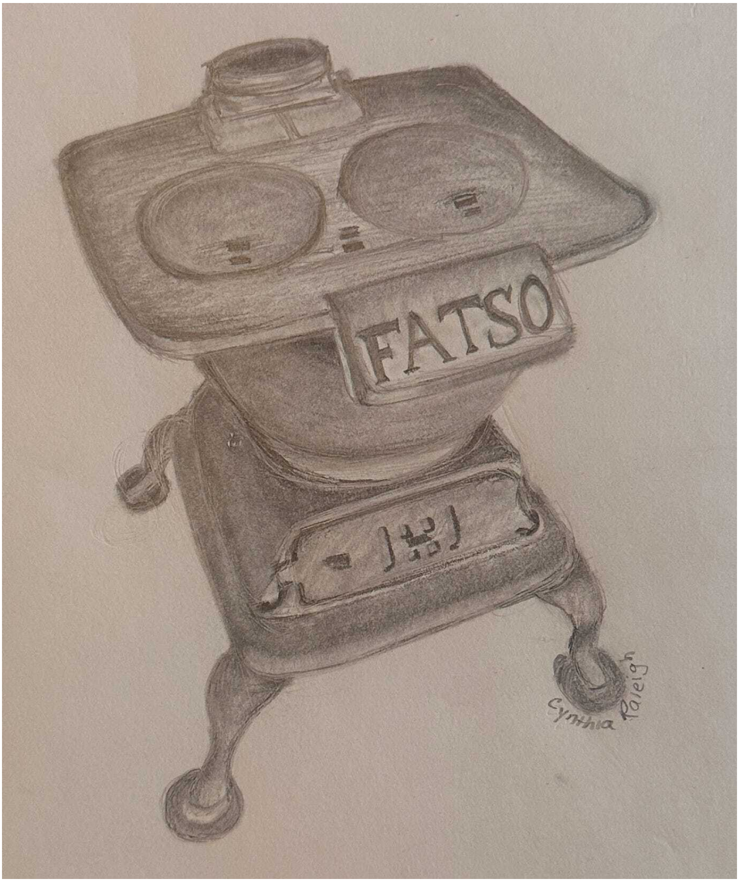
Bittersweet Memory

by **Cynthia Boatright Raleigh**

Originally published in Genealogy Storytelling on March 28, 2025

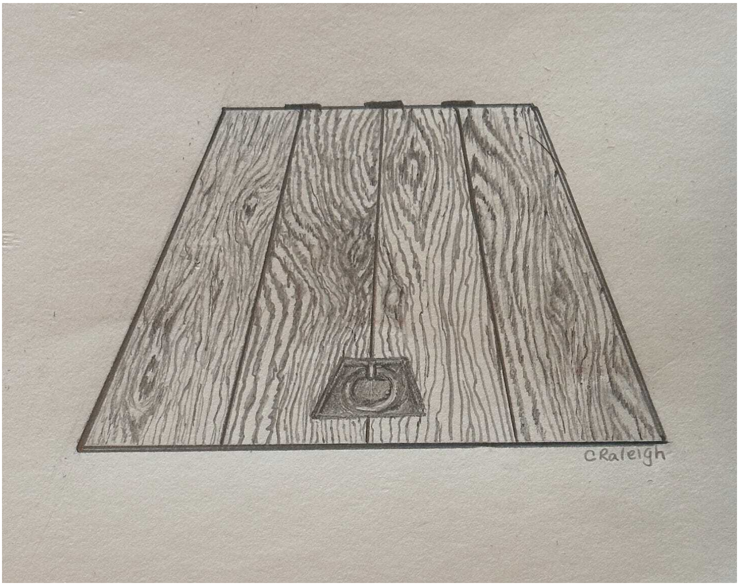
If I close my eyes, listen to the passing of an occasional car, the birds singing, then imagine the gentle swaying of a porch swing, I can just about believe for a moment that I'm back on Hardy Street with my great aunt Irma. She was born in 1892 and came within a couple of months of turning 100 before her death in 1992.

When I was young, I sometimes spent a week of my summer vacation with her. The Hardy Street house was a wonderful place. Built around the turn of the century, it had a huge kitchen that had been added on the back after the original hip-roofed house was built. Irma told me when she and her husband were first married, in 1911, they bought it from a Scottish woman and Irma could do a pretty good imitation of the woman's Scot's accent as she had told them about the house.



Fatso Potbelly Stove drawing - Cynthia Raleigh ©

The cellar was a place of fascination for me. From inside the house, it was only accessible through a trap door in the bedroom that used to be the kitchen. It had a chunky, recessed metal ring and was situated right next to an old Fatso brand stove that had been part of the original kitchen and was never removed. Irma kept a throw rug over the trap door



Trap door drawing. Cynthia Raleigh ©

The dirt-floored cellar was an assortment of five decades' worth of detritus. There was an old hand wringer washer, lamp harps of all sizes, grease-encrusted tools, and endless mason jars along the stone shelf of three walls. Off the main room was the coal room. The last delivery of coal poured through the chute was a long time ago, but two coal buckets still sat beside the door. I now have both of those.

My favorite memory of those hot summer days is sitting in companionable silence with Irma on the swing in the screened-in porch. That swing was massive. It hung from the wood slat ceiling by thick chains. Still on the porch was the small twin-sized bed my dad slept in when he and his mother moved in with Irma for a while. That's another story.

Irma's house was situated smack on the T of Hardy and Douglas Streets, and was nearly dead center in the three-block length of Hardy. From our elevated vantage point in the swing, we could view its full length. To the left, the street entered Mahoney Park. To the right, it ended in a cross street. While researching my husband's family, it turns out that in 1920, his great grandparents lived just around that corner. They had moved to Eldorado so his great grandfather could work in the mines in which my great grandfather and grandfather had worked. I wonder if they knew each other. It seems likely in such a small town, in the same neighborhood.

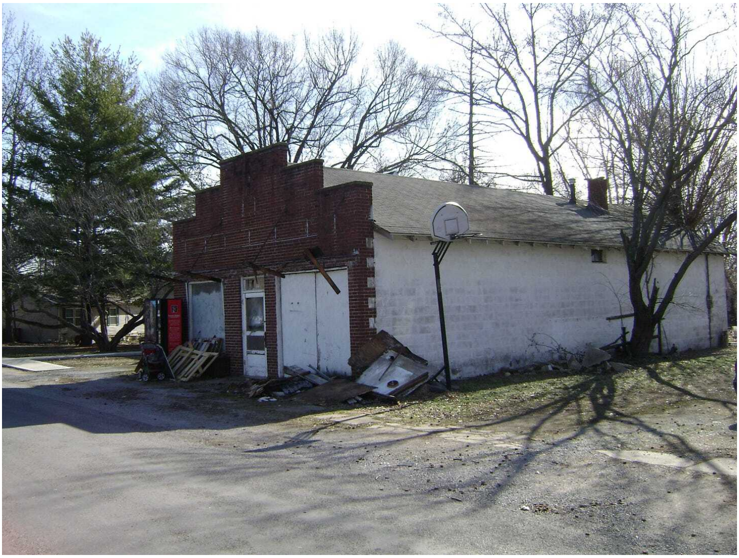
We also had an unobstructed view straight down Douglas Street to where it angled to the left and ran on to State Street. On that bend sat the Douglas Street Market. I have very fond memories of this small neighborhood shop. I loved my excursions there when Irma would give me some change for a treat. I took my time in the long, narrow shop making my choice, probably Pixie Stix or an orange Push-Up.

The screen door had a metal panel and the frame was attached to one of those self-closing springs. When it opened, it made a squeaky sound that could curl your hair and it shut with a bang similar to a gunshot. Inside were a couple aisles of canned goods, household cleaners, some fresh produce. The outside rows had things like gloves, shovels, and by-the-foot twine or chain. The important section contained the candy and freezers with ice cold Coca-Cola, Nehi, and ice cream.

Just inside the door was the low counter covered with formica, its surface design worn by many years of purchases sliding across it. An open paper bag waited at the end of the counter for the next customer's order.

After I paid for my goodies, I passed back through the noisy door, closing it carefully so it wouldn't make such a racket. As I neared the house, I could just make out my great aunt through the black screening, sitting in the swing, rocking back and forth, making sure I made it back alright.

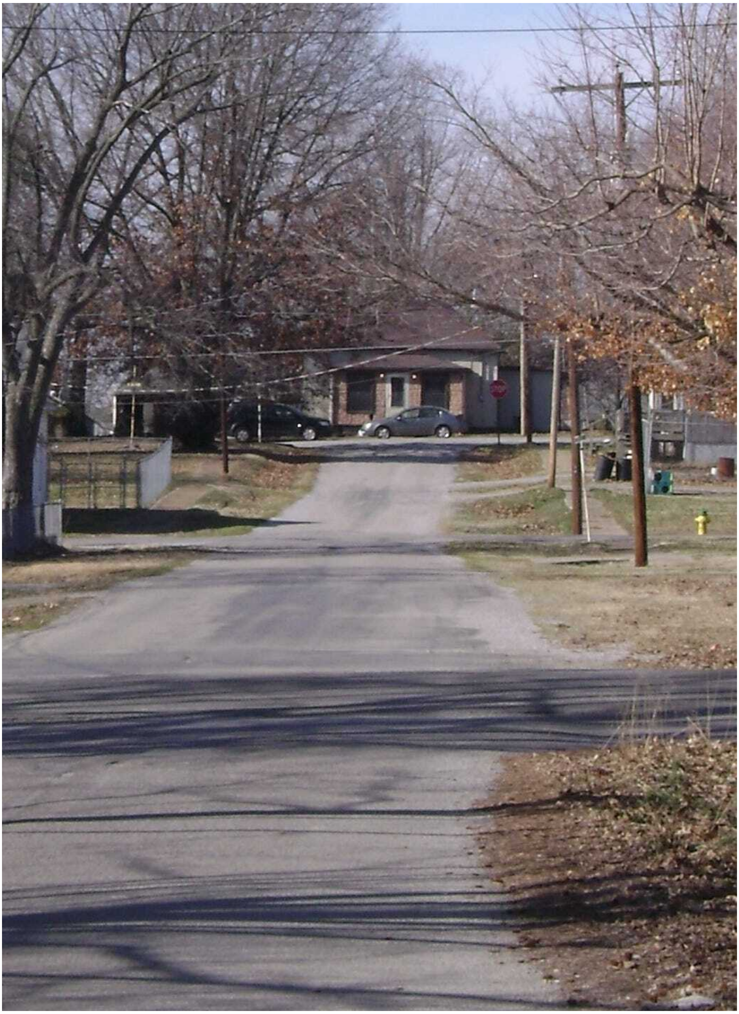
Last August, I made a trip to Eldorado to take photos for my One-Place Study presentation last October. I drove past the store. I was happy to see the building was still there, but immeasurably sad to see its condition. If I had a million dollars…



Douglas Street Market. My photo - Winter 2011

On that day in 2024, decades after that little girl skipped down the street with her treat, I looked to the familiar site of Irma's house. The memory was more vivid to me at that moment than it has been over the years.

The porch is now more permanently enclosed with exterior faux stone. A deck has been added to the east side where a living room windows was.



My photo - Winter 2011

The old wire fence still marks the western side of the property and I wondered if the gooseberry bushes that grew along it in the back were still there. Nothing like sitting in the grass on a summer day eating fresh gooseberries, until you get an unripe one. If you know, you know. I wondered if the current owners know about the concrete fishpond my great uncle made in the backyard. It was next to the arbor over the path that led to the now-gone shed where 6-year-old me got her first cat from a litter of kittens.

Buttons - My photo

When I left that day, I wondered to myself when I'd be back or even if I wanted to. It's wonderful to relive memories brought back by the site of the places where I lived them, but it's a stark reminder that even the few that remain may not be there much longer.

* * *

About the Author

Cynthia Boatright Raleigh is a family history writer and storyteller whose work centers on the thoughtful preservation of personal and ancestral narratives. She writes at the intersection of lived experience and careful research, exploring how memory, place, and lineage shape identity across generations. Cynthia is particularly attentive to the ethical and emotional dimensions of genealogy, treating family history not simply as a collection of records, but as a human practice rooted in care, context, and meaning. Her contribution to *GenStack Anthology 2025* reflects her commitment to safeguarding stories that might otherwise be fragmented or forgotten, and to illuminating the everyday lives that form the fabric of our shared past.

Immigrant Ancestors by Jane Chapman

Immigrant Ancestors

They came on ships - Some by choice and some at the Crown's insistence

by **Jane Chapman**

Originally published in BJNL's Genealogy on April 15, 2025.

Immigrant ship. Image: DALL·E 2025-04-02 11.02.28 via Open AI Chat.GPT

I was recently reading a blog post by Australian genealogist, Sue Wyatt entitled ‘O’er the seas they came’ (posted 1 March 2025) in which she listed her immigrant ancestors and summarised a little about each. This seemed like an interesting exercise.

In New Zealand, like Australia, many people trace their ancestry back to migrants who arrived at some time within the last 200 or so years. While some New Zealanders are newly arrived here, others can trace some, or in some cases all, of their family history back to early settlers. Some immigrants came direct to New Zealand. Some came via Australia. Some travelled as free settlers. Some travelled at the insistence of the Crown having been found guilty of some criminal offence or another.

I am one of the new arrivals. My family emigrated from England to New Zealand when I was thirteen years old. My husband's family on the other hand …

My husband's Immigrant Ancestors

My husband's ancestors who immigrated to New Zealand and/or Australia are listed below. I have grouped them as follows:

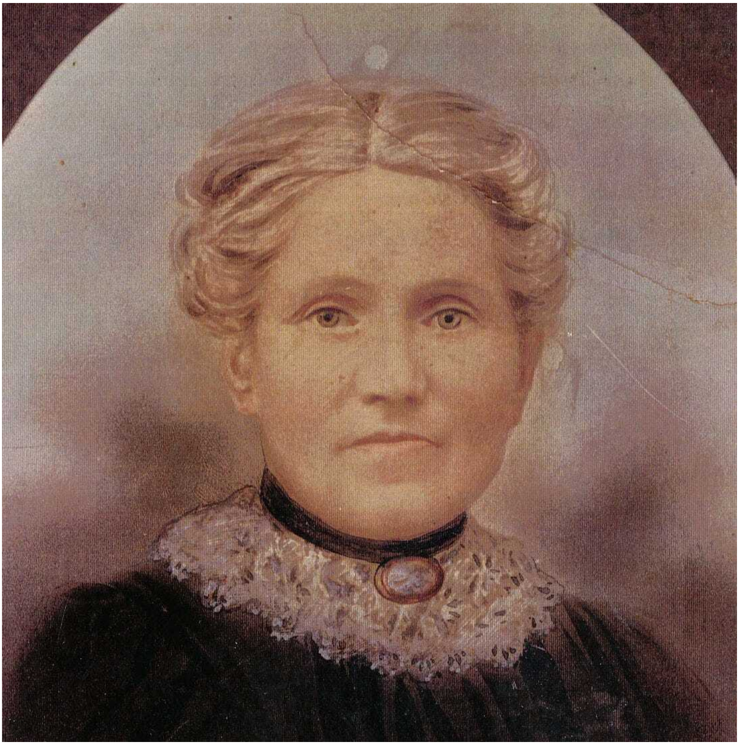
- NZ immigrants who came direct to New Zealand from England
- NZ Immigrants who travelled to Australia then to New Zealand
- NZ Immigrants born in Australia and then came to New Zealand
- Australian Immigrants who died in Australia before making it to New Zealand

NZ immigrants who came direct to NZ from England

All came as free settlers

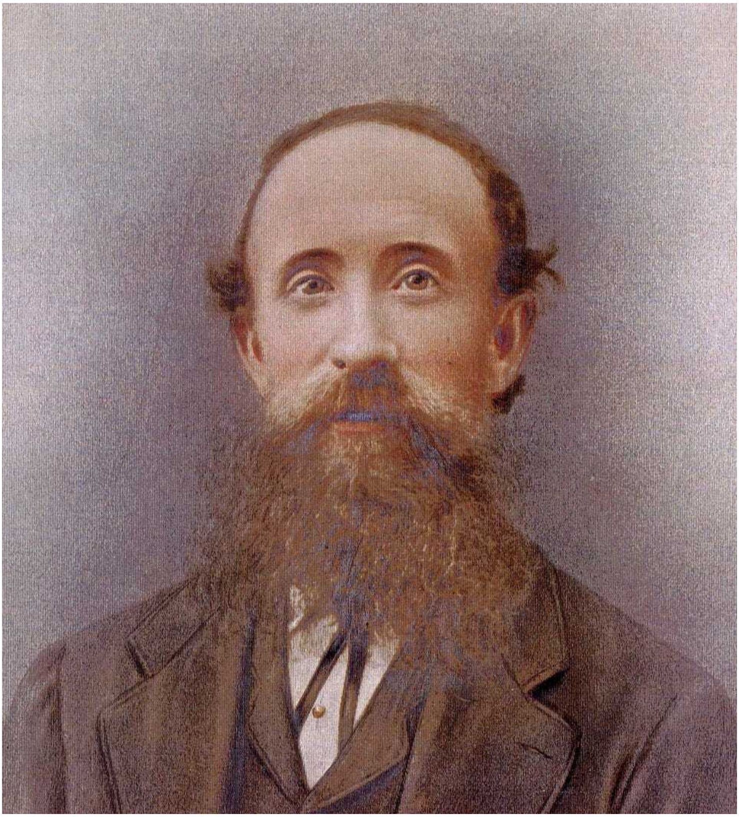
2nd Great Grandparents

- **Isabella Jane Blythe** - Born **Northumberland, England** - To New Zealand **abt. 1869** (aged 25). Died Reefton, New Zealand (aged 59).



Isabella Jane Blythe (abt. 1844 - 1904)

Samuel Jeffery Veale - Born **Devon, England** - To New Zealand **bet. 1863-1867 (**aged bet. 20-24**).** Died Westport, New Zealand (aged 85).



Samuel Jeffery Veale (1843 - 1929)

- **Fanny Greek** - Born **Devon, England** - To New Zealand on ship: ***'Crimea'*** with her husband, two sons and sister in **1863** (aged 24). Died Dunedin, New Zealand (aged 89).

Fanny Greek (abt. 1839 - 1928)

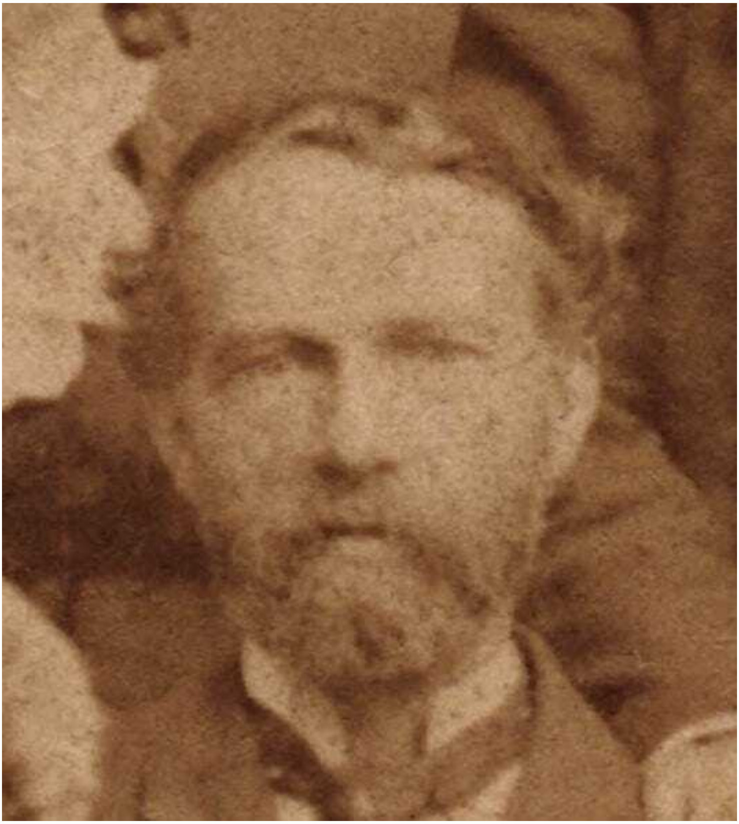
- **William Lane** - Born **Devon, England** - To New Zealand on ship: ***'Crimea'*** with his wife, two sons and sister-in-law in **1863** (aged 27). Died Dunedin, New Zealand (aged 86).

William Lane (1836 - 1922)

- **Mary Ann Pointer** - Born **Bedfordshire, England** - To New Zealand **abt. 1854** (aged 26). Died Akaroa, New Zealand (aged 82).

Mary Ann Pointer (abt. 1828 - 1910)

- **Thomas Walter Parsons** - Born **Warwickshire, England** - To New Zealand **abt. 1854** (aged 18). Died Akaroa, New Zealand (aged 56).



Thomas Walter Parsons (1836 - 1892)

Great Grandparents

- **Josiah Pearce Lane** - Born: **Devon, England** - To New Zealand on the ship: ***'Crimea'*** with his mother, father, brother and aunt in **1863** (aged 2). Died Dunedin, New Zealand (aged 80).

Josiah Pearce Lane (1861 - 1941)

NZ Immigrants who travelled to Australia then to NZ

A mix of free settlers and convicts to Australia.
2nd Great Grandparents

- **Patrick Darcy** - Born **Tipperary, Ireland** - ***Free settler*** to Australia **bet. 1850-56** (aged bet. 23-29) - To New Zealand **bet. 1866-68 (**aged bet. 39-41**).** Died: Red Jacks, West Coast, New Zealand (aged 68).

You can read more about Patrick here:

Patrick Darcy - Native of Tipperary

Jane Chapman

Read full story

- **Elizabeth Allen** - Born **Warwickshire, England** - ***Transported as Convict*** - To Australia aboard the prison ship ***'Margaret'*** in **1843** (aged 21) - To New Zealand (as free settler) **abt. 1850** (aged 28) then back to Australia **abt. 1852** (aged 30) and back to New Zealand permanently **abt. 1862** (aged 40). Died Dunedin, New Zealand (aged 40).

You can read more about Elizabeth here:

Elizabeth Allen - Transported for Ten Years - The Price of a Shawl

Jane Chapman

Read full story

- **George White** - Born **Warwickshire, England** - ***Transported as Convict*** - To Australia aboard the prison ship ***'George the Third'*** in **1834-35** (aged 18) **-** To New Zealand (as free settler) **abt. 1850** (aged 34) then back to Australia

abt. 1852 (aged 36) and back to New Zealand permanently **abt. 1862** (aged 46). Died Dunedin, New Zealand (aged 86).

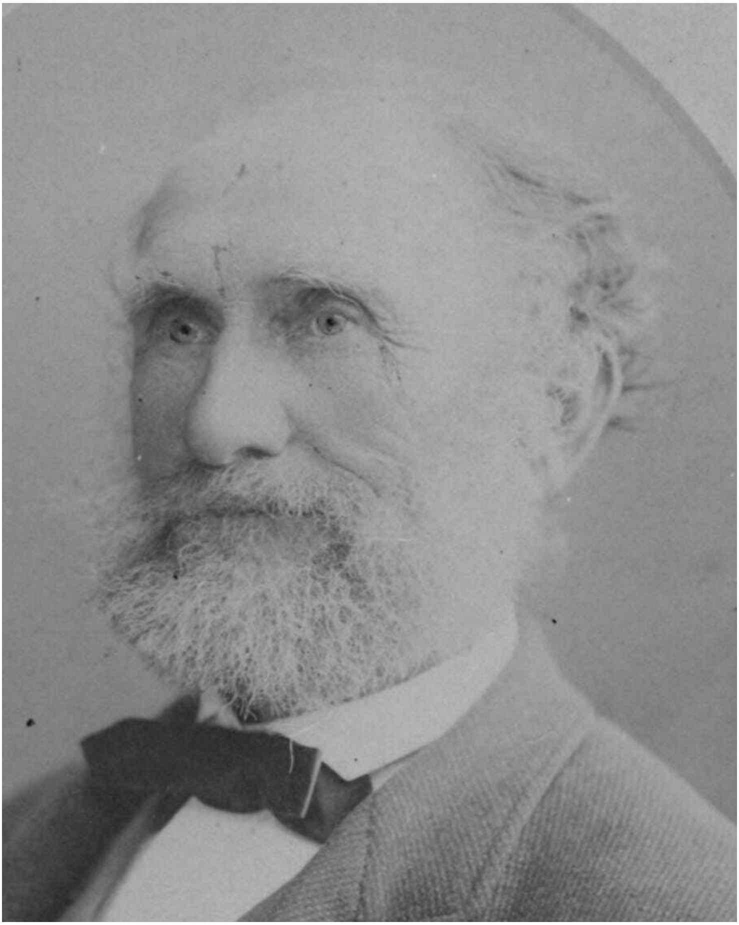
You can read more about George here:

George White and Elizabeth Allen: Together, Apart & Together Again

Jane Chapman

Read full story

- **Thomas Coop** - Born **Staffordshire, England** - ***Free settler*** - To Australia aboard the ship ***'Marchioness of Londonderry'*** with his wife and children in **1853** (aged 37) - To New Zealand in **1862** (aged 46) aboard the ship ***'Chariot of Fame'*** - Back to Australia **abt. 1884** (aged 68). Died New Gisborne, Australia (aged 70).



Thomas Coop (abt. 1816 - 1886)

- **Nancy Barnes** - Born **Lancashire, England** - ***Free Settler*** - To Australia aboard the ship ***'White Star'*** in **1855** (aged 29) -

To New Zealand in **abt. 1863** (aged 37). Died Christchurch, New Zealand (aged 76).

- **George Hindle** - Born **Lancashire, England** - ***Free Settler*** - To Australia in **abt. 1852/53** (aged 24/25) - To New Zealand aboard the ship ***'Netherby'*** in **abt. 1861** (aged 33). Died Christchurch, New Zealand (aged 77).
- **William George Chapman** - ***Free Settler*** - Born in **County Wicklow, Ireland** - To Australia **bet. 1852-55** (aged bet. 19-22) - To New Zealand **abt. 1880 (**aged 47 - Died: Christchurch, New Zealand (aged 60).

Great Grandparents

- **Thomas Coop** - Born in **Middlesex, England** - ***Free Settler*** - To Australia aboard the ship ***'Marchioness of Londonderry'*** with his parents and siblings in **1853** (age 14) - To New Zealand **abt. 1861** (aged 22). Died: Roxburgh, New Zealand. (aged 85).

Thomas Coop (1838 - 1924)

NZ Immigrants born in Australia and then came to NZ

Great Grandparents

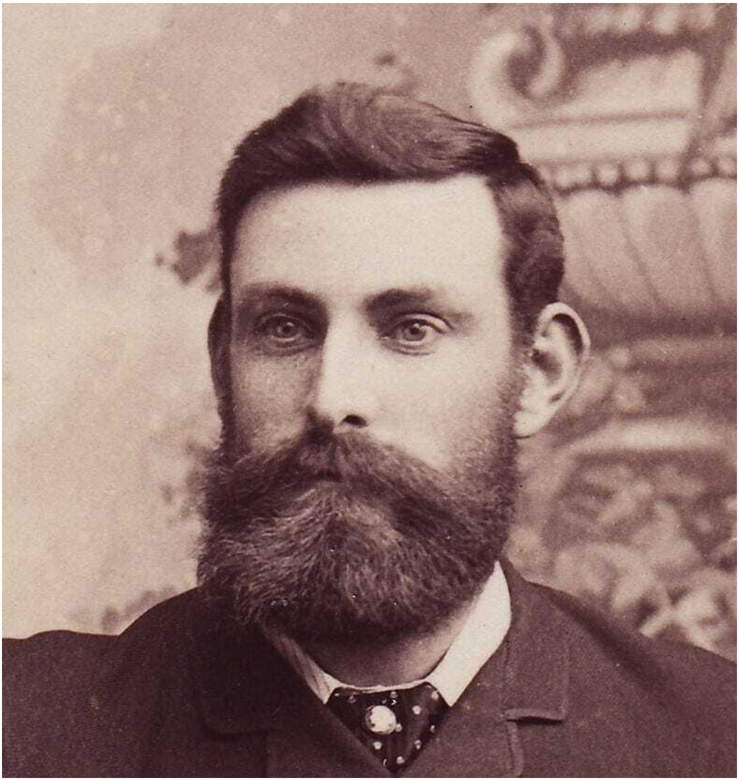
- **William Darcy** - ***Born to Free Settlers*** at **Sandhurst (now Bendigo), Australia** - To New Zealand **abt. 1863** (aged 4). Died Reefton, New Zealand (age 35).
- **Emma Amelia White** - ***Born to Convicts*** at **Melbourne, Australia** - To New Zealand **abt. 1862** (aged 8). Died: Gisborne, New Zealand (aged 77).

Emma Amelia White (1854 - 1932)

- **Ellen Hindle** - ***Born to Free Settlers*** at **Sandhurst (now Bendigo), Australia** - To New Zealand **abt. 1867** (aged 1). Died Dunedin, New Zealand (aged 56)

Ellen Hindle (1862 - 1918)

- **George Chapman** - ***Born to Free Settlers*** at **Melbourne, Australia** - To New Zealand **abt. 1880** (age 20). Died: Nelson, New Zealand (aged 50).



George Chapman (1860 - 1911)

Australian Immigrants who died before making it to NZ

These were all free settlers.
2nd Great Grandparents

- **Margaret Callanan** - Born in **County Clare, Ireland** -

To Australia **abt. 1853** (aged 22). Died Sandhurst (now Bendigo), Australia (aged 32). Her husband and children moved to New Zealand.

- **Elizabeth Large** - Born in **Kent, England** - To Australia aboard ***'Marchioness of Londonderry'*** with her husband and children in **1853** (aged 40). Died Sandhurst (now Bendigo), Australia. Some of her family moved to New Zealand.
- **Tamar Waldron** - Born in **County Kildare, Ireland** - To Australia **abt. 1853** (aged 24). Died Melbourne, Australia (aged 33). Her husband and child moved to New Zealand.

In Summary …

All 16 of my husband's 2nd great grandparents were immigrants:

- 12/16 were from England - 4/16 were from Ireland
- 14/16 were free settlers - 2/16 were transported to Australia as convicts before moving on to New Zealand as free settlers
- 6/16 came direct to New Zealand (all free settlers)
- 7/16 came to New Zealand via Australia (5/7 were free settlers - 2/7 were transported to Australia as convicts and came onto New Zealand as free settlers)
- 3/16 died in Australia before they had an opportunity to travel to New Zealand with their husband and children (all were free settlers to Australia).

6 of my husband's 8 great grandparents were immigrants:

- 1/6 came direct to New Zealand with family as free settlers
- 1/6 came to New Zealand via Australia where he had travelled with his parents as a free settler
- 4/6 were born in Australia and immigrated to New Zealand (1/4 had parents who had arrived in Australia as convicts - 3/4 had parents who were free settlers to Australia).

* * *

About the Author

Jane Chapman has been researching family history since the early 1990s and incorporating DNA evidence into her work since 2013. Through *BJNL's Genealogy* on Substack, Jane shares carefully researched narratives drawn from two extensive family history archives she is building on the weare.xyz platform—one documenting her husband's and biological family lines across the UK, Ireland, the United States, New Zealand, and Australia, and the other focused on her UK-based adoptive family. Writing provides Jane with a way to add context and humanity to family history facts, preserving the lives and stories of ancestors for future generations. Her work emphasizes connection, collaboration, and the ongoing nature of genealogical discovery.

The Harness Maker of Fulton Avenue
by Lynda Heines

The Harness Maker of Fulton Avenue

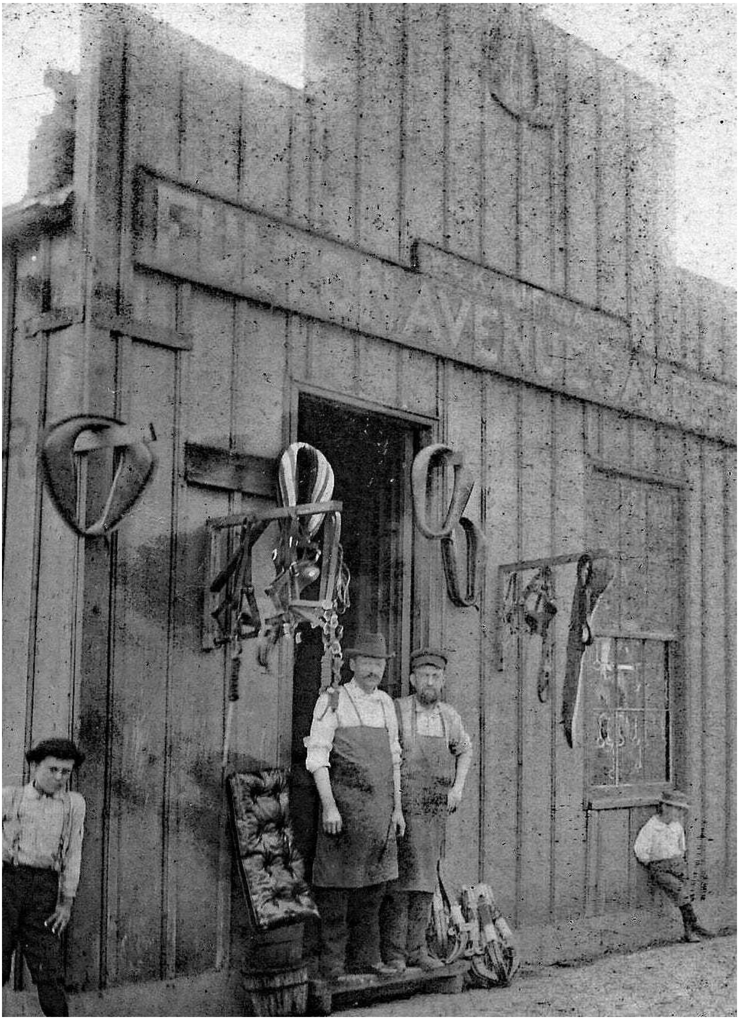
Henry Herman Heines (1865-1938)

by **Lynda Heines**

Originally published in Heines Sight on October 27, 2025.

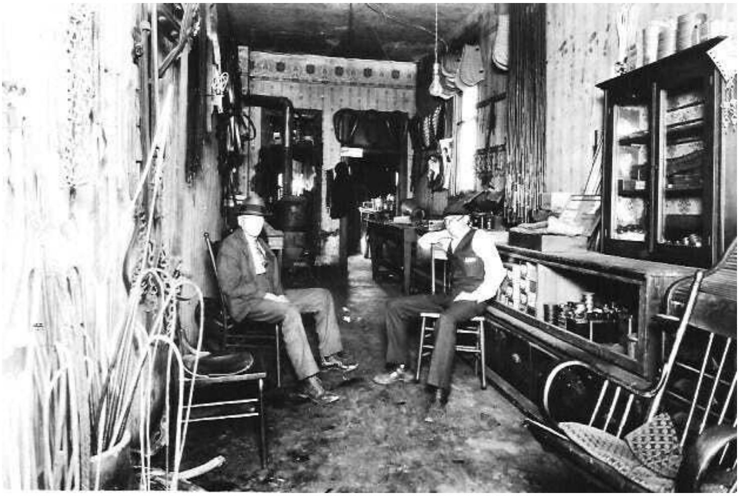
On Fulton Avenue in Evansville, the air once carried the scent of yeast from the brewery, the earthy tang of leather from my grandfather's harness shop, and the comforting aroma of bread from the nearby bakery. Horses clattered along the brick street, pulling wagons that kept the city's businesses moving. This is the story of Henry Herman Heines—a man who worked with his hands, shaping leather and keeping a corner of Evansville in motion.

In 1865, Henry Herman Heines, my grandfather, was born in Evansville, Indiana, the ninth of ten children of Theodore Heines and Margaretha Kaiser. By sixteen, he was already working as a machine hand, and at seventeen, he began an apprenticeship as a harness maker, a trade he would follow for the rest of his life. Over the years, the Evansville city directories listed him as a “harness maker” or “saddler,” a craftsman skilled in the heavy leather work that kept horses and commerce moving.



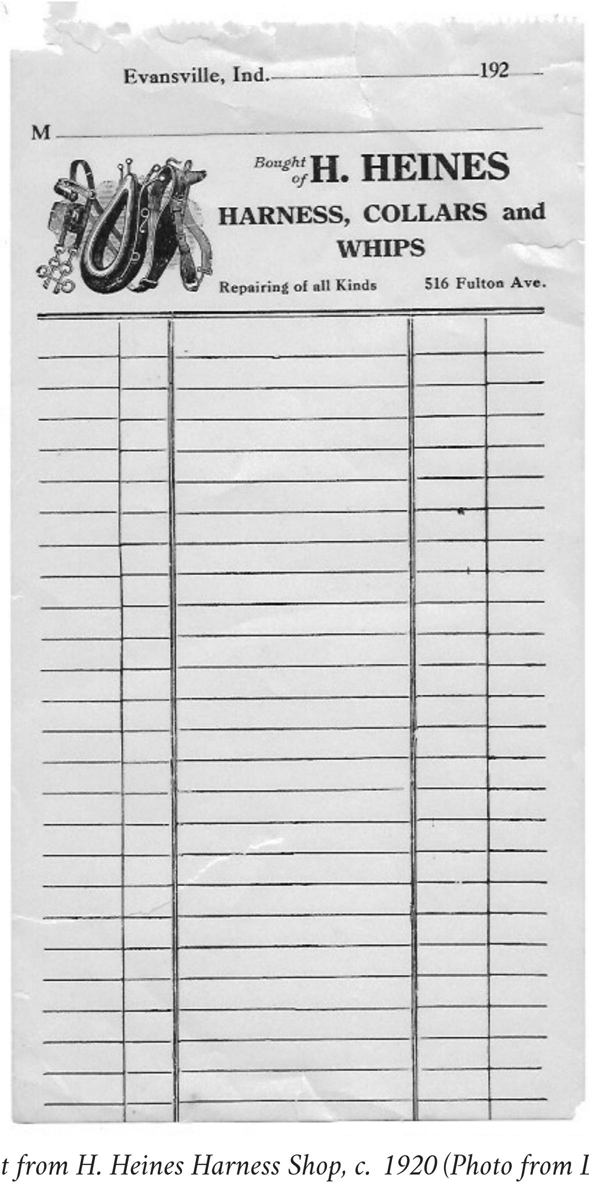
Exterior of H. Heines Harness Shop, 516 Fulton Avenue, Evansville, early 1900s. *Henry Heines stands in the doorway, surrounded by the tools and leatherwork of his trade. (Photo from Lynda Heines family collection)*

Henry married Gertrude Simpson in 1896, and together they built their life and business on Fulton Avenue, living above his shop at 516 Fulton, just down the street from the Evansville Brewing Association—later known as Sterling Brewery. They raised two children there: Irene, born in 1904, and Francis, born in 1912. Because of the shop's close proximity to the brewery, much of Henry's work came from that steady neighbor, whose draft horses hauled barrels of beer to saloons and returned with loads of malt, ice, and coal. It's easy to picture those teams clattering past Henry's doorway, leather shining, the smell of yeast and harness oil mingling in the air. Francis remembered his father telling him that the brewery's owner once joked, "We spend so much with you, Heines, we ought to call this place the Heines Brewery."



Interior of H. Heines Harness Shop: *Rows of bridles, collars, and straps hang neatly along the walls as Henry and a co-worker sit.(Photo from Lynda Heines family collection)*

Above the shop, life moved to a gentler rhythm. The smell of leather drifted upstairs, mingling with the sounds of the street below. My aunt Irene remembered how baby Francis would lie on the kitchen table, nestled safely inside one of Henry's leather hames, the curved collar piece from a horse's harness, to keep him from rolling off. It was an ordinary scene, yet it perfectly captured their world: work and family layered in the same space, connected by the leather work that sustained them.



Evansville, Ind.______________192___

M______________________________

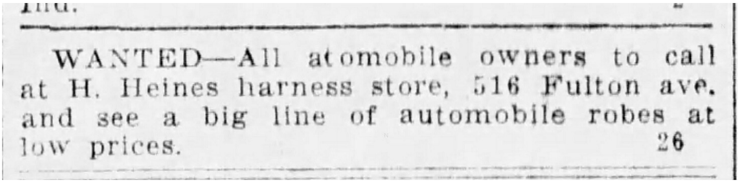
Bought of **H. HEINES**

HARNESS, COLLARS and WHIPS

Repairing of all Kinds 516 Fulton Ave.

Receipt from H. Heines Harness Shop, c. 1920 (Photo from Lynda Heines family collection)

As the years went on, Henry's work began to shift with the times. In 1909, an advertisement for his shop invited "automobile owners" to stop by and see his big line of automobile robes, thick lap blankets meant to keep drivers and passengers warm in those early open cars. It was his way of adapting from horses to horsepower, even as Gertrude remained doubtful that automobiles would ever replace the dependable horse. But Henry, ever practical, seemed to recognize that change was coming and adjusted his craft accordingly.



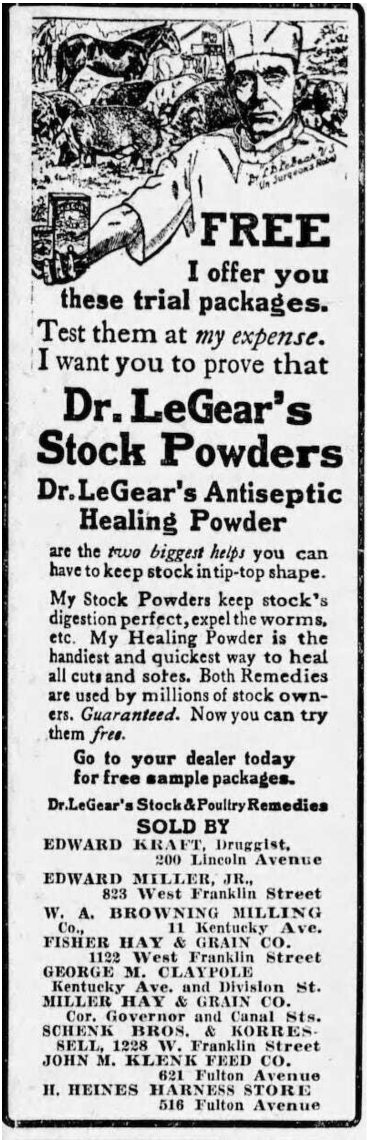
Ind.

WANTED—All atomobile owners to call at H. Heines harness store, 516 Fulton ave. and see a big line of automobile robes at low prices. 26

Evansville Courier and Press, Evansville, Indiana, Sunday, Sep 26, 1909, Page 25

The family lived simply but resourcefully. Some of Henry's work was bartered rather than paid in cash. Irene remembered vats in their basement filled with cuts of meat—payment from customers who traded goods instead of money. Gertrude managed the household finances and was known to put on her white gloves when she went out to collect payments, making sure every debt was properly settled.

In addition to his harness work, Henry also sold farm and livestock supplies. An advertisement from 1918 lists H. Heines Harness Store, 516 Fulton Avenue, among local dealers carrying Dr. LeGear's Stock Powders and Antiseptic Healing Powder—popular remedies for keeping horses and other animals healthy. It's easy to imagine farmers stopping by not just for a new halter or repaired trace, but for a tin of stock powder or advice on caring for their teams. Henry's shop was more than a workplace; it was part of the rhythm of daily life in a city that depended on horses.


Dr. L. D. LeGear V. S.
(In Surgeon's Robe)

FREE

I offer you these trial packages.

Test them at *my expense.*
I want you to prove that

Dr. LeGear's Stock Powders

Dr. LeGear's Antiseptic Healing Powder

are the *two biggest helps* you can have to keep stock in tip-top shape.

My Stock Powders keep stock's digestion perfect, expel the worms, etc. My Healing Powder is the handiest and quickest way to heal all cuts and sores. Both Remedies are used by millions of stock owners. *Guaranteed.* Now you can try them *free.*

Go to your dealer today for free sample packages.

Dr. LeGear's Stock & Poultry Remedies

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W. A. BROWNING MILLING Co.,
11 Kentucky Ave.

FISHER HAY & GRAIN CO.
1122 West Franklin Street

GEORGE M. CLAYPOLE
Kentucky Ave. and Division St.

MILLER HAY & GRAIN CO.
Cor. Governor and Canal Sts.

SCHENK BROS. & KORRESSELL, 1228 W. Franklin Street

JOHN M. KLENK FEED CO.
621 Fulton Avenue

H. HEINES HARNESS STORE
516 Fulton Avenue

Evansville Courier and Press, Evansville Indiana, Friday, Apr 19, 1918, page 17.

For thirty-five years, Henry worked at his trade, building, repairing, and adapting whatever the times required. After retirement, his health began to fail—a long illness noted not only in his obituary but also in my mother's diary, written when she was dating Francis. On April 12, 1933, she recorded that Francis had to leave early because his father hadn't been seen since morning. The next day she wrote, *"They didn't find Mr. Heines until three this afternoon. I thought they'd find him dead."*

It must have been an anxious and frightening time for Francis, Irene, and his mother. Those few diary lines reveal their worry more clearly than any obituary could. My mother was young then, just dating Francis, and suddenly drawn into the uncertainty that surrounded his father's illness. Her words capture both the fear of that day and a glimpse of how closely their lives were already beginning to intertwine.

Henry lived for several more years after that difficult time, his strength slowly fading. He died in 1938 at the age of seventy-three, leaving behind not just the memory of his careful craftsmanship, but the quiet legacy of a man whose skill helped keep the brewery's wagons rolling, and a good portion of Evansville's beer moving, one stitch at a time.

When I drive down Fulton Avenue now, I notice the scent of fresh bread drifting from the Bunny Bread Company, whose building was expanded years ago to include the spot where Henry's shop once stood. Back in his day, it was Rastatter's Bakery, opened in 1899, and the air would have carried the same warm smell of bread. The old brewery buildings are gone now, replaced by Sterling Square, an office complex.

I think about that little shop and can almost smell the yeast from the brewery, the earthy and musky leather and oil from Henry's harnesses, and hear the neighs, whinnies, and snorts of horses on the street. The only scent that has survived through time is the bread. Henry's craftsmanship was a skill the community depended on: a quiet, steady trade that kept people and their work moving.

Author's Note

This story began with a few fragments — two photographs of Henry's harness shop, a newspaper ad for automobile robes, and a couple lines from my mother's diary. Then came this receipt, a simple document that connected the research to something Henry himself once handed across the counter. As I pieced these together, I began to see Henry not just as a name in family records and the grandfather I never knew, but as a man who adapted, worked with his hands, and passed that spirit down through generations. The story also grew from long-ago memories of conversations with my dad and Aunt Irene, who filled in the details that only family can recall. The photographs and receipt appear with this story, small but powerful reminders of the life and work that once filled a corner of Fulton Avenue. I like to think that every time I make something by hand now, a small part of Henry is still at work too.

* * *

About the Author

Lynda Heines is a lifelong writer whose creative path began with a Girl Scout diary in sixth grade and grew through years of letter writing, journaling, and teaching others how to tell their stories through what she calls *Heartwriting*. Her creative work spans writing, art, and a distinctive dyeing technique that emerged from her newspaper column, alongside a deep love of visual expression. Nine years ago, genealogy entered her life and quickly became a parallel passion, one she now pursues alongside time in the dye studio. Through her newsletter, Lynda brings together creativity, reflection, and family history, offering work that is rooted in curiosity, artistry, and the belief that storytelling—in all its forms—can inspire and connect.

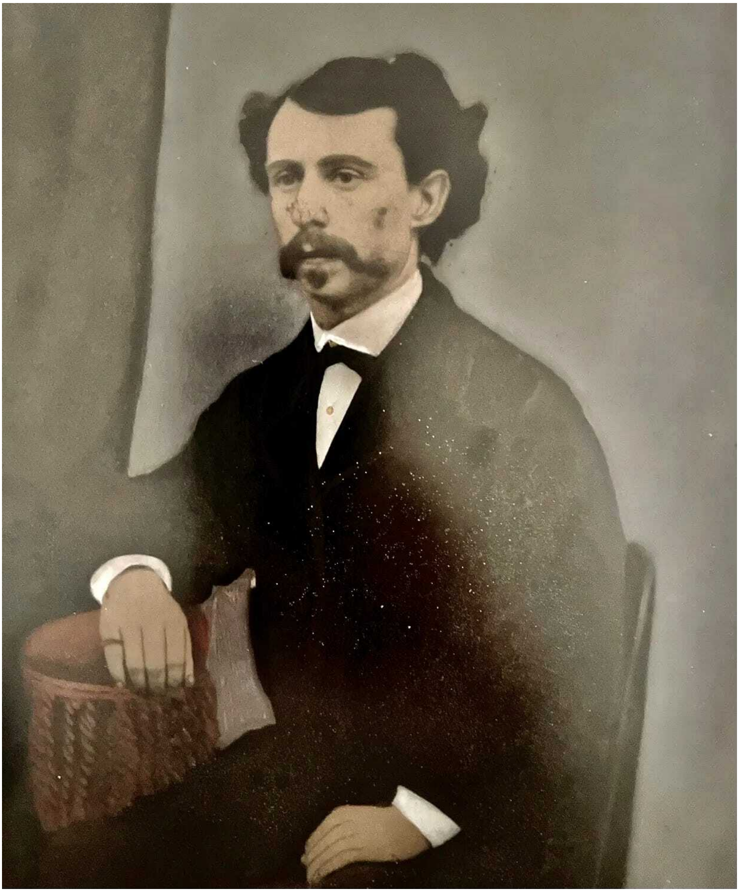
The Footnote by Diane Burley

The Footnote

In my research, William Barry is but a footnote. But I found a footnote doesn't have to be insignificant. Sometimes it carries its own story.

by **Diane Burley**

Originally published in Musings of a Storyteller on April 18, 2025.



A photo, possibly a tintype, of William E. Barry, circa 1875. Photo courtesy of Julie Whitney.

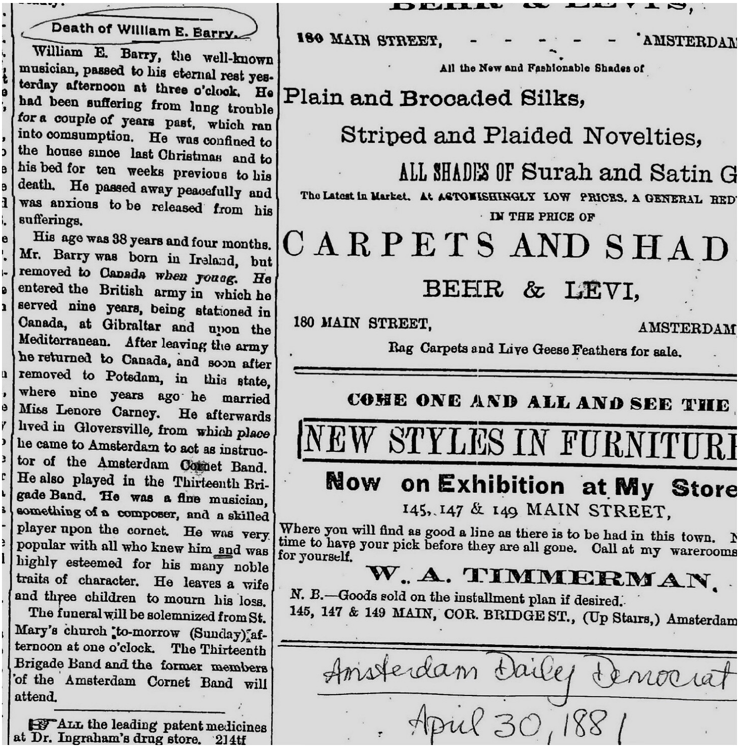
In time travel stories, heroes are warned not to change the course of history – no matter how tempting. And certainly, a dying 38-year-old man with three small children would be a heart-breaking test of resolve. But if that man too knew the future, he would see that through his passing his widow would find an inner strength to become a leading labor activist. Bound by duty, he would want this to come to pass, and beg you not to intervene.

I've spent almost a year canvassing newspaper archives, genealogical databases, and Library of Congress letters to find threads of this ancestral labor activist's life for a book project. "Widow" is how she is often defined, because as Mrs. William E. Barry, Leonora Kearney barely existed.

If little was written about Leonora, her husband William E. Barry is pretty much a ghost. I became obsessed with needing to know more about the man who bestowed Leonora his name – and three children – and with his passing, gave her the freedom to become an American legend. Months of research turned up nothing. A fortuitous connection with their great-great-great granddaughter, Julie Whitney, offered a breakthrough.

Julie sent me photos of pages from a bible that belonged to Leonora's grandmother, a picture of William, his obituary, and a photo of his daughter. The obituary was short, but held enough detail to allow me to create a sketch of William. I do make some suppositions - but support them with circumstantial evidence.

William was born in Ireland in January 1843, two years before the Great Famine broke out. 'Removed' to Canada as a young boy, he served in the British army for nine years, before being 'remove'" to Potsdam, New York. From other letters and newspaper accounts, I know William had at least one sister who lived in Potsdam.



Death of William E. Barry.

William E. Barry, the well-known musician, passed to his eternal rest yesterday afternoon at three o'clock. He had been suffering from lung trouble for a couple of years past, which ran into comsumption. He was confined to the house since last Christmas and to his bed for ten weeks previous to his death. He passed away peacefully and was anxious to be released from his sufferings.

His age was 38 years and four months. Mr. Barry was born in Ireland, but removed to Canada *when young*. He entered the British army in which he served nine years, being stationed in Canada, at Gibraltar and upon the Mediterranean. After leaving the army he returned to Canada, and soon after removed to Potsdam, in this state, where nine years ago he married Miss Lenore Carney. He afterwards lived in Gloversville, from which *place* he came to Amsterdam to act as instructor of the Amsterdam Cornet Band. He also played in the Thirteenth Brigade Band. He was a fine musician, something of a composer, and a skilled player upon the cornet. He was very popular with all who knew him and was highly esteemed for his many noble traits of character. He leaves a wife and three children to mourn his loss.

The funeral will be solemnized from St. Mary's church to-morrow (Sunday) afternoon at one o'clock. The Thirteenth Brigade Band and the former members of the Amsterdam Cornet Band will attend.

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time to have your pick before they are all gone. Call at my warerooms
for yourself.

W. A. TIMMERMAN.

N. B.—Goods sold on the installment plan if desired.

145, 147 & 149 MAIN, COR. BRIDGE ST., (Up Stairs,) Amsterdam

Amsterdam Daily Democrat

April 30, 1881

The use of 'removed' is fascinating.

Jill Swenson suggested he might be an orphan - as many were 'removed' from Ireland after the famine. With no other information on William's family, it's a compelling theory. But 'removed' was also used to refer to William's moving to the United States. The word at the time conferred loss of agency. He was either forcibly removed – or forced to remove himself because of lack of food, money, opportunity.

To flesh out more of his life, I considered Irish immigration in general.

Mid-19th Century Canada

In the 1850s, Canada was known as the British North American colonies. Eighteenth century Irish-Protestant immigrants established settlements on cheap farmland around the great lakes of Erie and Ontario. These settlers were militantly ethno-centric, loyal to the crown, and refused to let Catholics reside in their towns. After the Great Famine, desperate Irish Catholics migrants like William, were shunned in what is now known as Ontario. However, they were welcomed in Quebec, Newfoundland, Nova Scotia, and Prince Edward Island. It's logical to assume young William landed at the port of Quebec, and that he and his (natural or adopted) family settled near the St. Lawrence River along the New York border.

The second part of his obituary offered more clues.

While in Canada, William was in the British Army – stationed in Gibraltar and the Mediterranean. After leaving the army, he moved to Potsdam, and moved to Amsterdam, NY, as a skilled musician and band leader.

So many questions! Why Potsdam? How did he become a skilled musician? To answer the Potsdam part, I looked further to see if there was an intersection between his military service and being a musician. The very name of his band: The Thirteenth Brigade suggested a military connection. I found a clipping in an 1876 newspaper that publicized a concert he played in. Most of the songs were military marches.

Military Music

It's hard to believe, but mid-19th century entertainment was a vestige of war.

Throughout history, militaries used musical instruments to provide a call to arms, a battle cry, and a means of communicating across the battlefield. Piercing tones conveyed commands, galvanized troops, and created formations. Early European and Muslim instruments were constructed from whatever was plentiful - animal horns, hides, wood, silver, bronze, and copper.

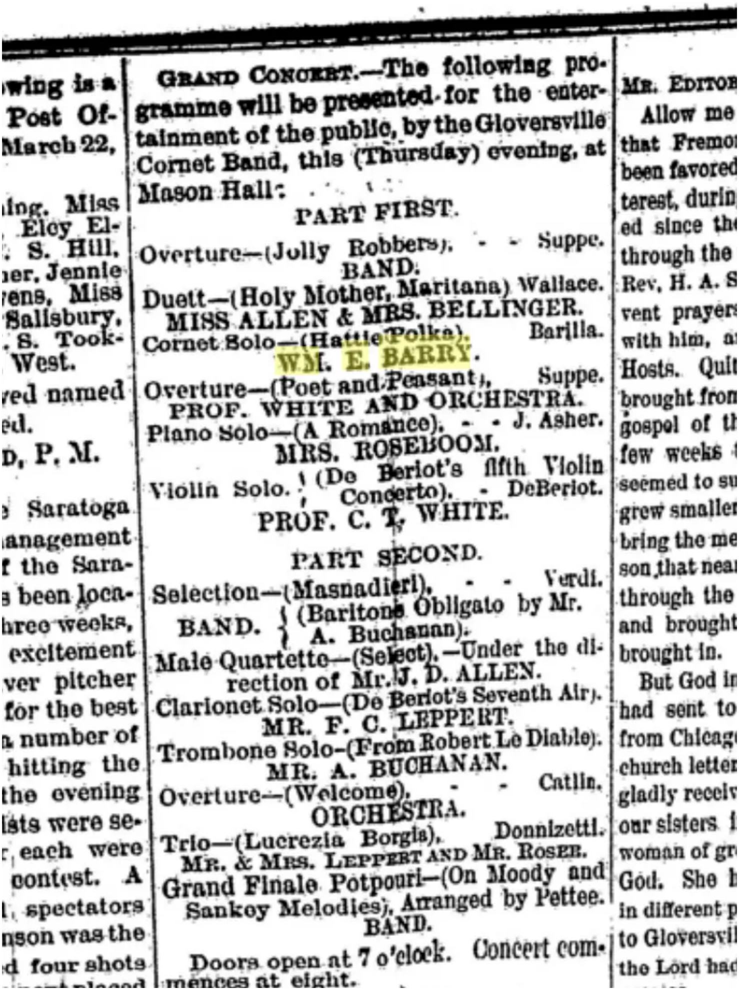
Beyond terrific paintings, the Renaissance era ushered in brass, which was an ideal material for creating new horn shapes with twists and turns of tubing. Brass wouldn't rust or fall apart in the rain, either. No corrosion meant a more expressive sound could be made by using slides and valves. Of the brass wind instruments, the most agile to maneuver was the cornet - a smaller trumpet that could be mastered with one-hand while on horseback. An important task if you were a mounted musician.

As the instruments evolved, so did the musicians' skills - as well as their roles within the regiments. When the troops weren't playing, they became stretcher-bearers to care for the wounded. By the 18th century, the British army had incorporated at least eight musicians within every regiment. The practice caught on across Western Europe and North America. Yes, music was used for signaling and commands. And, as much as it was for the troops, military music generated excitement for the citizenry during ceremonies and parades.

With all the advancements in instruments, with music entrenched in war activities, and with plenty of military activity following the War of 1812, the Civil War, and just making sure that no one was encroaching on any territories, there were plenty of retired military musicians - itching for a chance to continue playing. They formed fraternal organizations - brigades and regiments of skilled musicians. They played concerts as entertainment and in ceremonies for funerals, parades, the inauguration of a new ocean liner or railroad. Anything worthy of fanfare. An 1877 playlist included music by Verdi, biblical sonatas from Johann Kuhnau, operas by Auber, and of course marches by John Philips Sousa.

Fulton County Republican

Mar 22 1877 • Johnstown, Fulton, New York, USA



GRAND CONCERT.—The following programme will be presented for the entertainment of the public, by the Gloversville Cornet Band, this (Thursday) evening, at Mason Hall:

PART FIRST.

Overture—(Jolly Robbers). - - Suppe.
BAND.
Duett—(Holy Mother, Maritana) Wallace.
MISS ALLEN & MRS. BELLINGER.
Cornet Solo—(Hattie Polka). Barilla.
WM. E. BARRY.
Overture—(Poet and Peasant). Suppe.
PROF. WHITE AND ORCHESTRA.
Piano Solo—(A Romance). - - J. Asher.
MRS. ROSEBOOM.
Violin Solo. (De Beriot's fifth Violin Concerto). - DeBeriot.
PROF. C. T. WHITE.

PART SECOND.

Selection—(Masnadieri). - - Verdi.
BAND. (Baritone Obligato by Mr. A. Buchanan).
Male Quartette—(Select).—Under the direction of Mr. J. D. ALLEN.
Clarionet Solo—(De Beriot's Seventh Air).
MR. F. C. LEPPERT.
Trombone Solo—(From Robert Le Diable).
MR. A. BUCHANAN.
Overture—(Welcome). - - Catlin.
ORCHESTRA.
Trio—(Lucrezia Borgia). Donnizetti.
MR. & MRS. LEPPERT AND MR. ROSER.
Grand Finale Potpouri—(On Moody and Sankey Melodies). Arranged by Pettee.
BAND.

Doors open at 7 o'clock. Concert commences at eight.

We know that William Barry was an accomplished cornet player. In an article about Leonora penned by Eugene Debs, a quadrennial presidential candidate on the socialist ticket, he wrote that Barry was a musician and composer "of note and merit." One can't be that way without years of commitment. I decided to make the leap that William was indeed a musician in the military.

As to why Potsdam, here's my theory.

Potsdam, NY

Potsdam is a small town located on the southern side of The St. Lawrence Seaway in St. Lawrence County. It was named after the Prussian (now German) town of Potsdam, because of its rich deposits of sand stone. Following the American Revolution, politicians wanted this northern area of New York fortified against the Canadian loyalists. At the same time, the Governor of New York had a goal to facilitate education. The St. Lawrence Academy was founded to create programs through Normal Schools to teach teachers - including music teachers.

Normal Schools were the predecessor to the State University of New York system (SUNY). In 1861, the Northern New York Musical Association was formed to elevate the "musical taste, and the promotion of a more general cultivation of musical skill, especially in vocal music." Members, who weren't paid, performed two concerts a year. It's likely that these events created interested in tutoring - which the members were eager to do.

It's possible that the St. Lawrence Academy and the musical association were draws for William. Perhaps he moved to Potsdam in hopes of teaching music at the school - and still being near his Canadian home. It was in Potsdam that William met Leonora. They married in 1871.

He painted houses and worked as a musician - perhaps tutoring and playing in marching bands. With family nearby, I'm certain the couple would have liked to stay in the area. But similar to Canada, discrimination against Catholics was rampant in New York's North Country. It was still evident 70 years later. My Aunt Molly, a native of the adjacent town of Norwood, NY, received her teaching degree from D'Youville College in 1941. She taught business, which was highly sought out by schools. She told me: "I went to a Catholic college and never would have received a teaching contract in Norwood if I wasn't a business teacher."

Leonora and William's daughter Marion was born in 1873. The toe-head had her father's eyes and her mother's smile. The young family decided to leave Potsdam for Central New York – specifically the Mohawk Valley, where patrons of music were located. An abundance of waterways including the Erie Canal and construction of railroads made towns around Amsterdam, NY, a hub for both culture and industry.

Leonora and William's daughter Marion Frances, aged two or three, circa 1875. Photo courtesy Julie Whitney.

William found work as a house painter, and as a musician and composer for military bands. One of the bands was the

Gloversville Cornet band. The bands' benefactor was John Henry Starin, a U.S. House of Representatives member and a wealthy businessman. Starin owned a resort and was the largest individual owner of steamboats, barges, and tugboats in the United States. He used his bands to create fanfare for any reason.

The Mohawk Valley

This must have created quite the lifestyle for the Barrys. Throughout the summer months, weekends and evenings meant performances and picnics in parks, in parades, in ceremonies, and on steamships. Throughout the rest of the year, the band would strike up to play at benefits, ceremonies, even New Year's Eve. Of course, they played on the inaugural voyage of the steamship The John H. Starin. The voyage lasted three days and ran from New York Harbor to Nantucket, back to Philadelphia before returning to New York.

The Barry's second child, William (Willie) Standish, was born in February, 1877. That household must have been a joyful one filled with music. As the days grew warmer, and William was again playing concerts in parks, you could imagine Leonora and her children relaxing on a blanket watching William in his military uniform complete with cap and white gloves. The mustachioed William would have been quite handsome. Leonora wrote later that "love's young dream" had been realized.

William left the Gloversville band to join or possibly even lead the 18-piece Thirteenth Brigade Band in bustling Amsterdam. A "William Barry" is listed in the Amsterdam City directory as residing on Wall Street and being a house painter. The modest houses on Wall Street were near prominent carpet factories, and likely candidates for painting. Leonora could take her little ones to see their daddy play in the parades and concerts that took place throughout the city.

No doubt the Barry household was ecstatic when they learned that William's band would play along with the esteemed 38-piece Brown's Band of Boston (considered one of the best bands in the country), for the General Z. C. Priest Steamer Company's annual excursion to Congress Spring Park in Sarasota Springs. The park, with its mineral spring, was a mecca for anyone with health ailments.

That trip in August of 1879 was a crowning moment for William's professional career, and what dreams it must have inspired. But he would be retired before the next year's excursion.

Throughout the 19th century, tuberculosis (TB), also known as consumption, was rampant, particularly in close quarters. Spread through the air, there was no known cure until after 1882.

It's possible that William picked it up as a youngster on a crowded steamship or in an army barracks, and it remained latent. Latent TB could have been triggered by the lead and copper in the house paints, or by the exertion from playing horn. William started having difficulty breathing toward the end of 1879. Perhaps the excitement of the birth of his third child Charles Joseph in March, 1880, pushed him to move past his ailment. He no doubt was taking elixirs like Mrs. Warren's Family Syrup to help with the cough.

But unable to take deep breaths made playing impossible. Later stage TB is characterized by tremendous weight loss, difficulty breathing, and coughing up blood. In the 1880s census it was noted that William worked only two-thirds of the year. By February 1881, he was bedridden, and in April, after nearly a two-year battle, William Barry died. No doubt he would have been happy to be spared from watching his eldest child and only daughter Marion Francis die in August of spinal meningitis, likely caused by TB. In her bible, Leonora wrote "Mother's darlings gone to sleep."

There is nothing else about William. He lived a life of duty and obligation, that was peppered with a passion for creating joy with music. The tragedy of his death at such a young age is but a pause, though.

His even younger widow was forced to endure the grief of his death – and that of their daughter's a few months later – by herself. Her two sons were only four and one when she was forced into the labor market to earn a living – with no knowledge of business. Kindly neighbors watched her sons as she entered the workforce as a factory laborer. This suggests that the family had a standing in the community – and that the community was willing to rally around her.

I believe that if fate could have intervened, William would have said no. While he knew impending death would take a toll on Leonora, maybe he knew something else: that she was strong enough to rise. That the same qualities that drew him to her – her conviction, her mind, her fire – would carry her forward. In a few short years, Leonora would become a dominant force across the country to highlight workplace abuses.

William has been a mere footnote to Leonora. It wasn't he who changed the world – but his absence made space for someone who did. A kind of resurrection, not of him, but of her purpose.

It doesn't diminish her brilliance to suggest this: Maybe he wasn't her footnote. Maybe she is his.

More on Leonora Kearney Barry

I’ve been writing about Leonora for a full year now, and It felt important to me to write about William – even though so little was known about him. A special shout out to the Barry’s great, great, great granddaughter Julie Whitney, as well as to Betsy Kepes who has written about Leonora for the St. Lawrence County Historical Association, who introduced Julie and me.

In upcoming newsletters I’ll be looking at some of the other individuals who were in Leonora’s life.

Saluting Labor Leader Leonora Kearney Barry

Diane Burley

Read full story

My Emotional and Familial Connection to Labor Day

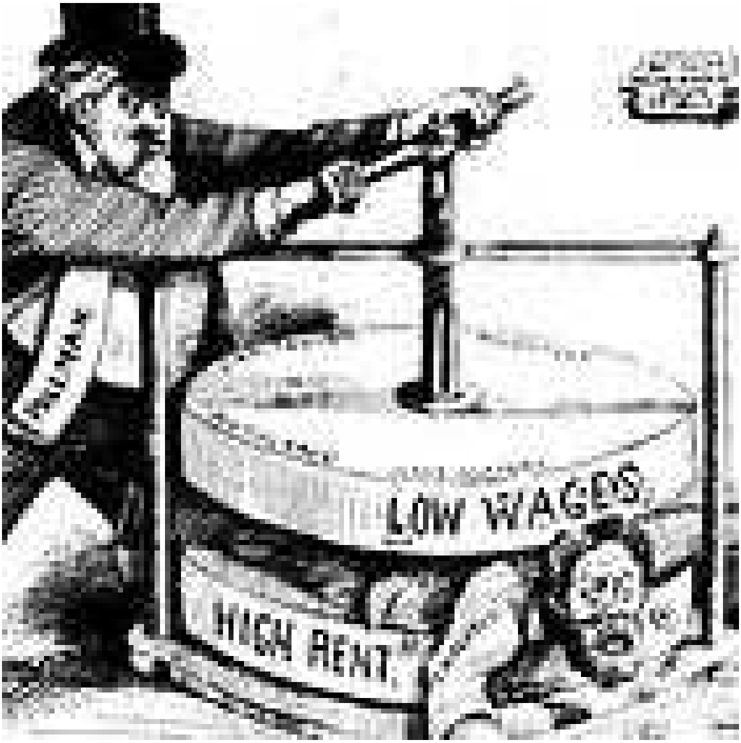
Diane Burley

Read full story

Strolling Through History With Aunt Molly

Diane Burley

Read full story


LOW WAGES
HIGH RENT

The Human Cost of Tariffs: Lessons From Labor in the Gilded Age

Diane Burley

Read full story

From Corsets to Spandex: The Fit for Political Movements

Diane Burley

* * *

About the Author

Diane Burley brings a storyteller's lens to family history, focusing on uncovering and reflecting on the lives of ancestors whose choices still echo today. Through her *Voices From My Past* series, she explores untold and often overlooked family stories, including figures such as labor organizer Leonora Kearney Barry, examining how their experiences illuminate themes of resilience, justice, and female strength. Diane approaches genealogy not as a collection of facts, but as a way to connect past and present, using narrative, context, and reflection to make ancestral lives meaningful and relevant in the modern world.

The Life of Thomas Waters 1829-1913 by Jennifer Jones

The Life of Thomas Waters 1829–1913

My 2x Great Grandfather

by **Jennifer Jones**

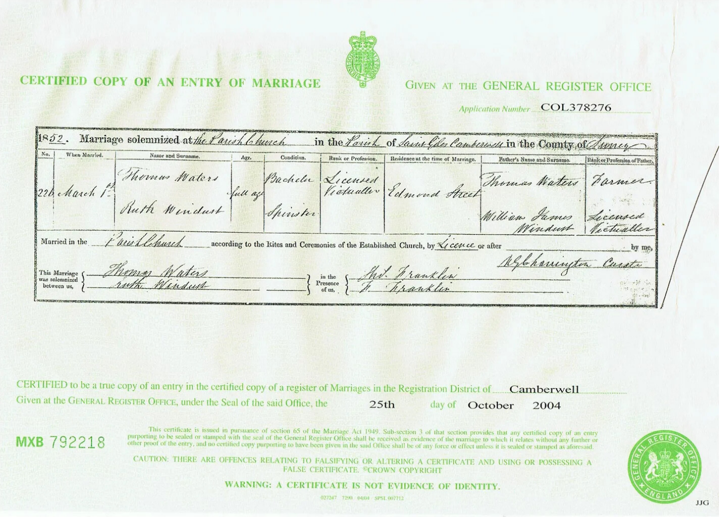
Originally published in Tracking Down The Family on May 05, 2025.

From Dunton, Bedfordshire to Victoria, Australia

The Waters family lived on the family farm, Newton Bury, just outside the village of Dunton, Bedfordshire, England. Raised on the family farm, Thomas WATERS was the son of Thomas WATERS Snr and Ann IZZARD. At the age of 11, the 1841 census records him living with his parents and siblings at Newton Bury Farm.[1]

In his early twenties, after years of working on the family farm, Thomas went into the hotel industry, taking over the license of 'The Castle' public house, on Kent Street, London, in January 1851. The 1851 census lists him as the licensee, residing there with his brother William, a visitor, and two servants.2

On 1 March 1852, Thomas married Ruth WINDUST at St. Giles Parish Church in Camberwell, Surrey.3



CERTIFIED COPY OF AN ENTRY OF MARRIAGE

GIVEN AT THE GENERAL REGISTER OFFICE

Application Number COL378276

1852. Marriage solemnized at the Parish Church in the Parish of Saint Giles Camberwell in the County of Surrey

No.	When Married.	Name and Surname.	Age.	Condition.	Rank or Profession.	Residence at the time of Marriage.	Father's Name and Surname.	Rank or Profession of Father.
226	March 1st	Thomas Waters	full age	Bachelor	Licensed Victualler	Edmond Street	Thomas Waters	Farmer
		Ruth Windust		Spinster			William James Windust	Licensed Victualler

Married in the Parish Church according to the Rites and Ceremonies of the Established Church, by Licence or after ________ by me,

R G Charrington Curate

This Marriage was solemnized between us, Thomas Waters, Ruth Windust

in the Presence of us, Jno. Franklin, F. Franklin

CERTIFIED to be a true copy of an entry in the certified copy of a register of Marriages in the Registration District of Camberwell

Given at the GENERAL REGISTER OFFICE, under the Seal of the said Office, the 25th day of October 2004

MXB 792218

This certificate is issued in pursuance of section 65 of the Marriage Act 1949. Sub-section 3 of that section provides that any certified copy of an entry purporting to be sealed or stamped with the seal of the General Register Office shall be received as evidence of the marriage to which it relates without any further or other proof of the entry, and no certified copy purporting to have been given in the said Office shall be of any force or effect unless it is sealed or stamped as aforesaid.

CAUTION: THERE ARE OFFENCES RELATING TO FALSIFYING OR ALTERING A CERTIFICATE AND USING OR POSSESSING A FALSE CERTIFICATE. ©CROWN COPYRIGHT

WARNING: A CERTIFICATE IS NOT EVIDENCE OF IDENTITY.

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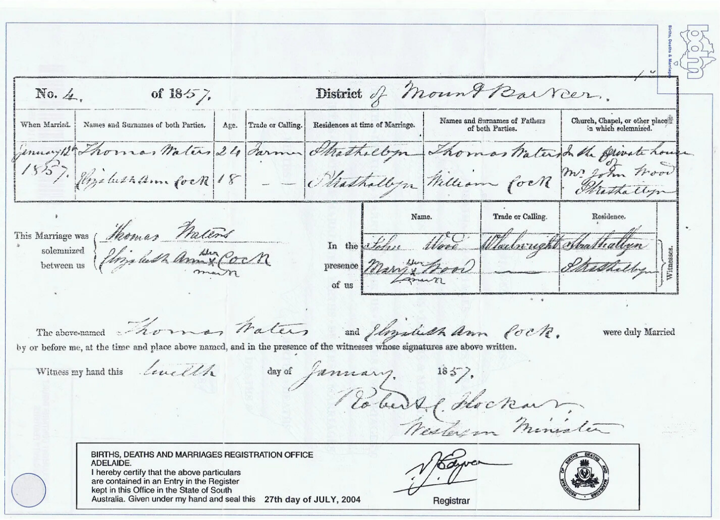
JJG

Shortly after his marriage, Thomas relinquished his public house license in July 1852. By mid-1852, news of the Victorian gold rush was spreading like wildfire, across Britain. The discovery of gold in Australia, in 1851 had sparked a mass migration to Australia. Dreams of possible wealth lured thousands to the southern colonies.

In October 1852, Thomas embarked alone on a journey to Australia aboard the SS Coldstream, arriving in Port Phillip, Melbourne.4 Ruth never travelled to Australia, but in the years after Thomas left England, she was living with her parents. Ruth never remarried, and sadly, later in her life, Ruth was in the poorhouse.

By 1856, Thomas had settled in Strathalbyn, South Australia, working as a bailiff. While living at Strathalbyn, he married Elizabeth Ann COCK on 12 January 1857 at the home of John Wood in Mount Barker, South Australia.5 Elizabeth, born in 1839 in Luxulyan, Cornwall, had emigrated to Australia with her parents,between 1851 and 1856.



No. 4. **of** 1857. **District** of Mount Barker.

When Married.	Names and Surnames of both Parties.	Age.	Trade or Calling.	Residences at time of Marriage.	Names and Surnames of Fathers of both Parties.	Church, Chapel, or other place in which solemnized.
January 12th 1857.	Thomas Waters	24	Farmer	Strathalbyn	Thomas Waters	In the private house of Mr. John Wood Strathalbyn
	Elizabeth Ann Cock	18	— —	Strathalbyn	William Cock	

This Marriage was solemnized between us: Thomas Waters; Elizabeth Ann her x Cock mark

In the presence of us (Witnesses):

Name.	Trade or Calling.	Residence.
John Wood	Wheelwright	Strathalbyn
Mary her x Wood mark	—	Strathalbyn

The above-named Thomas Waters and Elizabeth Ann Cock. were duly Married by or before me, at the time and place above named, and in the presence of the witnesses whose signatures are above written.

Witness my hand this twelfth day of January 1857.

Robert C. Hockan
Wesleyan Minister

BIRTHS, DEATHS AND MARRIAGES REGISTRATION OFFICE
ADELAIDE.
I hereby certify that the above particulars are contained in an Entry in the Register kept in this Office in the State of South Australia. Given under my hand and seal this 27th day of JULY, 2004

Registrar

The couple welcomed their first son, Thomas William, on 24

September 1857[6] in Strathalbyn, South Australia.

Death of Second Son[7]

During the 1850s, at the time of the goldrush, Australia was looked on as a place of promise. For Thomas, as he was trying to start a new life, in a what was a very harsh land at the time, the reality would prove crueler than he ever could have imagined.

After settling for a time in South Australia, Thomas found work as a bailiff and built a modest life with his second wife, Elizabeth Ann Cock. Their first child, Thomas William, was born in 1857. Their second son, George Burton Waters, arrived in June 1859. By 1860, the family made the decision to move to Melbourne, probably to seek better opportunities, and fresh prospects near the Victorian goldfields. But tragedy was soon to follow him.

In a heart wrenching letter, written to his family in Bedfordshire, Thomas told of events that led to the death of his baby son at just nine months old. His words, capture the despair he must have been feeling:

> “When I had made up my mind to go to Melbourne, I was going with another married couple, that were fellow servants of mine on a station. It was settled they should sail from Adelaide a week before me, as I could not leave the Court business for a few days…”

The plan was simple. Elizabeth would travel ahead to Melbourne with their friends, while Thomas would follow shortly after. But their plans didn’t work out as they intended. Thomas was delayed due to work, and the boat he intended to catch had already departed by the time he reached Adelaide. This delayed him by a week, as he waited for the next boat to arrive.

> "…the family that went to Melbourne with my wife proceeded to Inglewood diggings, and left my wife in Melbourne, for us to follow after them when I arrived."

By the time Thomas arrived in Melbourne, his world was already collapsing. He found Elizabeth waiting for him, at the railway station, with their youngest son, seriously ill in her arms.

> "She had that day paid the last of her money to the Doctor for advice… The Doctor took every farthing from me trying to save the child but all to no avail. The child died…"

Alone in a strange city, surrounded by strangers and swallowed by grief, Thomas was left not only with no connections or support, but also without money to bury his son.

> "I was left… Got the child buried without money or friend… obliged to give the Doctor a promissory note for £2 for a certificate of his death before I could get it buried… I managed at last, in a government grave at the Melbourne Cemetery in a pauper's grave.

Not to be deterred. Thomas continued on.

> "In a strange country, strange people, and no money and no work to be got of any kind… with hard struggling, I managed to get as far as Kyneton..…. I walked that in one day, and a person paid my wife's

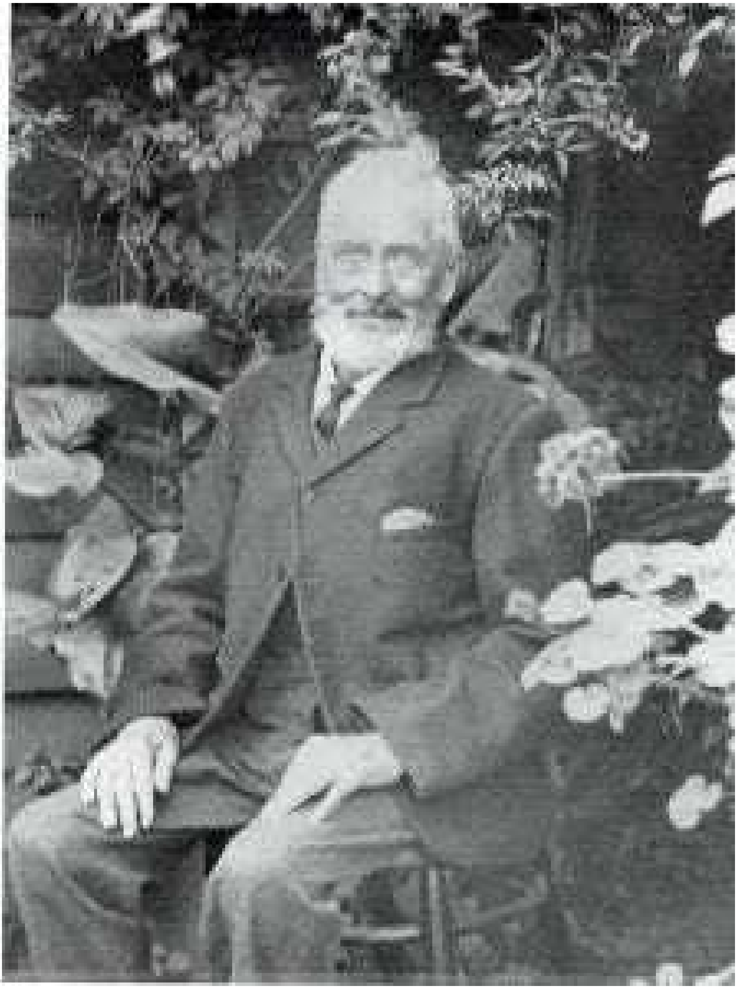
> fare to go by coach. I have remained in Kyneton ever since."

The 60-mile walk from Melbourne to Kyneton, by horse and cart, through bushland, would have been long and difficult. I can only imagine the heartache and sadness Thomas must have been feeling, alone and grieving, during that journey. He also would have been very worried about his wife.

A New Life in Kyneton

Thomas began to rebuild. He found work, and despite the challenges, started a new life, in Kyneton where he brought up his large family. Elizabeth and Thomas had 12 children, 6 boys and 6 girls. All children except for one boy, lived to adult hood, which is quite unusual for the times. After all the challenges he faced while seeking a fresh start in a new country, I would say he succeeded in giving his children a good life.

While bringing up the children, Thomas confronted many challenges. On 18 November 1864, he suffered quite a serious accident. While taking a break from work, he was walking past a quarry, where blasting powder was set off. He sustained injuries, that resulted in the loss of sight in his right eye, and an injury to his left hand, that never healed.



This photo was taken after the dynamite accident. Looking carefully, the injury to his left hand can be seen

Thomas was hospitalised until 30 December 1864. Just months later, in June 1865,[8] a devastation house fire destroyed the family's possessions. Up until that time, Thomas had been doing labouring work, but the injuries meant that he returned to book keeping. Once again, Thomas secured employment with a solicitor, George Booker, copying legal documents. He also worked for himself as a Commission Agent.

> 26 August 1871: Advertisement in 'Kyneton Observer'[9]
>
> THOMAS WATERS
> COMMISSION AGENT
> Rent and Debts collected
> Distress for Rents and Appraisements Made
> Mining Shares bought and Sold
> Money Lent on Freehold Security
> *Office: Opposite Court House*
> Hutton Street
> Kyneton

In December of that year, he received a £100 legacy, from his father's will. He used this money to purchase land and a small house.

Thomas Waters - The Farmer

Sometime between 1873 and 1876, Thomas and family moved to Rochester. On today's modern roads, Rochester is about 60km from Kyneton. Thomas leased a section of land which he later purchased.

So, it seems that there was improvement in Thomas' life circumstances, though I'm sure his life was a life of hard work until the end.

> "In his will the land was described as 1 rood 20 perches of freehold land situated at Rochester, County of Rodney, and on which is situated one four roomed weatherboard house."

Death

Thomas Waters passed away on 28 June 1913, in Rochester, Victoria, at the age of 83. When the family moved to Rochester, he had started farming which he continued until shortly before his death.

His life was very harsh, and at times, he struggled, especially in the early days, to give his family the life he hoped for. However, I'm sure his story mirrors that of many pioneers who came to Australia during the gold rush, hoping to make their fortune and start their lives over.

At the time of his death Thomas' children had given him 54 grandchildren.

Thomas was buried at Rochester Cemetery, in an unmarked grave.

Obituary[10]

> From: The Rochester Express, Tuesday, July 1, 1913'
>
> On Saturday morning, at his residence, Rochester East, Mr. Thomas Waters died, in the 84th year of his age. Deceased had lived in Rochester for about 40 years, but of late, old age and a break up of his system had confined him to his room. The funeral took place yesterday. The Rev. G.R. Rogers, officiating at the grave. Messrs. Humphries Bros. conducted the funeral.

Links to the transcriptions of letters that Thomas Waters wrote home to his family:

- Letter to Bedfordshire #1 May 1862
- Letter to Bedfordshire #2 August 1862
- Letter to Bedfordshire #3 17 May 1863
- Letter to Bedfordshire #4 23 May 1863
- Letter to Bedfordshire #5 23 May 1864
- Letter to Bedfordshire #6 23 March 1865
- Letter to Bedfordshire #7 23 December 1865
- Letter to Bedfordshire #8 09 October 1871

Tracking Down the Family
trackingdownthefamily.substack.com

[1] CENSUS 1841: Class: *HO107*; Piece: *2*; Book: *14*; Civil Parish: *Dunton*; County: *Bedfordshire*; Enumeration District: *15b*; Folio: *3*; Page: *2*; Line: *9*; GSU roll: *241190* Ancestry.com. *1841 England Census* [database on-line]. Provo, UT, USA: Ancestry.com Operations, Inc, 2010.

[2] Newington Court mins PS.NEW/1/7. (Note: Kent Street later became Tabard Street)

[3]

MARRIAGE: Thomas WATERS married Ruth WINDUST on 01 March1852 at Camberwell, Surrey, England. Reg No: 226/1852. Accessed GRO, England on 25 October 2004.

4

PROV, Inward Unassisted Passenger List VPRS 947/P0000, Oct - Nov 1852 Public Records of Victoria

5

BIRTH: South Australia, Births Deaths & Marriages, Marriage Certificate, Mt. Barker,

Reg No: 4/1857, Births Deaths & Marriages, South Australia

6

BIRTH: Victorian Births Deaths & Marriages, Birth Certificate Reg. No: 1353/1857, Births Deaths & Marriages, Victoria

7

DEATH: Victorian Births Deaths & Marriages, Death Certificate Reg. No: 749 Births Deaths & Marriages, Victoria

8

DESTRUCTIVE FIRE AT KYNETON. (1865, June 17). Leader (Melbourne, Vic. : 1862 – 1918, 1935), p. 5. Retrieved March 18, 2021, from http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-article197034473

9

Advertising" *The Kyneton Observer (Vic. : 1856 - 1900)* 26 August 1871: 1. Web. 12 Apr 2025 <http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-article240910009>.

10

OBITUARY, The Rochester Express Victoria, 01 July 1913, page 2, State Library of Victoria microfilm. Retrieved March 30, 2021

The image at top of this post is the welcome sign at Dunton, Bedfordshire, England.

* * *

About the Author

Jennifer Jones is a family historian who writes *Tracking Down The Family*, a newsletter devoted to uncovering the stories of ordinary people who lived extraordinary lives. With more than twelve years of experience in family history blogging, Jennifer shares regular updates from her ongoing research, including new discoveries, reflections, and the kinds of details that bring ancestors' lives into focus. Her writing is grounded in curiosity, persistence, and a love of connection, inviting readers to see echoes of their own family stories while engaging in conversation with others who share an interest in genealogy.

Finding the Lost Daughter: The Search for Letitia Plunkett by Kirsten M. Max-Douglas

Finding the Lost Daughter: The Search for Letitia Plunkett

by Kirsten M. Max-Douglas

Originally published in Our Growing Family Tree on October 6, 2025.

Every genealogist has at least one. That ancestor who appears in a few records, gives you just enough information to know they existed, and then seemingly vanishes into thin air. For me, that person was Letitia B. Plunkett—my great-great-grandfather Peter Plunkett's youngest daughter.

For the longest time, I had her in just a handful of census records. A few snapshots of a life: 1892, 1900, 1905, 1910. And then… nothing. She was gone. Or so I thought.

This is the story of how I found Letitia—and more importantly, what you should do when someone on your family tree seems to have disappeared.

Start With What You Know

The first rule of genealogical research is deceptively simple: start with what you know. It sounds obvious, but when you're staring at a brick wall, it's easy to forget this fundamental principle.

Here's what I knew about Letitia B. Plunkett:

- Full name: Letitia B. Plunkett (the "B" was, and still is, a mystery)
- Birth: About October 1884 in New York
- Father: Peter Plunkett, Irish immigrant and paper manufacturer (see "From Scraps to Success: Peter Plunkett's Paper Business")
- Mother: Anna (Smith) Plunkett, Peter's second wife
- Siblings: Ten older half-siblings from Peter's first marriage, including my great-grandmother Mary (Plunkett) Dowling

Peter's Last Will and Testament, subscribed on June 24, 1903, listed Letitia among his children, confirming her place in the family.[1] That's not much to go on, but it's a starting point. And sometimes, that's all you need.

The Census Trail: Following the Breadcrumbs

The 1892 New York State Census showed seven-year-old "Lettie" Plunkett living with her father Peter and mother Ann at 418 Van Brunt Street in Brooklyn's Ward 12.[2] She attended school and lived in the household that included several of her older half-siblings.

In May 1899, at just fourteen years old, Letitia graduated from Visitation School.[3] The Brooklyn Citizen listed her among the graduates at the commencement exercises held at Visitation Hall, attached to the Church of the Visitation on Richard and Verona streets. This Catholic girls' school provided her with a solid education that would shape her future.

By 1900, fifteen-year-old Letitia appeared in the federal census at the same Van Brunt Street address.[4] The enumerator recorded her birth month as October 1884. She attended school, could read and write, and spoke English. Her father Peter, now 70 years old, still worked as a paper manufacturer—the business he'd built from nothing after arriving from Ireland decades earlier.

The 1905 New York State Census provided the last glimpse I had of Letitia in her father's household.[5] At eighteen, she still lived at home. The census taker mistakenly recorded her relationship as "son" instead of "daughter," but the age and name matched.

But there was one more clue hiding in plain sight that I'd discover later: a 1904 newspaper article in The Brooklyn Daily Times titled "Eligible List Increased" reported that Letitia B. Plunkett had been granted temporary license No. 1 and was eligible to teach in the elementary schools of the City of New York.[6] At just nineteen years old, she'd achieved something significant—but I wouldn't understand the importance of this detail until much later.

The 1910 census showed Letty Plunkett living at 330 East 4th Street with her siblings James, Stephen, and Margaret.[7] Her father Peter had died in 1903, her mother, Anna, in 1909, and some of the adult Plunkett children were maintaining a household together.

And then she vanished from the Plunkett name.

The Brick Wall Years

The search for Letitia after 1910 consumed considerable time. Every name variation failed to produce results. Death records from the era turned up nothing—not even evidence of an early death like so many young women faced. Immigration records, searched on the theory she'd married and moved abroad, yielded no answers.

Nothing.

She wasn't in any Brooklyn city directories under "Plunkett" after 1910. She seemed to have simply disappeared.

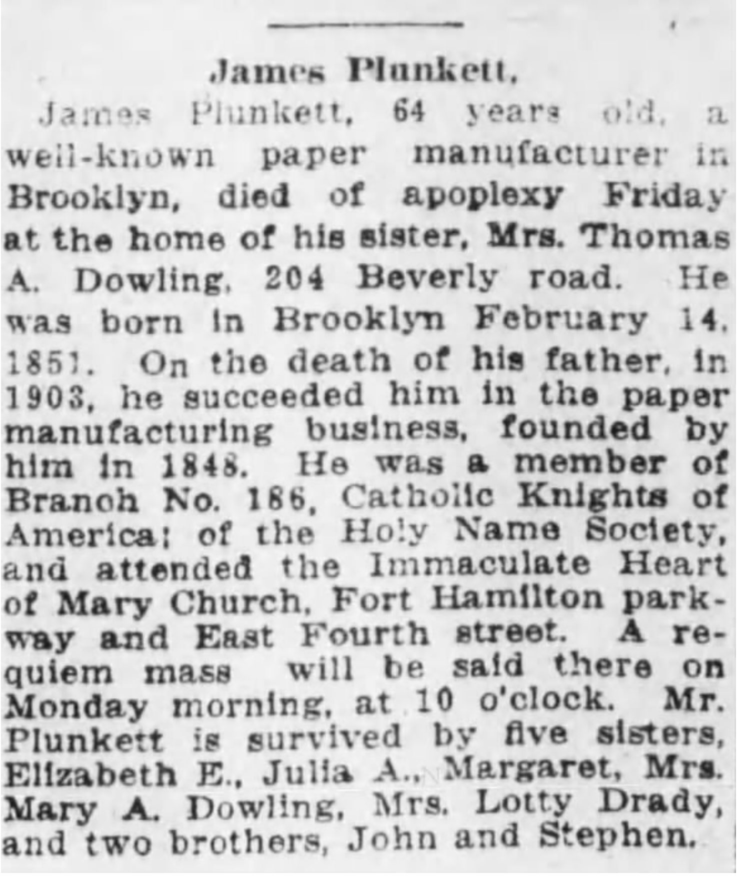
But disappearances have explanations. Marriage brings new surnames. Relocations sever old connections. Name changes erase paper trails. Letitia's vanishing act had all three.

The First Breakthrough: A Name in an Obituary

The key to finding disappeared ancestors often lies in thinking about major life events. For young women in the early 1900s, marriage was one of the most common reasons to "disappear" from the family surname. But how do you find a marriage record when you don't know the married name?

Sometimes the answer comes from researching other family members.

In June 1915, Letitia's half-brother James Plunkett died. When I found his obituary in the Brooklyn Eagle, I carefully read through the list of surviving siblings. There, among the sisters, was "Mrs. Lotty Drady"—listed right alongside her sister Mary with her married name of Dowling.



James Plunkett.

James Plunkett, 64 years old, a well-known paper manufacturer in Brooklyn, died of apoplexy Friday at the home of his sister, Mrs. Thomas A. Dowling, 204 Beverly road. He was born in Brooklyn February 14, 1851. On the death of his father, in 1903, he succeeded him in the paper manufacturing business, founded by him in 1848. He was a member of Branch No. 186, Catholic Knights of America; of the Holy Name Society, and attended the Immaculate Heart of Mary Church, Fort Hamilton parkway and East Fourth street. A requiem mass will be said there on Monday morning, at 10 o'clock. Mr. Plunkett is survived by five sisters, Elizabeth E., Julia A., Margaret, Mrs. Mary A. Dowling, Mrs. Lotty Drady, and two brothers, John and Stephen.

James Plunkett, Obituary – 1915[8]

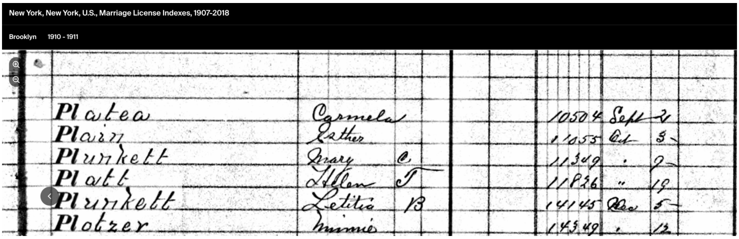
Could "Mrs. Lotty Drady" be Letitia? The nickname "Lotty" could easily be a variation of "Letitia" or "Lettie." And there she was, hidden in plain sight in her brother's obituary.

This small detail gave me the crucial piece of information I needed: a surname to search.

Following the Lead: The Marriage Record

Armed with the surname "Drady" (or possibly "Draddy"), I searched for marriage records in Brooklyn for women named Letitia or Lettie Plunkett. And there she was:

A marriage license issued on December 5, 1911, in Brooklyn for Letitia B. Plunkett.



New York, New York, U.S., Marriage License Indexes, 1907-2018

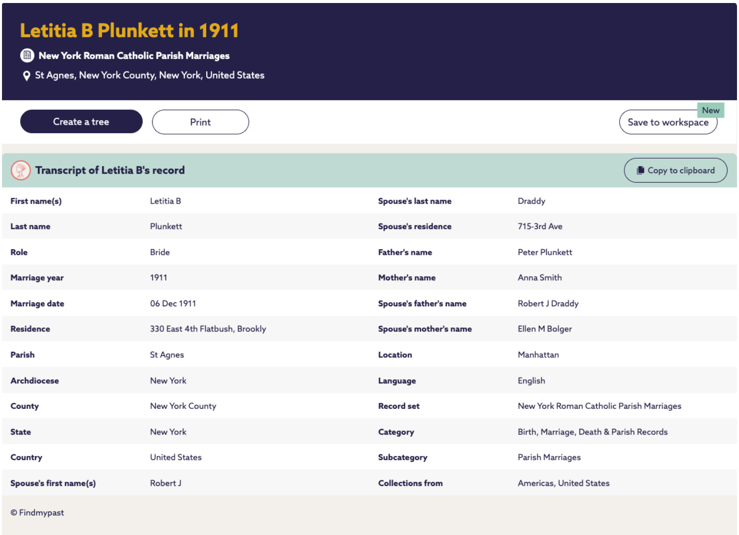
Brooklyn 1910 - 1911

Platea	Carmela		10504	Sept	2
Plain	Esther		11055	Oct	3
Plunkett	Mary	C	11349	"	9
Platt	Helen	T	11826	"	19
Plunkett	Letitia	B	14145	Dec	5
Plotzer	Minnie		14349	"	12

Marriage License issued to Letitia B. Plunkett on 5 Dec 1911[9]

I found her! Now… who did she marry?

A search on FindMyPast led to a transcript of Letitia's marriage record. This record confirmed her mother was Anna Smith and her father Peter Plunkett, and that her spouse was Robert J. Draddy. The couple married at St. Agnes Church in Manhattan on December 6, 1911.[10]



Letitia B Plunkett in 1911

New York Roman Catholic Parish Marriages

St Agnes, New York County, New York, United States

Transcript of Letitia B's record

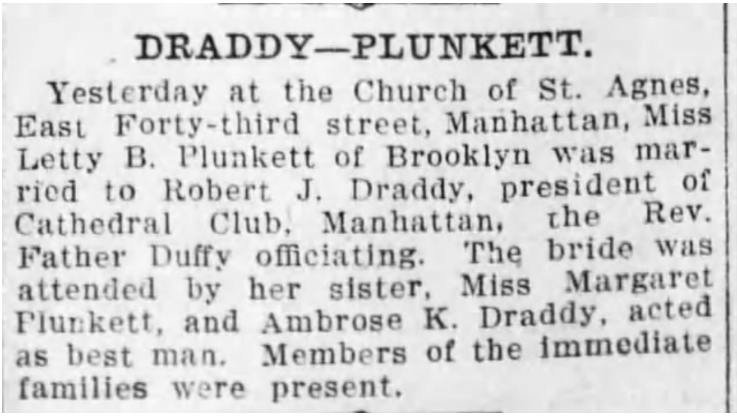
First name(s)	Letitia B	**Spouse's last name**	Draddy
Last name	Plunkett	**Spouse's residence**	715-3rd Ave
Role	Bride	**Father's name**	Peter Plunkett
Marriage year	1911	**Mother's name**	Anna Smith
Marriage date	06 Dec 1911	**Spouse's father's name**	Robert J Draddy
Residence	330 East 4th Flatbush, Brookly	**Spouse's mother's name**	Ellen M Bolger
Parish	St Agnes	**Location**	Manhattan
Archdiocese	New York	**Language**	English
County	New York County	**Record set**	New York Roman Catholic Parish Marriages
State	New York	**Category**	Birth, Marriage, Death & Parish Records
Country	United States	**Subcategory**	Parish Marriages
Spouse's first name(s)	Robert J	**Collections from**	Americas, United States

© Findmypast

Transcript of record from St. Agnes Church, New York County, New York.[10]

Letitia had been living at 330 East 4th Street in Flatbush, Brooklyn—the same address where I'd found her with her siblings in the 1910 census. Robert lived at 715 Third Avenue.

The Brooklyn Eagle announced the marriage with a brief notice, giving me another confirmation.[11]



DRADDY—PLUNKETT.

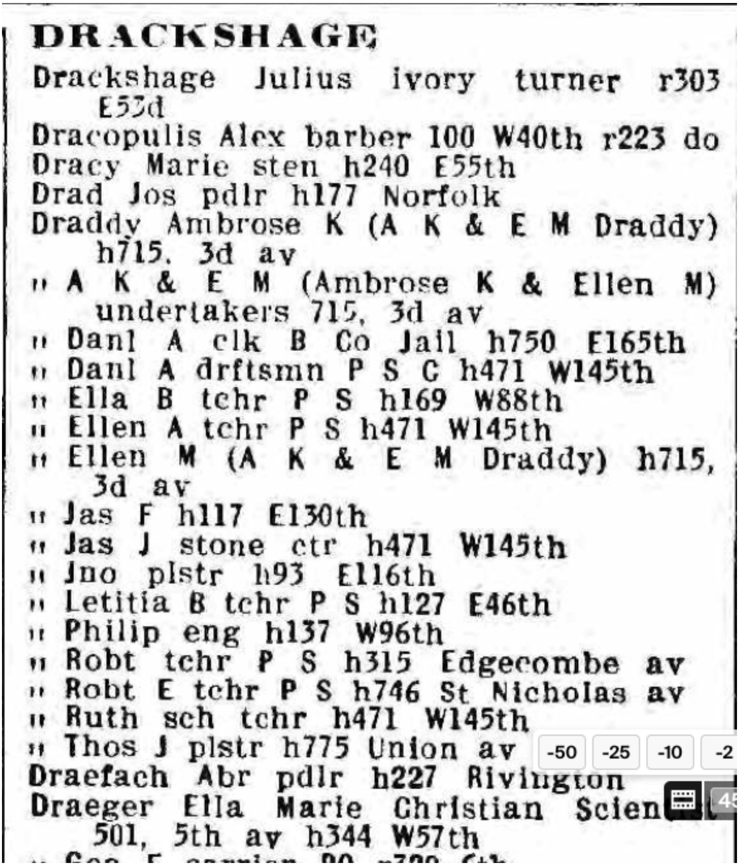
Yesterday at the Church of St. Agnes, East Forty-third street, Manhattan, Miss Letty B. Plunkett of Brooklyn was married to Robert J. Draddy, president of Cathedral Club, Manhattan, the Rev. Father Duffy officiating. The bride was attended by her sister, Miss Margaret Plunkett, and Ambrose K. Draddy, acted as best man. Members of the immediate families were present.

Draddy-Plunkett Wedding Announcement.[11]

Following the New Trail

Armed with Letitia's married name—Draddy—I could now track her through the next phase of her life.

The 1916 New York City Directory listed "Letitta B. Draddy" as a teacher living at 27 East 46th Street in Manhattan.[12] She'd gone from student to educator, following a common path for educated women of her generation—and now I understood why that 1904 teaching license had been so significant.



DRACKSHAGE

Drackshage Julius ivory turner r303 E53d
Dracopulis Alex barber 100 W40th r223 do
Dracy Marie sten h240 E55th
Drad Jos pdlr h177 Norfolk
Draddy Ambrose K (A K & E M Draddy) h715, 3d av
" A K & E M (Ambrose K & Ellen M) undertakers 715, 3d av
" Danl A clk B Co Jail h750 E165th
" Danl A drftsmn P S C h471 W145th
" Ella B tchr P S h169 W88th
" Ellen A tchr P S h471 W145th
" Ellen M (A K & E M Draddy) h715, 3d av
" Jas F h117 E130th
" Jas J stone ctr h471 W145th
" Jno plstr h93 E116th
" Letitia B tchr P S h127 E46th
" Philip eng h137 W96th
" Robt tchr P S h315 Edgecombe av
" Robt E tchr P S h746 St Nicholas av
" Ruth sch tchr h471 W145th
" Thos J plstr h775 Union av
Draefach Abr pdlr h227 Rivington
Draeger Ella Marie Christian Scien
501, 5th av h344 W57th

Trow's City Directory, 1916 – entry for Letitia B. Draddy, teacher.[12]

But here's where it gets interesting. Somewhere between 1916 and 1920, Letitia's life took another turn. The marriage to Robert Draddy apparently ended—I haven't found death or divorce records yet, but the evidence suggests it—because I couldn't find her in the 1920 census under the Draddy surname.

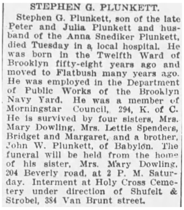
And if you notice in the clipping above, Robert J. Draddy does not appear in the city directory either.

Once again, I'd hit a wall.

The Second Breakthrough: Another Obituary Clue (or should I say, a FEW obituaries and clues)

Just as James's obituary had revealed Letitia's first married name, another sibling's death would unlock the next chapter of her story.

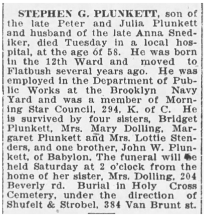
In April 1927, Letitia's half-brother Stephen G. Plunkett died. I found FIVE different death notices or obituaries for Stephen!



STEPHEN G. PLUNKETT.

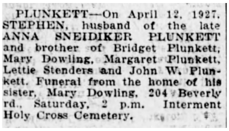
Stephen G. Plunkett, son of the late Peter and Julia Plunkett and husband of the Anna Snediker Plunkett, died Tuesday in a local hospital. He was born in the Twelfth Ward of Brooklyn fifty-eight years ago and moved to Flatbush many years ago. He was employed in the Department of Public Works of the Brooklyn Navy Yard. He was a member of Morningstar Council, 294, K. of C. He is survived by four sisters, Mrs. Mary Dowling, Mrs. Lettie Spenders, Bridget and Margaret, and a brother, John W. Plunkett, of Babylon. The funeral will be held from the home of his sister, Mrs. Mary Dowling, 204 Beverly road, at 2 P. M. Saturday. Interment at Holy Cross Cemetery under direction of Shufelt & Strobel, 384 Van Brunt street.

Stephen G. Plunkett Obituary
The Times Union
April 14, 1927 p. 10



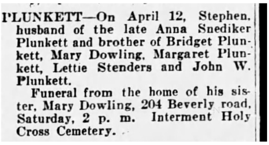
STEPHEN G. PLUNKETT, son of the late Peter and Julia Plunkett and husband of the late Anna Snediker, died Tuesday in a local hospital, at the age of 58. He was born in the 12th Ward and moved to Flatbush several years ago. He was employed in the Department of Public Works at the Brooklyn Navy Yard and was a member of Morning Star Council, 294, K. of C. He is survived by four sisters, Bridget Plunkett, Mrs. Mary Dolling, Margaret Plunkett and Mrs. Lottie Stenders, and one brother, John W. Plunkett, of Babylon. The funeral will be held Saturday at 2 o'clock from the home of her sister, Mrs. Dolling, 204 Beverly rd. Burial in Holy Cross Cemetery, under the direction of Shufelt & Strobel, 384 Van Brunt st.

Stephen G. Plunkett Obituary
The Brooklyn Daily Times
April 14, 1927 p. 70



PLUNKETT—On April 12, 1927, STEPHEN, husband of the late ANNA SNEIDIKER PLUNKETT and brother of Bridget Plunkett, Mary Dowling, Margaret Plunkett, Lettie Stenders and John W. Plunkett. Funeral from the home of his sister, Mary Dowling, 204 Beverly rd., Saturday, 2 p.m. Interment Holy Cross Cemetery.

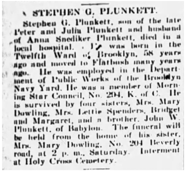
Stephen G. Plunkett Obituary
The Brooklyn Eagle
April 14, 1927 p. 22



PLUNKETT—On April 12, Stephen, husband of the late Anna Snediker Plunkett and brother of Bridget Plunkett, Mary Dowling, Margaret Plunkett, Lettie Stenders and John W. Plunkett.

Funeral from the home of his sister, Mary Dowling, 204 Beverly road, Saturday, 2 p. m. Interment Holy Cross Cemetery.

Stephen G. Plunkett Death Notice
The Brooklyn Citizen
April 15, 1927 p. 14



STEPHEN G. PLUNKETT.

Stephen G. Plunkett, son of the late Peter and Julia Plunkett and husband of Anna Snediker Plunkett, died in a local hospital. He was born in the Twelfth Ward of Brooklyn, 58 years ago and moved to Flatbush many years ago. He was employed in the Department of Public Works of the Brooklyn Navy Yard. He was a member of Morning Star Council, No. 294, K. of C. He is survived by four sisters, Mrs. Mary Dowling, Mrs. Lettie Spenders, Bridget and Margaret, and a brother, John W. Plunkett, of Babylon. The funeral will be held from the home of his sister, Mrs. Mary Dowling, No. 204 Beverly road, at 2 p. m., Saturday. Interment at Holy Cross Cemetery.

Stephen G. Plunkett Obituary
The Brooklyn Citizen
April 15, 1927 p. 7

Newspaper

Siblings of Stephen G. Plunkett

The Times Union[13]

Mrs. Mary Dowling, Mrs. Lettie Spenders, Bridget and Margaret [Plunkett], sisters. John W. Plunkett, brother

The Brooklyn Daily Times[14]

Bridget Plunkett, Mrs. Mary Dolling, Margaret Plunkett, Mrs. Lottie Stenders, sisters. John W. Plunkett, brother

The Brooklyn Eagle[15]

Bridget Plunkett, Mary Dowling, Margaret Plunkett, Lettie Stenders, sisters. John W. Plunkett, brother.

The Brooklyn Citizen (death notice)[16]

Bridget Plunkett, Mary Dowling, Margaret Plunkett, Lettie Stenders, sisters. John W. Plunkett, brother.

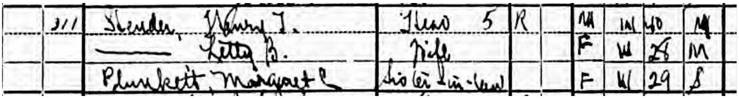
The Brooklyn Citizen (obituary)[17]

Mrs. Mary Dowling, Mrs. Lettie Spenders, Bridget and Margaret [Plunkett], sisters. John W. Plunkett, brother

There she was again! The same nicknames “Lottie” and “Lettie”, but now with a different surname: Stenders or Spenders. This had to be Letitia with yet another married name.

Armed with this new surname, I could finally search for her in the 1920 census and beyond.

The 1920 census showed “Letty B. Slender” (which the indexer transcribed as “Stender”—and they were right) married to Henry T. Slender, living on West 141st Street in Manhattan. Born about 1892 according to this census (which conflicts with her known birth year of 1884, a common census error), she’d been living with Henry at this address. Her sister, Margaret Plunkett, was also living with the couple, confirming that this is the correct Letitia.

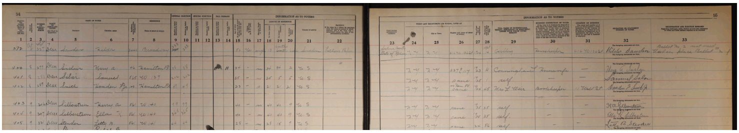


	311	Stender, Henry T.	Head	5	R	M	W	40	M
		——— Letty B.	Wife			F	W	28	M
		Plunkett, Margaret L	Sister-in-law			F	W	29	S

U.S. 1920 census entry for Letty B. Stender[18]

A Life Under Different Names

Voter registration records from 1926 confirmed "Letty B. Stender" living at 561 West 141st Street.



Manhattan, New York, Voter Register, 1926; entry for Letty B. Stender[19]

The 1930, 1940, and 1950 censuses all show Letty Stender in Manhattan, living with Henry and Margaret.[20] [21] [22]

Letitia B. Plunkett, who had "disappeared" after 1910, had actually been living her entire adult life in New York City, just under different surnames. She died on April 30, 1956, at age 69, and was buried in Calvary Cemetery in Queens.[23]

Lessons for Finding Your Own Disappeared Ancestors

Letitia's story teaches several crucial lessons for genealogical research:

1. Start with what you know. Even if you only have a name, birth year, and parents' names, that's enough to begin searching.
2. Think about life events. Marriage is the most common reason women "disappear" from family trees. For men, consider occupation changes, military service, or westward migration.
3. Research the siblings. When you can't find your ancestor, search for their brothers and sisters. Obituaries listing surviving family members can reveal married names you'd never find otherwise.
4. Read obituaries carefully. Don't just look for your direct ancestor—read every name listed. Those "Mrs. Lotty Drady" and "Mrs. Lottie Stenders" references were the keys to unlocking Letitia's entire adult life.
5. Search multiple name variations. Letitia went by Lettie, Letitia, Lotty, and Letty. The middle initial "B" appeared inconsistently. Be flexible.
6. Don't trust ages in census records blindly. Letitia's age varied by several years across different records. Focus on other identifying information like family members, addresses, and birthplaces.
7. Use multiple record types. Census records alone wouldn't have found Letitia after 1910. Marriage records, city directories, voter registrations, newspaper announcements, and sibling obituaries all played crucial roles.
8. Follow the geography. Letitia stayed in New York City her entire life, just moving between Brooklyn and Manhattan. People often remained in familiar areas even after major life

changes.

9. Check for multiple marriages. Letitia married at least twice, creating three different surnames to search: Plunkett, Draddy, and Stender. Women who lost spouses or divorced often remarried.

10. Be patient and systematic. It took a few weeks of research to piece together Letitia's story. Each small discovery—a teaching license here, an obituary mention there—gradually built the complete picture.

The Bigger Picture

Finding Letitia didn't just add one more person to my family tree. It revealed a woman who transformed herself from the youngest daughter of a paper manufacturer into an educated teacher who built a life independent of her large, extended Irish-American family.

Educated at a time when many women weren't, Letitia left Brooklyn for Manhattan, stepping away from the close-knit family network that sustained her older siblings. Two marriages shaped her adult life, the first quite possibly ending in widowhood soon after the wedding. A college degree—four full years when that was extraordinary for anyone, especially a woman born in the 1880s—crowned her achievements.

Letitia B. Plunkett didn't disappear—she became Letty Stender, a woman who lived on her own terms in twentieth-century New York City.

The next time someone on your family tree seems to have vanished, remember Letitia. They're out there, living under a different name, in a different place, waiting for you to think creatively about where life might have taken them. Start with what you know, research the siblings, read those obituaries carefully, and search systematically.

Your disappeared ancestor is waiting to be found.

1. Kings County, New York, Surrogate’s Court, Will books, volume 312-314, pages 328-337, Peter Plunkett will and testament, subscribed 24 June 1903; imaged, “New York, Probate Records, 1629-1971,” FamilySearch (https://www.familysearch.org/ark:/61903/3:1:3QS7-899T-NQKK : accessed 21 August 2025), image 661 of 758; citing New York County Court (Kings County), Image Group Number 005533895. □□
2. New York, 1892 state census, Kings County, Brooklyn Ward 12, E.D. 01, page 13 (written), Lettie Plunkett; imaged, “New York, U.S., State Census, 1892,” Ancestry (https://www.ancestry.com/imageviewer/collections/3212/images/41121_B125449-00202: accessed 4 October 2025). □□
3. “Visitation Graduates,” The Brooklyn Citizen (Brooklyn, New York), 25 May 1899, page 8, entry for Letitia Plunkett; imaged, Newspapers.com (https://www.newspapers.com/article/the-brooklyn-citizen-visitation-graduate/182155516: accessed 4 October 2025). □□
4. U.S. 1900 census, Kings County, New York, Brooklyn Ward 12, E.D. 167, page 422 (stamped), dwelling 248, family 338, Peter Plunkett; imaged, “1900 United States Federal Census,” Ancestry (https://www.ancestry.com/search/collections/7602: accessed 18 August 2025). □□
5. New York, 1905 state census, Kings County, Brooklyn, Assembly District 18, Election District 23, page 325 (stamped), Letitia Plunkett [Letitia Lesler]; imaged, “New

York, U.S., State Census, 1905," Ancestry (https://www.ancestry.com/imageviewer/collections/7364/images/004296337_00325: accessed 4 October 2025). □□

6. "Eligible List Increased," The Brooklyn Daily Times (Brooklyn, New York), 29 July 1904, page 5; imaged, Newspapers.com (https://www.newspapers.com/article/the-brooklyn-daily-times-eligible-list-i/182155816: accessed 4 October 2025). □□
7. U.S. 1910 census, Kings County, New York, Brooklyn Ward 29, Enumeration District 0925, 330 East 4th Street, sheet 1B, Letty Plunkett; imaged, "1910 United States Federal Census," Ancestry (https://www.ancestry.com/imageviewer/collections/7884/images/4449799_00738: accessed 4 October 2025). □□
8. "James Plunkett," Brooklyn Eagle (Brooklyn, New York), 13 June 1915, page 66; imaged, Newspapers.com (https://www.newspapers.com/image/57543191/: accessed 4 October 2025). □□
9. New York City, Marriage License Indexes, Brooklyn, 1910–1911, license no. 14145, Letitia B. Plunkett, 5 December 1911; imaged, "New York, New York, U.S., Marriage License Indexes, 1907-2018," Ancestry (https://www.ancestry.com/imageviewer/collections/61406/images/47512_546450-01094: accessed 4 October 2025). □□
10. St. Agnes Church (New York County, New York), marriage register, 1911, Letitia B. Plunkett; imaged, "New York Roman Catholic Parish Marriages," Findmypast (https://www.findmypast.co.uk/transcript?id=US%2FNY%2FCATH%2FPR%2FMAR%2F00308839%2FB&tab=this: accessed 4 October 2025). □□
11. "Draddy-Plunkett," Brooklyn Eagle (Brooklyn, New York),

7 December 1911, page 18; imaged, Newspapers.com (https://www.newspapers.com/article/brooklyn-eagle-marriage-of-plunkett-dr/182150058/: accessed 4 October 2025). □□

12. R. L. Polk & Co., Trow General Directory of New York City Embracing the Boroughs of Manhattan and the Bronx 1916 (New York: R. L. Polk & Co., 1916), page 530, entry for Letitia B. Draddy; imaged, "U.S., City Directories, 1822-1995," Ancestry (https://www.ancestry.com/imageviewer/collections/2469/images/2500719: accessed 4 October 2025), image 453 of 2290. □□
13. "Obituaries," Times Union (Brooklyn, New York), 14 April 1927, page 10, entry for Stephen G. Plunkett; imaged, Newspapers.com (https://www.newspapers.com/article/times-union/182427092/: accessed 4 October 2025). □□
14. "Obituaries," The Brooklyn Daily Times (Brooklyn, New York), 14 April 1927, page 8A, entry for Stephen G. Plunkett; imaged, Newspapers.com (https://www.newspapers.com/image/558842333/: accessed 4 October 2025). □□
15. "Deaths," The Brooklyn Daily Eagle (Brooklyn, New York), 14 April 1927, page 22, entry for Stephen Plunkett; imaged, Newspapers.com (https://www.newspapers.com/image/57570009/: accessed 4 October 2025). □□
16. "Deaths," The Brooklyn Citizen (Brooklyn, New York), 15 April 1927, page 14, entry for Stephen Plunkett; imaged, Newspapers.com (https://www.newspapers.com/image/542673943/: accessed 4 October 2025). □□
17. "Obituaries," The Brooklyn Citizen (Brooklyn, New York), 15 April 1927, page 7, entry for Stephen G. Plunkett; imaged, Newspapers.com (https://www.newspapers.co

m/article/the-brooklyn-citizen/169232660/: accessed 4 October 2025). □□

18. U.S. 1920 census, New York County, New York, Manhattan Assembly District 21, Enumeration District 1426, sheet 12B, family 311, Letty B. Slender [Letty B. Stender]; imaged in "1920 United States Federal Census," Ancestry (https://www.ancestry.com/search/collections/6061/records/86006440: accessed 4 October 2025). □□
19. Manhattan, New York, Voter Registers, 1926, Assembly District 21, Election District 005, page 94, line 405, entry for Letty B. Stender; imaged, "Manhattan, New York, New York, U.S., Voter Registers, 1915-1956," Ancestry (https://www.ancestry.com/imageviewer/collections/62363/images/rec0091_07372-00027: accessed 4 October 2025). □□
20. U.S. 1930 census, New York County, New York, Manhattan, Enumeration District 0409, 74th Street between Columbus and Amsterdam Avenues, sheet 10A, dwelling 77, family 273, Letty Stender; imaged, "1930 United States Federal Census," Ancestry (https://www.ancestry.com/search/collections/6224/records/42372546: accessed 4 October 2025). □□
21. U.S. 1940 census, New York County, New York, New York, Enumeration District 31-1271, 57th Street, sheet 11A, Letty Stenden [Letty Stender]; imaged, "1940 United States Federal Census," Ancestry (https://www.ancestry.com/search/collections/2442/records/14746454: accessed 4 October 2025). □□
22. U.S. 1950 census, New York County, New York, New York, Enumeration District 31-1232, 525 East 57th Street, sheet 28, dwelling 369, Letty B. Stender; imaged, "1950

United States Federal Census," Ancestry (https://www.ancestry.com/search/collections/62308/records/292876503: accessed 4 October 2025). □□

23. "Letty B Plunkett Stender," memorial 263998640, Find A Grave (https://www.findagrave.com/memorial/263998640/letty-b-stender: accessed 4 October 2025), citing Calvary Cemetery, Woodside, Queens County, New York, section 69, plot 162, grave 8. □□

* * *

About the Author

Kirsten M. Max-Douglas is a family historian who researches, writes, and publishes richly contextualized stories about her ancestors and the worlds they inhabited. Through *OurGrowingFamilyTree.com*, she maintains both a personal research archive and a resource for others interested in genealogy, history, and uncovering hidden family stories. What began as curiosity about a Swedish great-grandfather with an unknown lineage has grown into a wide-ranging investigation spanning Swedish church records, Ellis Island passenger lists, DNA matches, and records across Europe and North America. Kirsten's research follows multiple ancestral lines—including Carpatho-Rusyn, Polish, Slovak, Swedish, Irish, and American families—each revealing stories of migration, resilience, and survival. Guided by the belief that every ancestor deserves to have their story told, her work blends careful research with narrative insight to show how ordinary lives shape identity across generations.

May I Introduce You to My Grandma Blanche? by Kyla Bayang

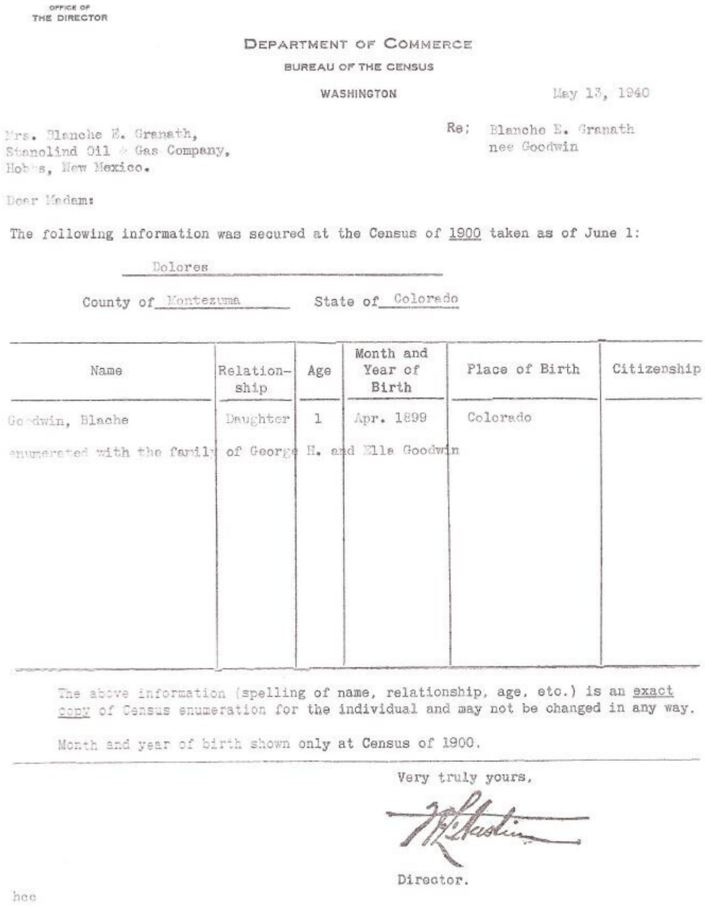
May I Introduce You to My Grandma Blanche?

Things I Know From the Stories

by **Kyla Bayang**

Originally published in Rootsquad Roundup on October 7, 2025.

My mother's mother's name was Blanche Ella Goodwin. Colorado did not require birth registration when she was born in April 1899, but in 1940, she was able to get this affidavit from the Department of Commerce to 'certify' her birth date.



OFFICE OF
THE DIRECTOR

DEPARTMENT OF COMMERCE
BUREAU OF THE CENSUS
WASHINGTON

May 13, 1940

Mrs. Blanche E. Granath,
Stanolind Oil & Gas Company,
Hobbs, New Mexico.

Re: Blanche E. Granath
nee Goodwin

Dear Madam:

The following information was secured at the Census of 1900 taken as of June 1:

Dolores

County of Montezuma State of Colorado

Name	Relation-ship	Age	Month and Year of Birth	Place of Birth	Citizenship
Goodwin, Blache	Daughter	1	Apr. 1899	Colorado	
enumerated with the family of George H. and Ella Goodwin					

The above information (spelling of name, relationship, age, etc.) is an exact copy of Census enumeration for the individual and may not be changed in any way.

Month and year of birth shown only at Census of 1900.

Very truly yours,

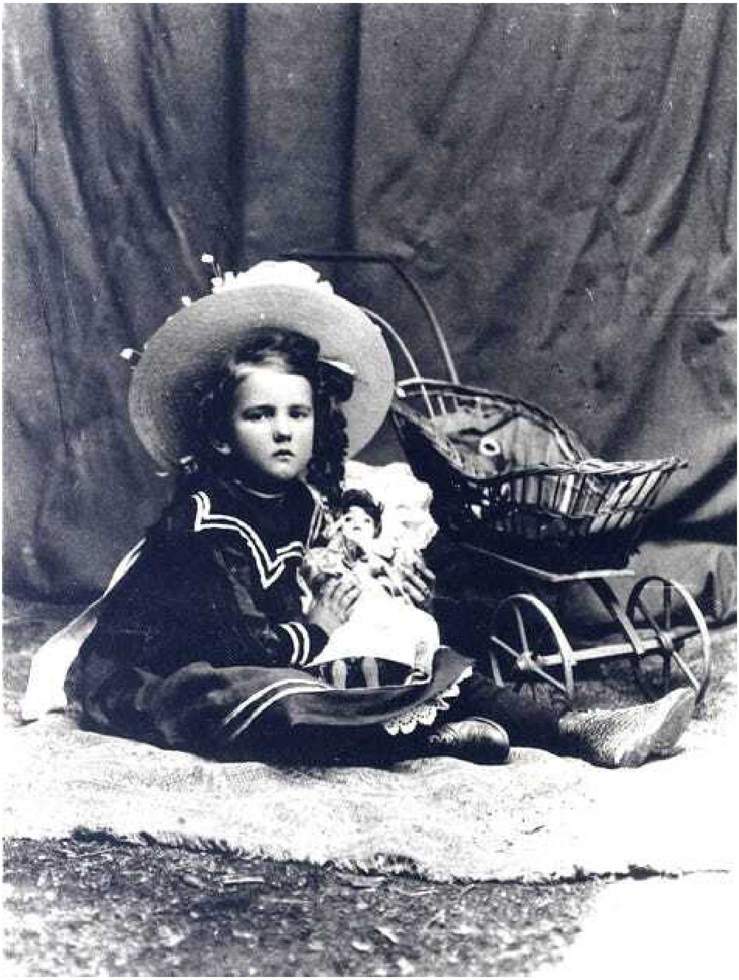
W. L. Austin

Director.

hcc

Blanche Ella Goodwin, ca 1899-1902. From the private collection of Kyla Ogle Bayang.

I have many stories about Grandma Blanche. My mother's older sister produced two wonderful small books about our family. Aunt Ruth Opal Granath Jahr wrote, "Blanche's father, George Goodwin, seemed to want everything for his daughter. She had oil painting lessons and music lessons. He bought her an organ, which she learned to play. She had an accordion and a large harp with strings. She held the harp on her lap to play. She loved flowers, and said that she sometimes took flowers from neighbor's yards when she was young." She was born and grew up in Dolores, Colorado, a small mining town in the far southwest corner of the state. Although she had a half-sister and brother, they were quite a bit older than Blanche, and we believe she had a wonderful, if perhaps somewhat lonely, childhood.

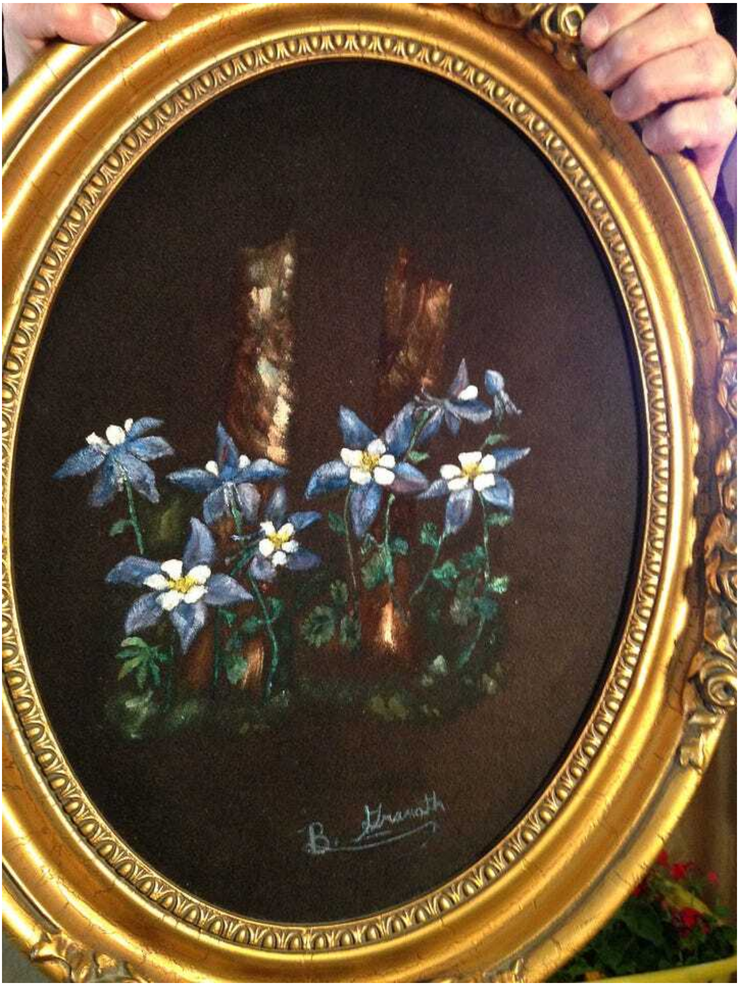


Blanche as a child and young girl in Dolores, Colorado. Private collection, Kyla Ogle Bayang.

Blanche becoming a young lady. Private collection, Kyla Ogle Bayang.

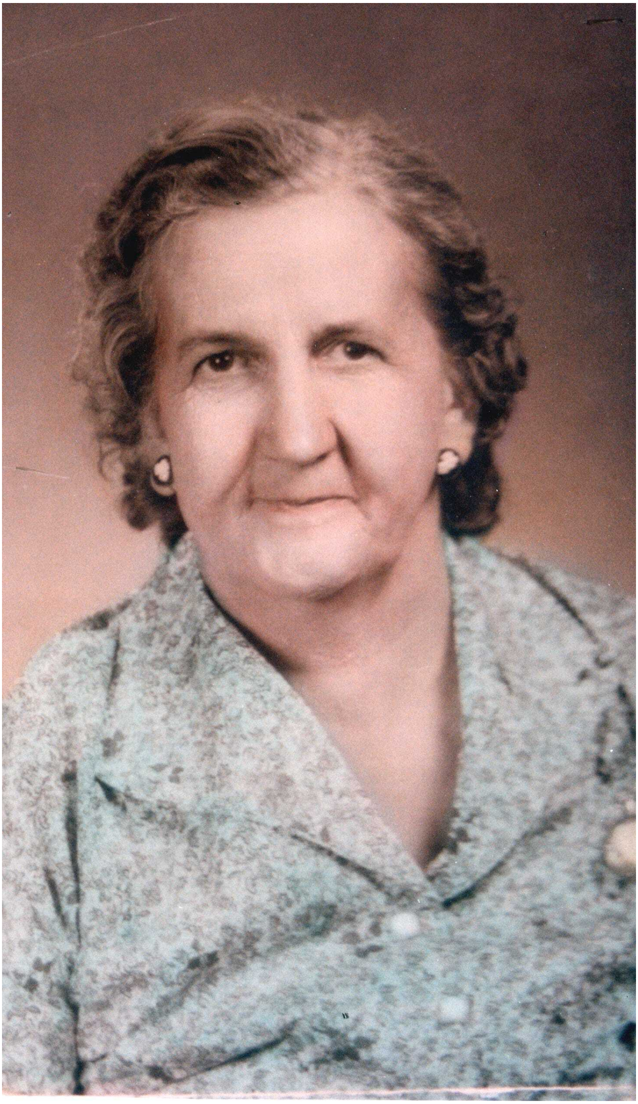
She was a wonderful artist and musician both for all of her life. In varied ways, those talents were passed down and manifest in her many Granath family descendants. I have not yet found any information in which her ancestors showed these traits, but perhaps someday I will.

At the piano, Hobbs, NM, 1950s.



Blanche's fabric art paintings, both done as a teenager. The blue columbine one created when she was 11 years old. It was always her favorite flower. Private collection, Kyla Ogle Bayang

One thing that my mother talked about a lot was her Mom's cooking. She would make cottage cheese quite often, and hot sourdough rolls, muffins and French toast, rhubarb pies and sauce, cakes and doughnuts, and canned pickles, tomatoes, relish and peaches. She made mincemeat for pie from venison, with apples, raisins, sugar, spices and currants. She made taffy, chocolate fudge and popcorn balls for Christmas. She and Grandpa liked good food, and she taught her children to like a variety. They grew or raised almost all their own food, and she sewed everyone's clothes. When they lived in Colorado, they would pick fresh morel mushrooms, and Grandma would cut them in half, coat them with flour, salt and pepper, and fry them in butter, and she always made hot biscuits to eat with the mushrooms.



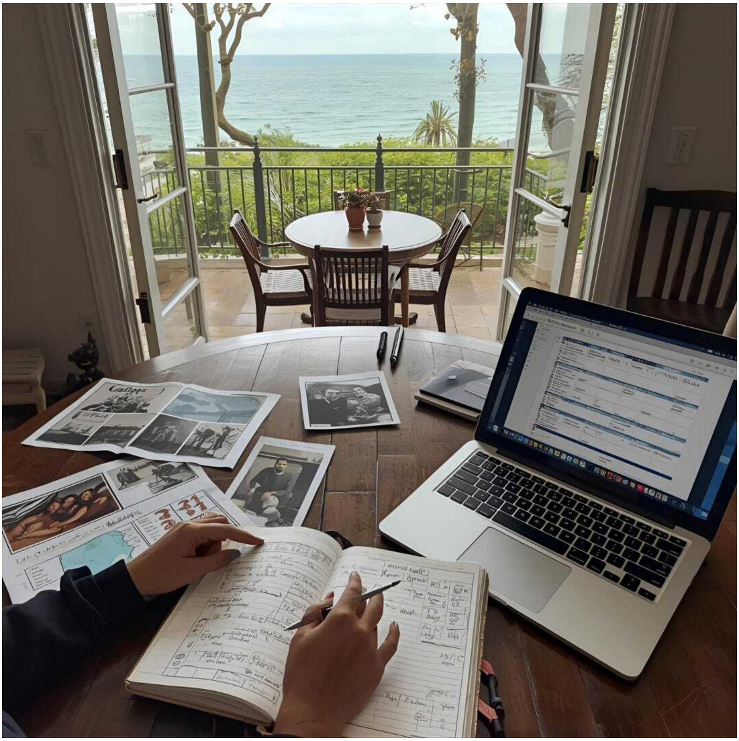
Blanche Goodwin Granath, photo colorized by Blanche herself. Hobbs, New Mexico, taken for "State's Mother" contest, 1950s. Private collection of Kyla Ogle Bayang.

Aunt Ruth said, “Mom was almost always in a good mood, laughing and joking with us. She could get us to do what she wanted by teasing or joking, rather than scolding.” She also wrote, “Our parents were so good to any of the family who became ill. Mom cooked potato soup for us, made milk toast for breakfast, and Dad always came to the bed to ask how we were feeling and give us a kiss or two. Mom would warm olive oil to put in our ears and have a hot water bottle for the pain wherever it was.”

I believe that Grandma Blanche was sweet and kind always. They lived in an oil camp in Hobbs, New Mexico, and my mother said that Grandma always gave a gift of a cast-iron skillet to every newly-wed couple, and made a baby blanket for each newborn.

My Aunt Myrna tells me that Grandma ‘worked’ in the nursery at the First Christian Church for years, and that she loved babies. Considering that she birthed fourteen kids from 1917 to 1940, always less than 2 years apart, I would say that she loved children very much!

In conclusion, even though I never knew my Grandma, I feel like somehow I know her very well, from the stories I have been told.



AI generated photo of Kyla's ideal genealogy writing location using canva software, 2025.

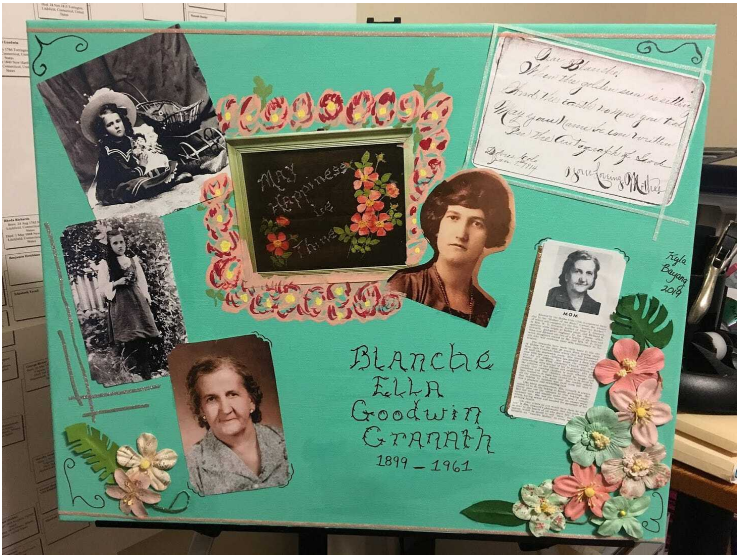
Your Turn

Please, write, record or tell the stories of the elders that you know, so that the details of their lives and personalities are not forgotten.

Do you have family members that you only know through the stories you've been told?

This is my first post participating in the #GeneaBloggers-FAB40! Here's the information about this great initiative, if you want to join us: Preserving Ancestral stories, one memory at a time.

I sometimes dabble in a bit of art myself. In 2019, I created this mixed media collage piece in honor of my Grandma Blanche:


Dear Blanche,
When the golden sun is setting
And the earth no more you tread
May your name be ever written
In the Autograph of God
Your Loving Mother
May Happiness be Thine
Blanche Ella Goodwin Granath
1899 – 1961
MOM
Kyla Bayang 2019

Original mixed media artwork created by Kyla Ogle Bayang, 2019, as part of an Art Appreciation Class, Tomball, Texas, titled, "In Honor of my Grandma, Blanche Ella Goodwin Granath."

Here is the post where I detail the dedication of the piece, ported over from my 'other' blog, geeilovegenealogy@blogspot.com.

* * *

About the Author

Kyla Bayang is a genealogy librarian, community builder, and lifelong learner who brings energy, encouragement, and a sense of fun to family history work. She is the creator of

Rootsquad, a GeneaCommunity dedicated to helping people research, preserve, and share their ancestors' legacies together. Proudly Texan and endlessly curious, Kyla is passionate about making genealogy approachable and enjoyable, with a special love for free resources and practical tips anyone can use. Through Rootsquad and her many projects, she invites readers to join family history conversations, gather more stories, and learn how to present them in engaging ways—because if it's not fun, what's the point?

Mary Francile Williams: The BEST Grandaunt in the world by Dr. Mary M. Marshall

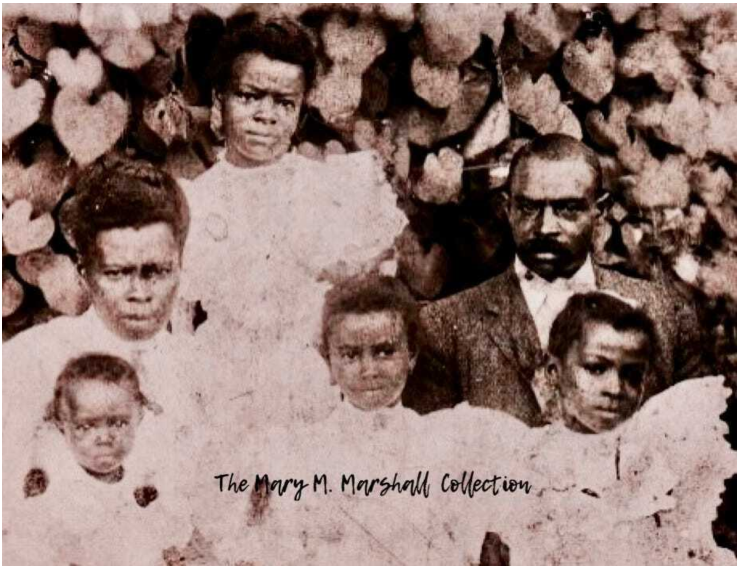
Mary Francile Williams

The BEST Grandaunt in the world.

by **Dr. Mary M. Marshall**

Originally published in Dr. Mary M. Marshall Collection on September 17, 2025

EARLY LIFE


The Mary M. Marshall Collection

The Williams Family/Augusta, GA/Mary F. Williams is baby girl on left.

Everyone who ever met my grandaunt, *Mary Francile Williams* (1905-1977), believed they had just talked to an angel walking on earth. Her smile, laughter, quick wit, beauty, love of learning, and storytelling were traits that drew people to her and made her fun to be around.

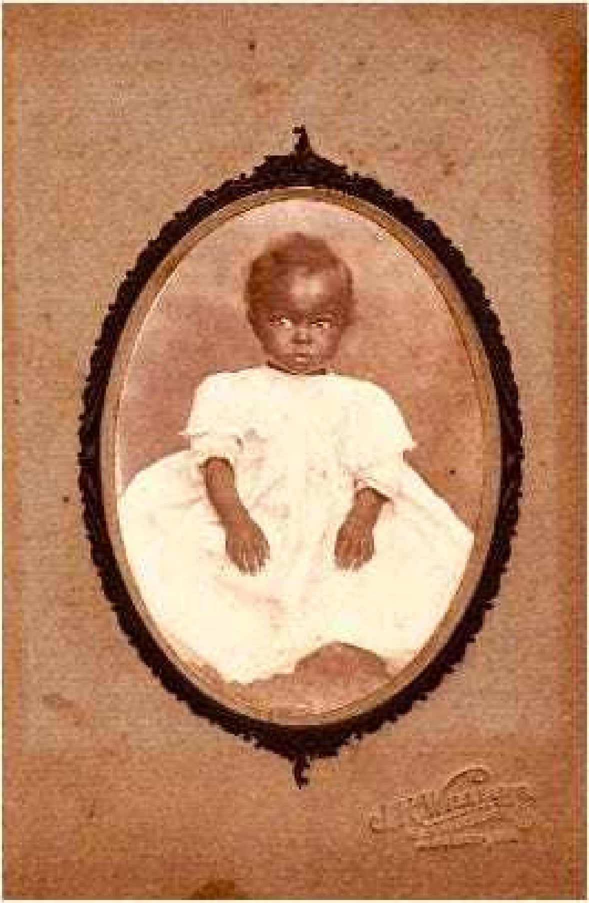
Mary Francile Williams, born September 15, 1905, was the forth daughter of *Willie and Mary Williams*. Her parents were excited about the birth of their daughter. So, too, were her older siblings *Pearl, Armenia, and Mattie*.

Given her mother and grandmother also shared the

> first name of Mary, she was lovingly called Francile
> by family and friends.

Francile quickly became the protected child because she was born with rickets,

> ***Rickets . . . is a condition that results in weak or soft bones in children and may have either dietary deficiency or genetic causes. Symptoms include bowed legs, stunted growth, bone pain, large forehead, and trouble sleeping.***
>
> ***It is generally uncommon in the United States and Europe, except among certain minority groups . . . and begging in childhood, typically between the ages of 3 and 18 months old.***



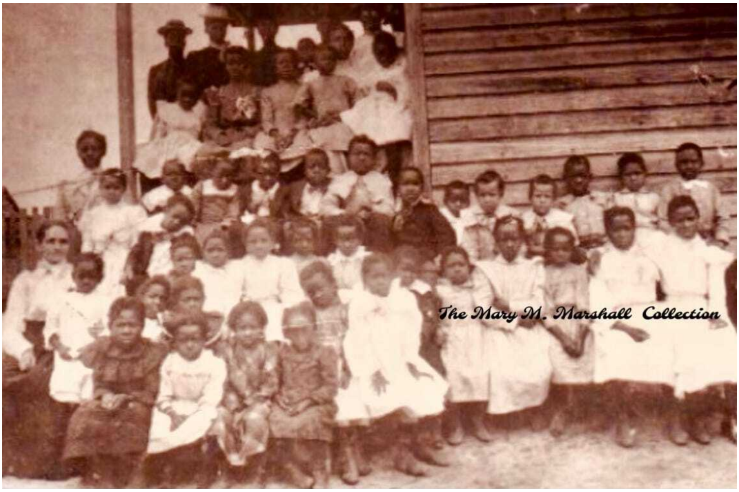
Mary Francile Williams

Photo by J. H. Williams & Son, Augusta, GA
1906

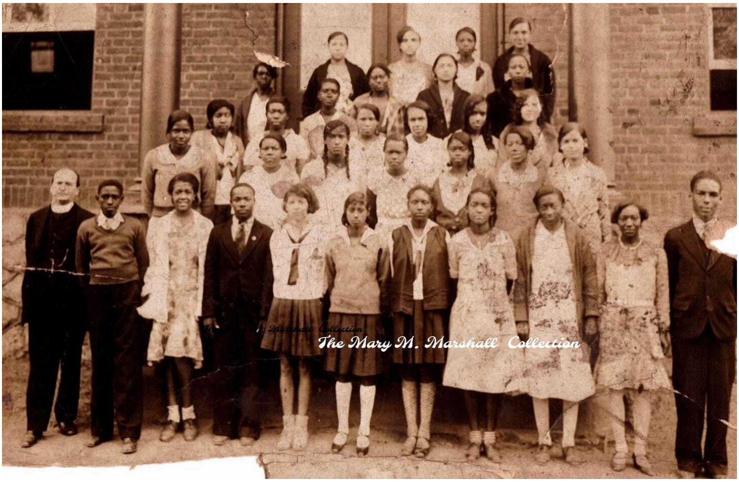
The Mary M. Marshall Collection

EDUCATION

Because of her stunted growth, she walked with a slight sway and slower than other children her age. Her physical condition also caused others—children and adults—to stare. Children often made fun of her so her parents removed her from the *private* **Haines Normal and Industrial Institute** to the *local* **Catholic School, Immaculate Conception.**

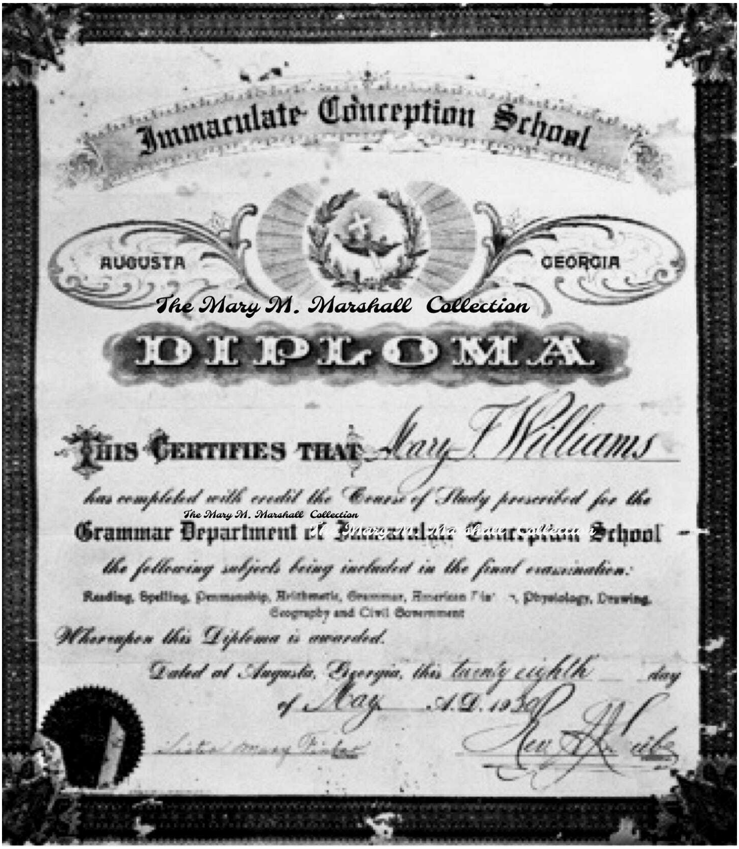

The Mary M. Marshall Collection

Mary F. Williams/3rd from Right on 1st Row/ Haines Institute


The Mary M. Marshall Collection

Mary F. Williams/1st girl on left on Top Row

She excelled at both schools, especially in writing, art, history, and math. She earned her high school diploma from the latter in 1920



Immaculate Conception School

AUGUSTA GEORGIA

The Mary M. Marshall Collection

DIPLOMA

This Certifies that Mary T. Williams

has completed with credit the Course of Study prescribed for the

The Mary M. Marshall Collection

Grammar Department of Immaculate Conception School

The Mary M. Marshall Collection

the following subjects being included in the final examination:

Reading, Spelling, Penmanship, Arithmetic, Grammar, American History, Physiology, Drawing, Geography and Civil Government

Whereupon this Diploma is awarded.

Dated at Augusta, Georgia, this twenty eighth day of May A.D. 193

Sister Mary [illegible]

Rev. [illegible]

Immaculate Conception High School Diploma/The Mary M. Marshall Collection

SHARING FAMILY HISTORY

My grand aunt shared her interests with all younger members of the family.

> *Francile shared family history as well as assisted in teaching all of her nieces/nephews and grand nieces/nephews to read, write, understand mathematics, make string art, and draw portraits. None of them/us learned to draw portraits, but we had fun trying. She, on the other hand, enjoyed sketching and drawing.*

This portrait below was found inside her wardrobe, rolled up inside her high school diploma.

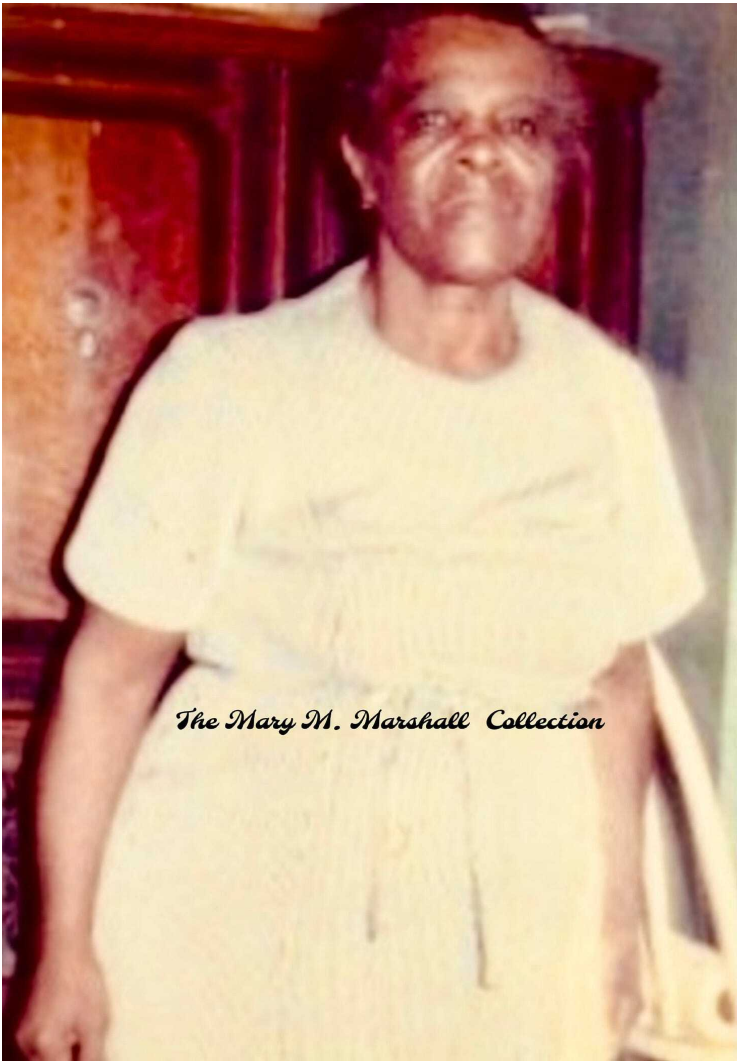
Mary F. Williams artwork|The Mary M. Marshall Collection

My siblings and I spent many afternoon finishing our homework with Francine's help. We also learned to do basic household chores and play some of the games she played as a child. She never backed away from activities because of her motherly-abled body. Height and short arm span were never factors in the kinds of activities she did with us or for others.

As Mary Francile aged, her physical stature didn't change; but, knowledge of her intellect, warmth, friendliness, and openness to have conversations with whomever increased. While she didn't leave the house much, many neighbors, family members, friends, and church members visited her. When she could, she did attend church services at Springfield Baptist Church, the spiritual and religious institution where she was baptized and participated in activities as a child.

A Final Tribute

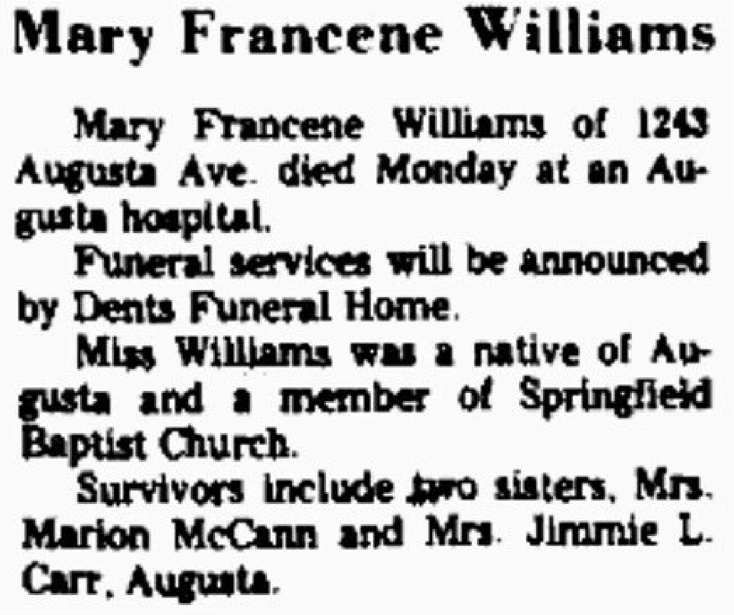
As the family historian and documentarian of family events, I took this photo of my grandaunt about a year before her death on October 10, 1977.



The Mary M. Marshall Collection

Mary Francile Williams/1975, Augusta, GA.

Her *obituary* appeared in ***The Augusta Chronicle***. Oral history attributes it to a cousin who lived nearby. You'll note her name is listed as ***Mary Francine Williams***. While that is inaccurate, it is also what some of the older members of the community called her. She answered to *Mary Francine and Mary Francile*. This was just another example of how deeply loved she was in the community and family. For, even some family members switched back and forth between the two names when addressing her.



Mary Francene Williams

Mary Francene Williams of 1243 Augusta Ave. died Monday at an Augusta hospital.

Funeral services will be announced by Dents Funeral Home.

Miss Williams was a native of Augusta and a member of Springfield Baptist Church.

Survivors include two sisters, Mrs. Marion McCann and Mrs. Jimmie L. Carr, Augusta.

Obituary/The Mary M. Marshall Collection

Mary Francile/Francine Williams I miss you. I am honored to be your grandniece.

* * *

About the Author

Dr. Mary M. Marshall is a historian, genealogist, and writer whose work centers on African American and women's history, grounded in rigorous scholarship and deeply personal family research. She is the curator and custodian of *The Mary M. Marshall Collection* at Emory University, a significant archive preserving family photographs, postcards, letters, and other materials that illuminate Black life and legacy across generations. Dr. Marshall has taught at the New Jersey Institute of Technology and the City College of New York and served in senior academic leadership roles at Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute. Her academic training includes degrees from Howard University, New York University, and Drew University, where her doctoral work focused on nineteenth-century studies, religion, and the lives of Black women. Through her writing, interviews, and public scholarship, she weaves genealogy and family history into the broader story of Black heritage in America, connecting ancestral lives to enduring cultural and historical narratives.

Attack! and Fall by Anne Wendel

Attack! and Fall

The Bloody Tragedies of Catherine Oxendine

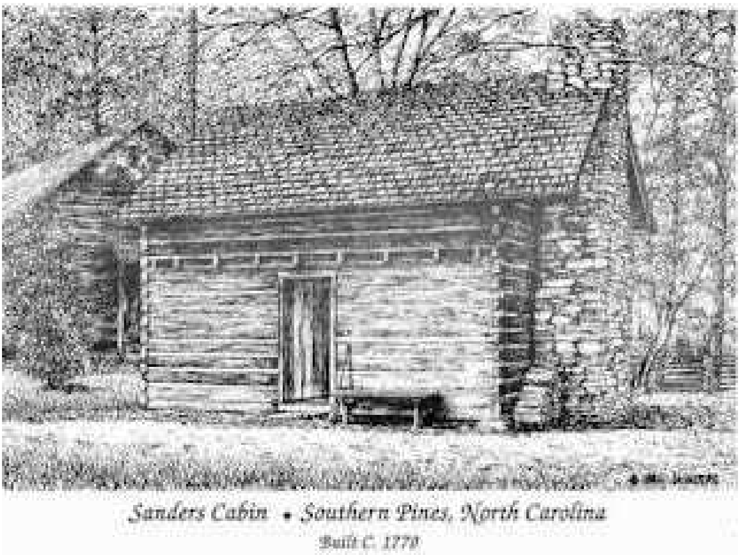
by **Anne Wendel**

Originally published in Grandma's Granny's Family Album on August 19, 2025

First Generation:

"Mrs. Oxendein sitting with her husband one evening in their log cabin, a pot of corn was boiling on the fire, and they were sitting there happy together, playing with their young child (picture of a happy & contented young family) - After his death they put his body on two chairs - with the blood dropping down - then she went to the door & called to the Indians to come & kill her too - but she did not afterward hear as much as a leaf move."

The wife is Martha, the husband Benjamin, and their young child is Catherine. Martha told this story in Shelburne, Nova Scotia, where she and Catherine fled in 1783.


Sanders Cabin • Southern Pines, North Carolina
Built C. 1770

example of a 1770s NC cabin

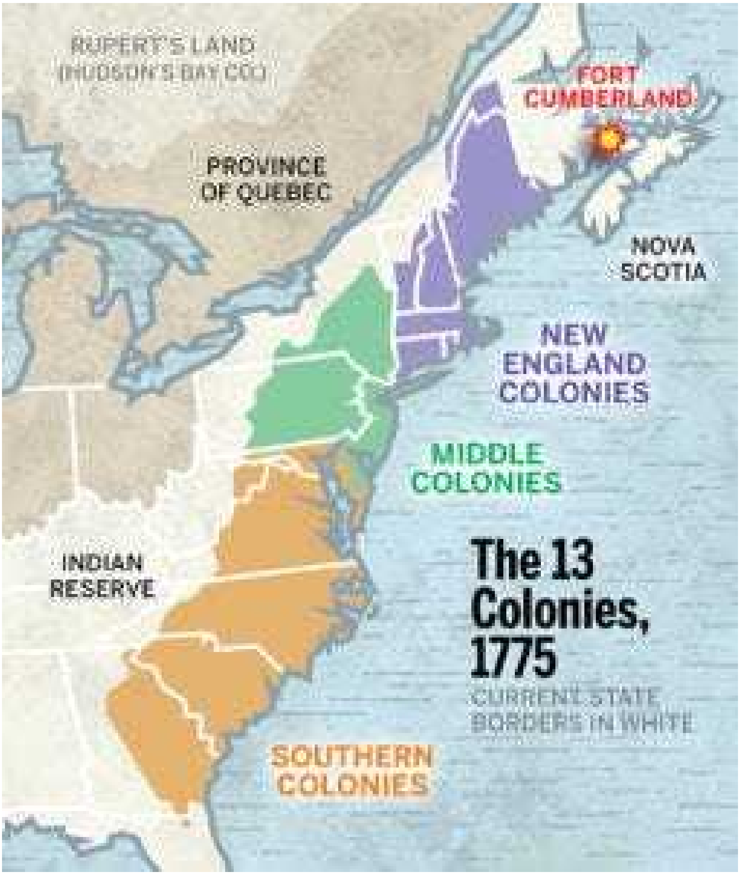
Why is there a break in the story, no account of the actual murder? Because Martha cannot bring herself to say it, or else her brain has blocked that part out. What is foremost in her mind — what will never go away — is the sensory input. The sight of the blood dropping down between two chairs. The sound of her own voice screaming. The silence. And the sight of the woods, not moving, looking exactly the same as it had 5 minutes ago before everything exploded. If you have lived through trauma, maybe you can imagine it…the sudden flip from happiness to horror to unearthly silence, the action without thought, the desire to be dead with him. What can you never bear again because it's a trigger? The smell of corn cooking? The enclosed feeling of a cabin? Being in the woods?

And Catherine will never forget either. But because she's only about three, it won't be a logical memory…it will just be the triggers. The corn smell, the blood, the intense fear, and then the loss of love, of home, of security.

They weren't alone in their grief. There was a war on. Most of the country was traumatized.

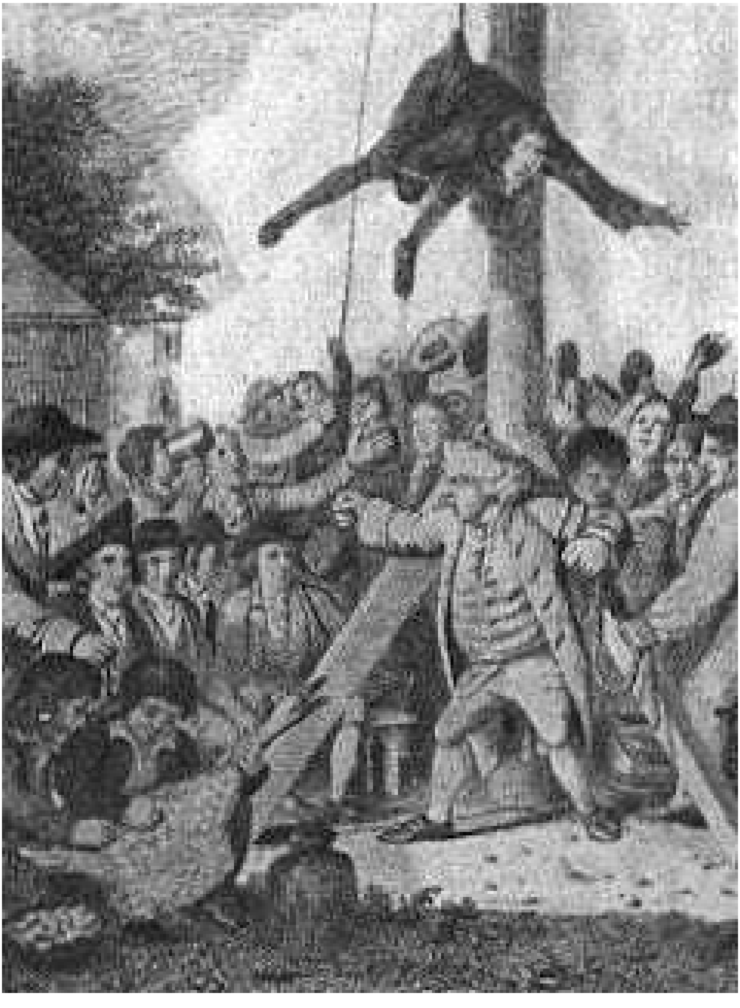
But while we can imagine universal feelings, there are many things we don't know. Where and when did the attack occur? Why? Was it an isolated event or part of a battle? What did Martha do next?

Genealogists have a wall they can't get over; my wall is the American Revolution. Seventeen of my ancestors were Loyalists who received land grants in Nova Scotia due to their support for the Crown during the Revolutionary War they lost. But which American colony were they from? For Catherine Oxendine, the attack is my first clue.


RUPERT'S LAND
(HUDSON'S BAY CO.)
FORT CUMBERLAND
PROVINCE OF QUEBEC
NOVA SCOTIA
NEW ENGLAND COLONIES
MIDDLE COLONIES
INDIAN RESERVE
The 13 Colonies, 1775
CURRENT STATE BORDERS IN WHITE
SOUTHERN COLONIES

When I heard the story, I considered where it was likely to happen. In Nova Scotia, I hadn't heard of any hostilities between white settlers and native Mi'kmaq, and I found out that was because of the peace treaties of the 1700s. One of my cousins thought it happened in New York, where the ships for Nova Scotia set sail, but there weren't any Indian wars around New York City by the late 1700s. In the Carolinas, however, Cherokees kept up a resistance against the encroaching white settlers. Martha's second husband, Jacob Glance, fought with the Royal North Carolina Regiment and was named a Tory traitor in Lincoln County, NC. Maybe they knew each other before their arrival in Shelburne?

Oxendine is a very uncommon name, held only by British nobility and North Carolina Indians. Neither seemed likely to me at all, but the evidence kept pointing me to Carolina. Another fact I learned is that Martha was deserving of passage to Nova Scotia on the strength of her father's, John Mortimore's, service in the King's Carolina Rangers. It turns out that both the King's Carolina Rangers and Jacob Glance's Royal North Carolina Regiment were evacuated from Charleston, South Carolina, to Fort St. Augustine in Spanish Florida. From St. Augustine, there was a choice of British colonies to relocate to, but most chose Nova Scotia.



a Loyalist strung up by American Patriots after the Revolution

Martha and Jacob could have easily met in either place. Jacob must have seemed like a good choice for a second husband. His kindness could ease the grief, and his bravery would protect her. Jacob was from Amsterdam, but he had been a soldier for a number of years in America, and had been wounded in either the eye or the leg or both. He was certainly good with kids, because he had taken in the 15-year-old orphan of his fallen comrade.

I don't know what happened to Martha's father John Mortimore or if he ever made it on the ship, because there is no mention of him in Shelburne. Martha and Jacob married when her daughter Catherine was about 6, and they went on to have 3 more daughters, Elizabeth, Margaret, and Mary Glance. After a devastating fire in Shelburne, they moved to nearby Barrington and Jacob took a job in Sargent's Mill. They lived out long lives there.

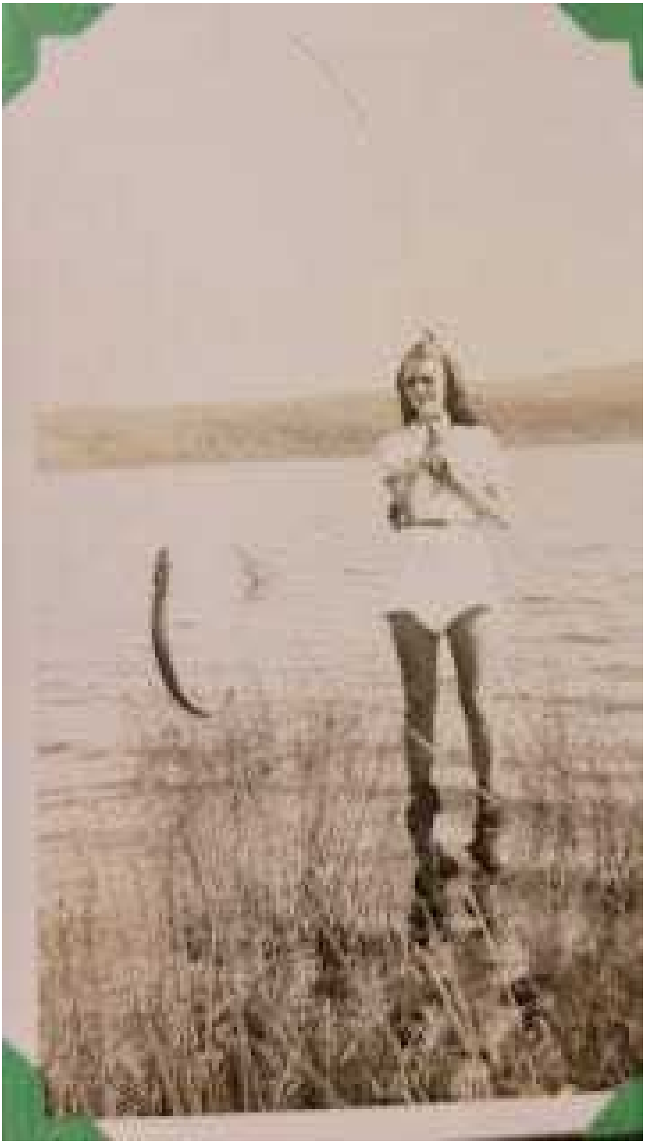
Second Generation:

Catherine married Michael Madden, an Irishman who fought with the British in the Revolution, in 1794. They may have found they understood each other because of loss; Michael's wife Isabella had just died the year before. Isabella was so fat, she couldn't lean over to the fireplace to light her pipe from the coals. So she kept a servant girl for that task. They had been married about 4 years when Isabella crossed the harbor in a small boat with another woman and some children. The boat capsized and everyone drowned except the old oarsman.

Why was it important for Amos Doane, who wrote down these stories, to record how fat Isabella was? I don't know; maybe it was the cause of the boat capsizing or contributed to her drowning.

Catherine and Michael honored their lost loved ones by naming their first children Isabella and Benjamin. Then there was Margaret after Catherine's sister, then Rebecca, then Michael after his father, and then Catherine after her mother.

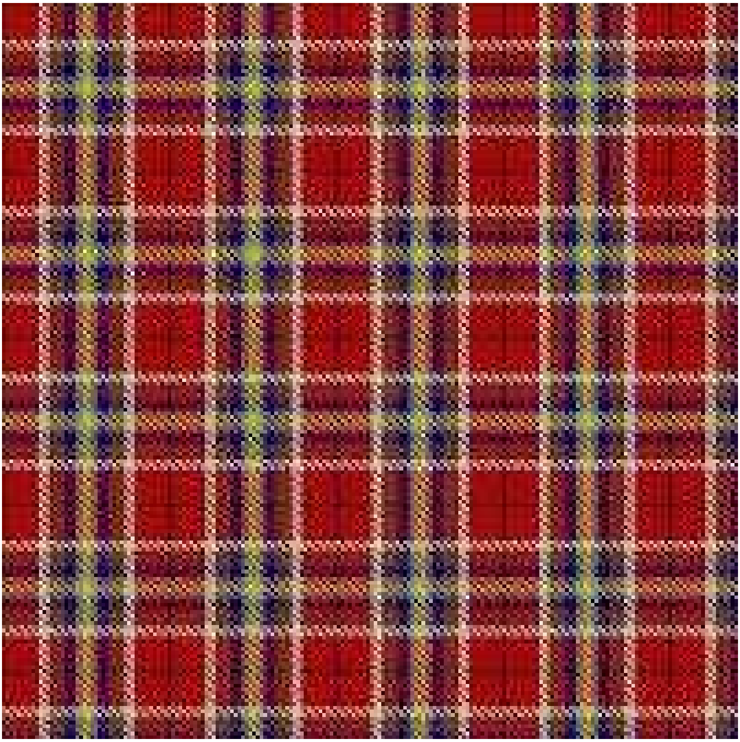
But Catherine, having witnessed the bloody death of her own father in her childhood, was not able to keep her children from the same fate. In March 1809, Michael was watching his sons Benjamin and Michael Jr., ages 11 and 5, catching eels, when he fell from a large rock. We don't know how long he lay there or if he was conscious or could speak, but we can imagine Benjamin trying desperately to stop the bleeding, begging his father to live, while his little brother ran panicked for help. By the time help arrived, Michael was dead.



an example of catching an eel, my aunt Jean Robertson Brendel at Newville Lake, Cumberland County, Nova Scotia, 1948

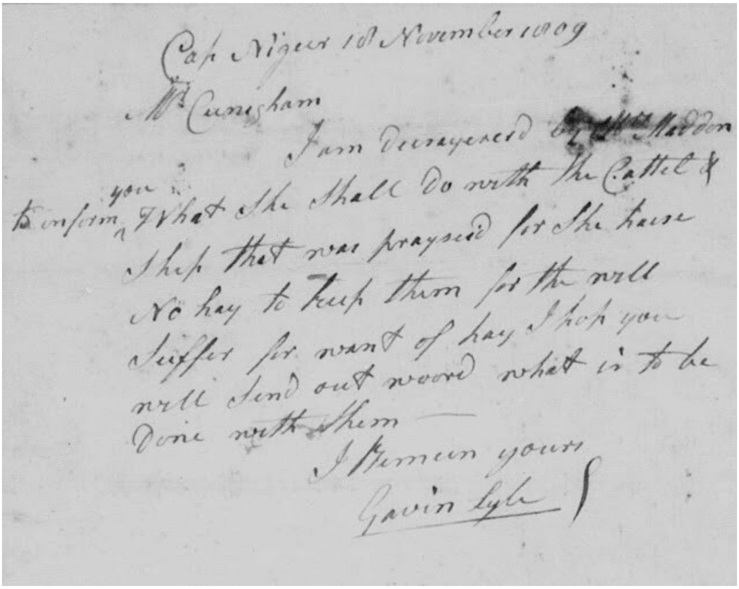
Catherine was 3 months pregnant at Michael's death. Maybe she wondered if God had cursed her. Or maybe she thought that God had chosen this double fate for her because she could handle it. Although Martha only had one child to take care of and Catherine had seven, she drew strength from how her mother had dealt with the murder and evacuation years before and launched into widow mode. Martha was there to help her daughter, and the baby born in September was named Martha after her.

Barrington, where they lived, was a wool-weaving town. Every family had their own sheep, and they brought the shorn wool to the main mill to be washed and spun and woven. It was town policy to provide this service to widows for free so they could earn money from their sheep. Surely Catherine and her children benefited from this policy. Michael had 15 sheep to leave to his family.



Barrington town tartan

Widow Madden worked through the tragedy by doing what Michael would have wanted her to. First she gave birth to the child he would never see. Then, illiterate, she signed by her mark to became the executor of his small estate — besides the sheep, there was a cow named Browny and a 2-year-old steer named Buck. Four days after that, she asked the neighbor who posted bond for the estate, a man who could write, to address a letter from her to the court. How was she supposed to feed the cows and sheep? for she had no hay, it was November, and they would suffer from want of hay. She hoped Judge Mr. Cuningham would send out word what was to be done with the animals.



Cap Niger 18 November 1809

Mr Cunigham

I am Deerayered by Mrs Maddon
to inform you What She Shall Do with the Cattel &
Shep that was praysed for She have
No hay to keep them for the will
Suffer for want of hay I hop you
will Send out woord what is to be
Done with them

I Remain yours

Gavin Lyle

Third Generation:

I don't know what the word was or what Catherine did. The death of a parent shatters a family, and it can never be put back the way it was. Some people, forced to take on more responsibilities, become high achievers, and other people flounder. Catherine did raise her children to become successful adults. She married William Mahaney after 5 years and had 3 more children. The oldest son who may have watched his father die, Benjamin, became a very successful fisherman. Michael Jr., who may have run for help, became a mariner and owned a schooner named *Lady of the Forest*. The children married and stayed in the community.

Daughters Rebecca and Catherine, who I will call Cassie,* ages 7 and 3 1/2 when their father was killed, may have been affected the most from the fractured family. Maybe Rebecca was a mother figure to Cassie, since their actual mother was busy raising 7 children by herself. They were obviously very close; it even looks like Cassie patterned her life after Rebecca's. They both left Barrington for Churchover, and married very young, at ages 18 and 17, in Shelburne instead of Barrington. Rebecca married James Robertson and Cassie married his brother; they had houses on the same land. Perhaps Cassie left home as a teenager and lived with Rebecca and James.

Fourth Generation:

Nowadays, mental health professionals examine how trauma is passed down through generations. My first inkling that something had gone wrong in this family was back when I was a teenager, looking at baptisms in the Archives. Cassie and John Robertson's list of children sounded almost exactly like John's list of siblings, so much so that at first I didn't realize they were two different families. Cassie didn't name any child after her deceased father Michael, or any other Madden. Either John was really controlling, or, more likely I thought, Cassie didn't want to remember her past. Maybe as a 3-year-old she had magically concluded she was doomed to repeat her mother's life since she had the same name.

And that's when I started looking through records for evidence of the Family Oxendine's bloody tragedies.

*"Cassie" and John Robertson had a granddaughter who was named Catherine after her. The granddaughter's nickname was Cassie, shortened to Cass as an adult. To make the difference between the first two Catherines clear, I decided to give the second Catherine the nickname Cassie also. Who knows? It could be true.

References:

Madden Family Genealogy, Shelburne Genealogical Society

Anglican Church Records, Shelburne

Edwin Crowell, History of Barrington Township

Record of Deaths recorded by Saml. O. Doane, T. Clerk, Barrington

"John Mortimore served in King's Carolina Rangers under Lt. Col. Thomas Brown, evacuated from Charleston"

"Jacob Glance enlisted 24 Jan 1781 in Royal North Carolina Regiment under Capt. John Wormley, served until 1783 when disbanded and evacuated to Charleston South Carolina. named as Tory Traitor in summonses issued under Confiscation Act. "To the Sherriff of Lincoln county you are hereby commanded to take" 33 names on act. Bros stayed in NC. Brought w him Archibald Brannon, 15, son of another Southern Campaign soldier KIA" - **researched by Richard Ripley, UELwww.uelac.org/Loyalist-Trails/2013**

Notes of Amos Doane, Barrington Historical and Ge-

nealogical Society - *"Jacob Glance - From Amsterdam - Was a soldier in the American Revolution - He came to Philadelphia and joined the Loyalist Army there - He belonged to the garrison - In an engagement with the Indians he was wounded in the eye with an arrow. J. G. after serving in the Revolutionary War came to Shelburne with the Loyalist - and drew land in that Township - He was wounded in battle in the leg. J. G. Married in Shelburne the Widow Martha Oxendein - who also came from New York (?) in the same ship with John Thomas - they moved from shelburne to Cape Negro, and lived for some time there near David Thomas senr Then they came to Barrington and settled at the River. Mr. Glance worked in Mr. Sargents' mill - children Elizabeth m. Obed Christie - Mary m. Wm Watt, Margaret M. Andrew (Ansel or Anson) Nickerson. Jacob Glance died Aug. 28. 1824. - Martha wife of Jacob Glance died Decr. 7. 1819"*

Story of Murder also from **Notes of Amos Doane**

https://www.historynet.com/the-fight-for-the-14th-colony-nova-scotia/

* * *

About the Author

Anne Wendel is a lifelong genealogist whose fascination with history began in childhood, rooted in a deep curiosity about how time transforms people, places, and families. Raised in a multi-generational household where stories were shared and relationships carefully traced, she began formal genealogy work at age fourteen, interviewing elders, visiting archives, and documenting lineages with precision. A former reading teacher, Anne spent decades balancing family life and education before returning fully to her passions in retirement: reading history, researching ancestors, and writing about them. She now lives on ancestral land, shares her work through Substack and her blog *Grandma's Granny's Family Album,* collaborates actively within the genealogy community, and dreams of rebuilding her family's Revolutionary War–era home as part of her ongoing commitment to preserving and telling her family's story.

Master Index of Individuals

Master Index of Individuals

Individuals mentioned or written about in the articles.

(Alphabetical by Surname)

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Barry, Leonora Kearney — *The Footnote* (Diane Burley)

Barry, Marion Frances — *The Footnote* (Diane Burley)

Barry, William E. — *The Footnote* (Diane Burley)

Barnes, Nancy — *Immigrant Ancestors* (Jane Chapman)

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Coop, Thomas (abt. 1816–1886) — *Immigrant Ancestors* (Jane Chapman)

Coop, Thomas (1838–1924) — *Immigrant Ancestors* (Jane Chapman)

Darcy, Patrick — *Immigrant Ancestors* (Jane Chapman)

Darcy, William — *Immigrant Ancestors* (Jane Chapman)

Dowling, Mary (née Plunkett) — *Finding the Lost Daughter: The Search for Letitia Plunkett* (Kirsten M. Max-Douglas)

Glance, Elizabeth — *Attack! and Fall* (Anne Wendel) **Glance, Jacob** — *Attack! and Fall* (Anne Wendel)

Glance, Margaret — *Attack! and Fall* (Anne Wendel)

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Goodwin, Blanche Ella — *May I Introduce You to My Grandma Blanche?* (Kyla Bayang)

Goodwin, George — *May I Introduce You to My Grandma Blanche?* (Kyla Bayang)

Granath, Blanche Ella *(see Goodwin)* — *May I Introduce You to My Grandma Blanche?* (Kyla Bayang)

Greek, Fanny — *Immigrant Ancestors* (Jane Chapman)

Heines, Francis — *The Harness Maker of Fulton Avenue* (Lynda Heines)

Heines, Gertrude Simpson — *The Harness Maker of Fulton Avenue* (Lynda Heines)

Heines, Henry Herman — *The Harness Maker of Fulton Avenue* (Lynda Heines)

Heines, Irene — *The Harness Maker of Fulton Avenue* (Lynda Heines)

Heines, Theodore — *The Harness Maker of Fulton Avenue* (Lynda Heines)

Hindle, Ellen — *Immigrant Ancestors* (Jane Chapman) **Hindle, George** — *Immigrant Ancestors* (Jane Chapman)

Izzard, Ann — *The Life of Thomas Waters 1829–1913* (Jennifer Jones)

Lane, Josiah Pearce — *Immigrant Ancestors* (Jane Chapman)

Lane, William — *Immigrant Ancestors* (Jane Chapman)

Large, Elizabeth — *Immigrant Ancestors* (Jane Chapman)

Madden, Benjamin — *Attack! and Fall* (Anne Wendel)

Madden, Catherine (née Oxendine) — *Attack! and Fall* (Anne Wendel) **Madden, Isabella** — *Attack! and Fall* (Anne Wendel)

Madden, Michael — *Attack! and Fall* (Anne Wendel)

Madden, Michael Jr. — *Attack! and Fall* (Anne Wendel)

Madden, Rebecca — *Attack! and Fall* (Anne Wendel)

Mahaney, William — *Attack! and Fall* (Anne Wendel)

Mortimore, John — *Attack! and Fall* (Anne Wendel)

Nickerson, Ansel / Anson — *Attack! and Fall* (Anne Wendel)

Oxendine, Benjamin — *Attack! and Fall* (Anne Wendel)

Oxendine, Catherine — *Attack! and Fall* (Anne Wendel) **Oxendine, Martha** — *Attack! and Fall* (Anne Wendel)

Parsons, Thomas Walter — *Immigrant Ancestors* (Jane Chapman)

Plunkett, Anna (née Smith) — *Finding the Lost Daughter* (Kirsten M. Max-Douglas)

Plunkett, Bridget — *Finding the Lost Daughter* (Kirsten M. Max-Douglas)

Plunkett, James — *Finding the Lost Daughter* (Kirsten M. Max-Douglas)

Plunkett, John W. — *Finding the Lost Daughter* (Kirsten M. Max-Douglas)

Plunkett, Letitia B. — *Finding the Lost Daughter* (Kirsten M. Max-Douglas)

Plunkett, Margaret — *Finding the Lost Daughter* (Kirsten M. Max-Douglas)

Plunkett, Mary — *Finding the Lost Daughter* (Kirsten M. Max-Douglas)

Plunkett, Peter — *Finding the Lost Daughter* (Kirsten M. Max-

Douglas)

Plunkett, Stephen G. — *Finding the Lost Daughter* (Kirsten M. Max-Douglas)

Pointer, Mary Ann — *Immigrant Ancestors* (Jane Chapman)

Robertson, Cassie (Catherine Madden) — *Attack! and Fall* (Anne Wendel)

Robertson, James — *Attack! and Fall* (Anne Wendel)

Robertson, John — *Attack! and Fall* (Anne Wendel)

Stender, Henry T. — *Finding the Lost Daughter* (Kirsten M. Max-Douglas)

Stender, Letitia B. *(see Plunkett)* — *Finding the Lost Daughter* (Kirsten M. Max-Douglas)

Veale, Samuel Jeffery — *Immigrant Ancestors* (Jane Chapman)

Waldron, Tamar — *Immigrant Ancestors* (Jane Chapman)

Waters, Ann (née Izzard) — *The Life of Thomas Waters 1829–1913* (Jennifer Jones)

Waters, Elizabeth Ann (née Cock) — *The Life of Thomas Waters 1829–1913* (Jennifer Jones)

Waters, George Burton — *The Life of Thomas Waters 1829–1913* (Jennifer Jones)

Waters, Ruth (née Windust) — *The Life of Thomas Waters 1829–1913* (Jennifer Jones)

Waters, Thomas (1829–1913) — *The Life of Thomas Waters 1829–1913* (Jennifer Jones)

Waters, Thomas William — *The Life of Thomas Waters 1829–1913* (Jennifer Jones)

White, Emma Amelia — *Immigrant Ancestors* (Jane Chapman)

White, George — *Immigrant Ancestors* (Jane Chapman)

Williams, Armenia — *Mary Francile Williams: The BEST*

Grandaunt in the World (Dr. Mary M. Marshall)

Williams, Mary — *Mary Francile Williams* (Dr. Mary M. Marshall)

Williams, Mary Francile — *Mary Francile Williams: The BEST Grandaunt in the World* (Dr. Mary M. Marshall)

Williams, Mattie — *Mary Francile Williams* (Dr. Mary M. Marshall)

Williams, Pearl — *Mary Francile Williams* (Dr. Mary M. Marshall)

Williams, Willie — *Mary Francile Williams* (Dr. Mary M. Marshall)

Windust, Ruth — *The Life of Thomas Waters 1829–1913* (Jennifer Jones)